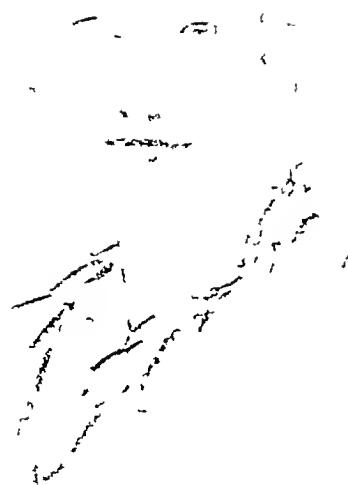


LETTERS FROM INDIA



LETTERS
FROM INDIA

1872-1877

BY

MARY HOBHOUSE

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE
CIRCULATION

1906

PREFACE

THE writer of these letters, Mary, wife of Baron Hobhouse of Hadspen, was born September 13, 1825, at Hampstead. She was the second daughter of Thomas Farrer of 66 Lincoln's Inn Fields, and married August 10, 1848, Arthur, youngest son of the late Right Honourable Henry Hobhouse of Hadspen in Somersetshire. Mr Arthur Hobhouse was at that time a rising barrister, subsequently a Charity Commissioner then Legal Member of Council in India and finally one of the Privy Council Judges. He was raised to the Peerage in 1885, and died December 6 1904.

Lord and Lady Hobhouse led prosperous and uneventful lives. They had no children, and in 1872 Lord Hobhouse accepted the position of Legal Member of the Viceroy of India's Council. The post had been offered him ten years previously, but he had then declined it.

His wife warmly attached as she was to her English relations and friends had in this interval lost her widowed mother, to whom she was the most loving and devoted of daughters, and though there was much to be regretted in leaving England, Mrs Hobhouse had a mind and heart capable of enjoying, and taking interest in, a new phase of life. She wrote once a week to her elder sister Cecilia, wife of the First Earl of Iddesleigh

during the five years of her sojourn in India. These letters her sister carefully preserved, and on Mrs Hobhouse's return from India in 1877 she asked for the letters back, looked them through, destroyed some, and gave the remainder back to her sister, not in the original writing, which no longer existed, but typed and arranged as they are now printed. They have been to her sister, Lady Northcote, as she then was, a great treasure, and she has them now printed for private friends as some small memorial of the domestic life in India of a distinguished official, in the years from 1872 to 1877, and of his wife's pleasures and trials in that short space of time.

Few can have met all the varied scenes of existence with a kinder heart, a livelier mind, or a wiser judgment than the writer of these letters. She died May 2, 1905

CECILIA IDDESLEIGH

52 Charles Street, Berkeley Square,
November 1905

LETTERS FROM INDIA

1872

PARIS, March 26, 1872.

I WILL say 'Good night to you, as you said 'Good morning to me to-day and very sleepy you are, I should think, after that early rise

We had on the whole a very good crossing, though some of our companions were sick, but I felt quite comfortable, and had even a moment of comfort in lunching at Calais off a *demi poulet* while the others had coffee only. Afterwards Arthur ate your *frigadelle* sandwiches, I only having two for the sentiment of the thing. The first thing I did on arriving at the hotel was to order a fire, and am now rather discontented at its slowness in burning up.

Living in this way of southward journeying from day to day, I am quite puzzled whether I shall dress hot or cold to-morrow when we have twenty-four hours to Turin. I cannot help feeling thankful yesterday is over, though I dare say I shall often wish for it back. Leaving my Davenport open with the key in it seemed such an abandonment of all my treasures—next to leaving the living objects, that action gave me the strongest conviction that I was going away for so long

RAILWAY STATION, BOLOGNA,
Easter Sunday, March 31, 1872.

And what an Easter Sunday, for here we are at 1 P.M. when the train ought to leave, and has been delayed *en route* and will not arrive till four. Well, Mark Tapley would say 'all right,' for then we shall embark at Brindisi in daylight, and now I find my most earnest wish is to get embarked with my luggage, tho', like a fairy wish, I shall soon repent of it when granted, and wish myself back in the stuffy smoky waiting-room with rain falling fast and an invalid on my hands. Poor Mrs. O, the young bride we met at this place, is very bad indeed, and I have had to talk a polyglot of languages to her doctor last night and this morning—he being an Italian, having studied in Germany, speaking bad French and no English.

She is suffering from frightful headache but no fever, and is going to try the journey with us. The poor young bridegroom seems consoled by our presence, especially by that of Elizabeth, who is becoming indispensable to him.

I have done nothing here, and the only experience I can give of Bologna is that a butcher's shop opposite the inn drove a roaring trade on Saturday, six white-dressed butchers touting for customers. even Arthur had a piece of beef pressed on his attention, which he considered a tribute to his foreign, or fasting exterior. I shall try to get this, my last I (suppose) European letter, posted at Brindisi. It is astonishing how homelike *Europe* sounds when one is going further.

MAULIA, ALEXANDRIA,
April 4, 1872

Herewith my first oriental communication. We left Bologna 4 P.M. on Easter Sunday, and reached Brindisi about 6.30 A.M., where we embarked at once on board this ship. The sea was calm as we started, and I had plenty of time to undress and get to bed, where I spent a tolerably, literally, a tolerably wretched night (for it was endurable, and not like the Dover packets, involving the utter loss of one's inside and one's self respect). The next twenty four hours I spent partly on deck, where I had my meals, and the third day I behaved like an ordinary individual, and had my breakfast and dinner with the small party on board. Do not expect a cheerful note, however, for though cheerful about ourselves (the stewardess calls Elizabeth 'a jolly sailor'), yet our poor little bride has got worse and worse. It is decided that she must stay here, and I am interrupted every minute to talk to the poor miserable husband, or to the doctor, or to watch over her. She is in a state of utter nervous prostration, and the doctor says her pulse and her heart are so weak, they may stop at any moment. It is a wretched business, and I believe this place and hotel are anything but suited for invalids. (One cheerful incident has been seeing Jack here who looks very brisk, and promises to send a good report of us both.)

To-day the sun is pretty scorching, and we prefer the awning and the coal dust to venturing on shore,

and indeed, I have promised to stay with the sick Mrs O. in case her husband has to go on shore and make arrangements for her reception I know all this can't be interesting to you, but it occupies the foreground of my mind.

There was remarkably fresh air in the Mediterranean, which caused the ship to roll a good deal—specially as it was empty, which fact the captain explained to us ‘Then why don't you put something into her?’ remarked Elizabeth pertinently. We are a very small party on board, only about a dozen people, and I never expected a day on shipboard could be as tolerable as was yesterday. We watched the stars for long, but either my head or the stars had turned round, for I recognised few save the Great Bear. My writing, too, is in a very tipsy condition, as there is no table or ink; and though I have secured the only chair, *i.e.* the captain's, yet I am obliged to make a pile of things on another seat as the only way of bringing my papers near enough to my nose. I am rapidly becoming the colour of the black stokers with the increasing coal dust, and wonder whenever I shall feel clean again. I had meant to write you such a different letter, describing the ship and the small events that have happened on board, but the present moment, as usual, occupies everything. I did, however, go all over the ship yesterday, visiting the cow that supplies us with fresh milk, the dozens of South Down sheep, one of which is kept to act as decoy, and conducts all the others on board from Brindisi, oranges from

Malta, and all kinds of comfort in the eating way

MALABAR HILL, BOMBAY,
April 18, 1872

You must have the first line from *terra firma*, which after all does not feel very firm, one's head and legs retaining the impression of being still on a water-bed

We had no adventures at sea, and the last few days were delightfully cool, and made me take again to a dust-shawl and to sleeping in my cabin. The ocean was a very lonely one, and we only passed two steamers or vessels of any kind between Aden and Bombay. This morning about 4 our signal guns were fired and we reached our moorings about 6, too early as it turned out, for the Westropp, the custom-house official, and King's officials were all asleep, and so instead of finding a boat, a free pass, and an interpreting agent, all which reached us too late, we were obliged to go through the regular course of custom-house, and of arrangements for luggage conducting the negotiations in a tongue perfectly unknown to both of us though the force of habit made Arthur appeal to me several times to listen and interpret. At last the carriage appeared with a blue and scarlet driver, and picturesque blue sash and scarlet turban, and also two running footmen, who accompanied the carriage on foot, or jumped up behind, and thus after a four mile drive we reached this house. I will try to describe it. It is of one story, very lofty,

with broad verandahs on each side, into which folding-doors open from every room on both sides, so there is a constant current of air, and the wind, unusually cool for the time of year, is fanning my paper vigorously

The bed is in the centre of the room, with its four legs in four pans of water, and they are now rigging up a punkah for our use at night. Cocoa-nuts, bananas, and poinsettias fill the gardens round, the cocoa-palms giving a dense shade. Lady Westropp cultivates English flowers also, and I have a bouquet of roses and geraniums on my dressing-table. Rooks, too, sound English, but Lady W says she never sees nests, so perhaps, like English parents, they don't rear their broods here

I bid good-bye to our friends on board. One was a pretty little delicate bride, married two days ere the steamer started, who was going with her husband to the Assam border. (He was bound to keep the Gooros quiet.) There is one other English couple at his station, and no other European within seventy miles. They have to provision themselves for two years, and she will often be left alone, while her husband goes to hunt out these wild borderers; and certainly English women are unrivalled for courage and for willingness to encounter solitude. A Norwegian, who was on board, said to me, 'In vain should I ask a lady from my country to do such a thing; supposing she did say "I love you well enough," all her parents would cry out "Never, never!"' You know I have pitied myself, and been pitied, and

now I feel so soft when I see all these young wives going to out-of-the-way places, or to very hot ones, carrying babies with them, or leaving them behind, and living on small salaries which leave little margin for the comforts so necessary in these climates

I find an English maid is thought a great and useless superfluity. Lady W. has a good-natured ayah, whose store of silver bracelets (six on each arm) amazes Elizabeth. These women put all their savings into ornaments, generally lumps of gold which they thread round their necks, increasing the size of the lumps as they add to their savings. This is their investment, and when a marriage or funeral takes place they part with these lumps and begin again with silver. This ayah has just married a daughter, and is therefore beginning again with silver.

April 19, 1872

Your Brindisi letter was delivered yesterday—such a pleasure, for I expected to see no home handwriting till Simla, and felt very apathetic about any note I could receive here. I have just finished dressing after my first night under a punkah. At first I thought the noise would never let me sleep, but it did, and I had an excellent night. The nights here are hotter than the days, as a breeze rises at 9.30 A.M. and lasts for about twelve hours. We took a beautiful drive yesterday—to Malabar Point, and then by the shore and fashionable Rotten Row of Bombay, where the

band plays We passed the burial-places of the Hindus, where bodies are burnt—the operation lasts about fifteen minutes—and this burning-place used to be on the shore; but now a road has been made between it and the sea, so it is enclosed with a wall. Then the Tower of Silence was pointed out to us—the burial-place of the Parsees, who expose their dead on these towers for vultures to devour. The Parsees wear brilliant costumes; their women dress in silk and satin, sometimes pink and scarlet combined, sometimes blue and yellow, or a vivid green. The Hindus affect white or dark colours, and red for their turbans and sashes. I had to pinch myself sometimes during the drive yesterday to make sure I was in Bombay, and not looking at a collection of pictures or *tableaux vivants*. We passed many date-trees from which toddy pots were hanging; these are jars which the natives attach to a hole in the branches of the tree, thus collecting the sap. When they take it away in the morning 'tis a sweet drink, but if they leave it till night, it has fermented in the sun and become an intoxicating drink. There are bananas in most of the shops, which shops rather resemble those for rags and bottles, with naked black shopboys, but I have not seen the Bazaar or the good shops as yet.

BOMBAY, *April 23, 1872.*

This letter is begun here, but is to be posted at Allahabad. Mr. Stephen arrived on Sunday, and

started for England yesterday afternoon, leaving us his butler and a red chuprassee, or messenger Rutnum (butler) is a very dark Madrassee, but seems likely to be useful, as he has often made the journey that we are going to take Mr Stephen says tis difficult to make the male servants respect the womenkind and amused me by telling that when he had a daughter born out here, the wet nurse was observed to be pining and becoming very thin, and on investigation he found out that the servant whose duty it was to cook for her had declined to do so, and told Mr Stephen, 'If it had pleased the Lord God to give the Sahib a son, he or any one would have gladly cooked for the nurse of a boy, but not for that of a girl' Mr Stephen thereupon grew very angry, and said, 'If I please to have girls, what is that to you? I will have as many as I please, and you shall cook for them, and this, with some display of physical force, ended the argument satisfactorily

I have written to Calcutta for a good kitnugar, or table servant, a cook, and a clothes-keeper for master, so Elizabeth Smith is going to resign acting in that capacity She enjoys her dignity, and when I found her at her solitary dinner, with Hindus waiting on her, and laughed, she said, 'I assure you, ma am, I feel my position I think dignity compensates for solitude

Do you remember how many deaths there were from cholera on board the ship that took Lord Mayo's body first to Calcutta and then to Madras? I am

told they are accounted for by my Lady Mayo's having the body uncoffined from its first shell in order to have a cast taken of the features, and the operation was a dreadful one. Both cause and effect seem very painful. I hear Lady Mayo's calmness and courage were very wonderful. She went to service in the cathedral here, all hung with black, and every one present wearing deepest mourning, and she wore no weeds and displayed no emotion.

I wish you could see the flowers here—Calladim Hoyas, stephanotis, and many unknown to us. Our hosts go home in June. She is a clever, vigorous Irish woman, and it is great fun to hear her bargaining with these people. Her husband is absorbed in law, quiet, and likes a dry joke. We saw the flying squadron enter the harbour yesterday—six men-of-war. Lord Northbrook is expected this week, and then there will be divers gaieties in Bombay.

ALLAHABAD, *April 26, 1872*

Thirty-six hours of consecutive railway travelling have passed since I began this letter. I am so much further away from you in reality, and still further in feeling, for I own it would take a great deal to induce me to retrace my steps in this weather; and yet we have every possible comfort—a brand-new cooling carriage, *i.e.* it holds a tank below your feet, with a grating in the floor to let the evaporation be felt; and with cunningly contrived windows which open back-

wards so as not to admit dust, washing places and two compartments each fitted with three leather sofas—but the use of the weather neutralises all these appliances. I do not know what tale the thermometer told but for some hours the wind felt like the blast of a furnace and we had to shut up all the windows that admitted it. There is no temptation to break the journey in such weather, for you are more exposed to heat when you get out than when you stay in the carriage. However we now take a rest of three days and I have every appliance for coolness—a punkah which brushes my nose as I lie in bed and extends over a great portion of the room, and at the window where I am writing there is first a great & one gallery outside pierced with holes and the window apertures are each completely filled with a tatty *ie* a frame filled with grass kept constantly wet the evaporation from which produces a continual pleasant coolness. The room, which is very lofty, is lighted by a kind of skylight for the tatties keep out all light at night they are changed for lattices which let in air. Where there is no gallery there are funny little bamboo huts for the punka men to sit in. We had a great box of ice for our railway journey, containing soda water and lemonade. I *caressed* a piece of ice in a sponge bag great part of the way, however, in spite of all, we are flourishing and able to sleep and eat, though we prefer drinking. Of the scenery I can say little, as our looks out of the window were limited, and the whole earth, whether hill, valley, or plain, is of one

uniform brown relieved by some vivid green trees ; mud villages of one uniform height add to this scenery , and though one sees vast herds of cattle, chiefly buffaloes, who *seem* to eat, one is obliged to conclude that they are a species who subsist on dusty earth. There are low and high hills almost all along the line, and occasional rivers running low in earthy beds with no green near them, and the sun dries up all fruits and vegetables so you cannot get them when most wanted. One thing, however, we do escape, *i.e.* the insects, for we have seen no mosquitoes here nor scorpions. I found one of these scorpions and two colossal spiders in my bath at Bombay one morning, besides perfect ants' nests on my dressing-table. Oh how vigorously I did shake out the stuffing of my chignon, as I feared they might take permanent abode in that shelter ! The men are throwing fresh water on the tatties, a pleasant sensation, but it only lasts about ten minutes before they are obliged to renew it

UMBALLAH, *April 30, 1872*

We left Allahabad on Sunday night gladly. Tell Stafford, if he is now Secretary of State for India, that it must never be the capital, at least in April, for though the inhabitants proclaimed with one accord that the hot weather had not arrived, yet I felt so scorched with dust in the first evening-drive at 6 30, that I stayed afterwards indoors, and found no cool moment in the house save what was made artificially

While there we heard from Mr Forsyth to ask us to his house here We had meant for divers reasons to go to an hotel, but found his carriage and servants waiting at 1 A M, so came on here, where we found him and a pretty daughter We had a comfortable carriage, and I doubt if there were any other first-class passengers, though about one thousand Hindus, I should think Some of the carriages are built in two tiers, an arrangement which suits with their usual attitude, squatting on their heels with their knees level with their faces—thus they sit anywhere When the buggies or cabs halt, the driver squats below his horse's nose, or he sits thus along the top of a wall or a rail, therefore seats in carriages are useless and they are built without them They were calling for water at every station, and if they have no vessel of their own, the water-carrier pours into their hands, as the touch of their lips might defile his vessel for other drinkers

One sees Mussulmans at their prayers even in railway stations, spreading a cloth anywhere and prostrating themselves on it Another habit, curious to fresh eyes, is that they join their hands together when receiving or delivering a message Rutnum puts his behind his back like a schoolboy saying his lesson, and always calls me 'Mistress' *pur et simple*

The Muirs (Sir William is Governor of N W Provinces) are exceptions to the homesick community They have been in India thirty years, have nine children settled out here, and ordinarily go to church a party of sixteen to twenty-two in number, children,

children-in-law, and grand-children. They only spent one winter in England many years ago, and did not like it. It was cheerful to find any one so well domesticated in this strange country, for strange it is—a colony of ants in one's sandwiches, lizards running over the bedroom-walls, and big hornets (which are said not to sting save under great provocation) are amongst the novelties. The air is sweet, laden with scent of the neem blossom. I have eaten mangoes, like a pear in size, an apricot in flesh and inside colour, juicy, and with a flavour of the nature of vanilla. This place is one thousand feet above sea-level, and the air was quite cool as we drove from the station last night, and we were glad of a blanket. Now at 12 P.M. every window and tatty is closed to keep out the sun, and we shall not be able to stir out till 6.30, but it is a great thing to be cool at some time of the twenty-four hours. When coming to India, I resolved neither to write nor speak about heat, and the resolutions are equally well kept, so you may judge what my conversation is about! The country from Allahabad is one uniform plain, but it looks grassier and more comfortable than on the Bombay side; near the clay-built village there is often a superior white-washed house and mango grove, looking not wholly unlike an English farmhouse. Herds of buffaloes are in the fields, parrots and cranes flying about, with an occasional solitary jackal. Arthur thinks the mosquitoes good-natured, but this is because they don't bite him—only myself and Elizabeth. On Sunday

both my eyes were closed with bites, and one of my hands looks as if I had the gout.

RUSSOWLIE, *May 2, 1872.*

It is such a pleasure to be seven thousand feet above the sea, and have light air instead of scorching winds. The higher the wind the more unpleasant it is in the plains, but we have done with the great heat, and the day after to-morrow should end our pilgrimage and let us find again a home, and though it will be a strange one, it will be a comfort to rest and be free from the incessant novelties of place and people which quite bewilders me. I have heard a cuckoo this morning, and regret to say the name of that bird is the only sound that I and the master of my jhampannies have in common. It is so stupid not to understand a word, and I long for the audacity of Agnes, who I am sure would have tried something or other on these people, but my courage fails when after all our efforts and all our 'Forbes' we only get the wrong thing. Arthur asked for a light in Forbes Hindustanee (the word given in Forbes is *chiragh*) the other day, and the result after a long delay was a glass of sherry, whereas if he had merely said 'Lampe' it would have come all right.

We have a great view of the snowy range of the Himalayas from this house, which stands in a bower of roses, honeysuckle, and geraniums, and is surrounded with pine-trees but the view is so different from anything I have beheld that I cannot decide

whether it is beautiful or not, but I have no hesitation in admiring the familiar flowers. There are plenty of strange ones also, and Rutnum insisted Arthur should throw away one he gathered yesterday, alleging the juice would cause swellings. The forest-trees are peepul, acacia, and mangoes, much handsomer than I expected, but one misses the undergrowth until the rains come, which I long for, though I am told I shall soon weary of them. I have not seen a drop since we left Brindisi. No doubt you could have spared us some. We have just had strawberries for luncheon, thus meeting another old friend.

SIMLA, *May 8, 1872*

I fear this will be a short letter, for though I have much to *tell* I have still more to *do*. I wish you could see my numerous occupations, though I cannot wish for you here, at any rate in our house. Fancy the dirtiest London lodging, every article (those very few in number) buried in dust and dirt, paper hanging from walls, no doors that fasten, no five inches of consecutive paint, no article of furniture with four legs, leaks visible on all ceilings, rags of carpet on every floor, and you will have some idea of a good *house*.

How I wish for J. F. C. ! I am sure he would have erected a habitable wooden hut by this time. It is a large house, which makes matters worse. I really felt too miserable to write on arrival, and have only cheered up since Arthur became unhappy, chiefly

on my account. The house is buried in deodars, one very fine specimen in front. There is no garden, only potsherds, slates, and a few weeds. Nevertheless I am much happier to-day, as we have been unpacking some English boxes and I find divers things which remind me of home, and will cheer our dingy house. We have persuaded our landlord to repaper three of our rooms, some of his furniture, filthy mattresses, and carpet-rags I am going to return to him.

Light tailors are now sitting cross-legged in the verandah making mattresses something like eider-down quilts, pillows, curtains, etc. I stand over them watching the cutting out, then I go and superintend the cleaning—two water-carriers pour water over the floors, one or two sweepers push it about with brooms, while eight jhampannies (the people who carry me) dabble their feet in the water and look on. Elizabeth says, 'How I long to go down on my knees with a scrubbing-brush!' Twenty live ducks and ditto fowls have appeared on the premises to-day with a fowlman. Two cows and a cowkeeper are coming, and I am to look after these as well as after house and garden, for no one is to be trusted. Each day I am to look over accounts of previous day, a long column, and must 'just see, as my acquaintance tell me that the saucepans are well tinned once a fortnight. This is the easy, lazy Indian life. My pretty hostess lets things take their chance, and spoutless jugs, butter in a teacup, etc., appear at one's early breakfast. Mrs R superintends some of the cooking

—Oh dear! I don't think the legal Member of Council can be as hard worked as his wife. If you fancy an untidy Ireland, you may realise the general look of things here, no unbroken railings, no gates that fasten, etc. etc.

It is amusing to see how the natives despise their own materials, and are eager to recommend English chintzes, carpets, etc. I have an ayah who understands some English, she sweeps my room and folds my clothes, and then squats on her heels at my feet or Elizabeth's. She keeps asking Elizabeth why she is unmarried? and Elizabeth is tempted to retort on her possessing only a share in her husband, as he has another wife.

SIMLA, *May 13, 1872.*

I wish the scratched-out date represented our present locality, and yet perhaps you would think me ungrateful were you to be wafted here and to see the deodars and the snow mountains and the wild, white roses climbing up and over the big trees. But there are such drawbacks; this week we have been smothered in dust, for there is not water enough in Simla to use for the roads, and there is no undergrowth in the woods for the same reason: all is brown.

Last night clouds gathered about 6 P.M. and we had a spring shower, *i.e.* torrents of rain with real gooseberry hailstones, making the ground quite white,

and incessant thunder and lightning—thunder rolling and not cracking, all very grand—but this morning at 12 all is dry and dusty as before, the rain having run off in rivulets. No means of storing it, for as the only plentiful thing here is human labour, you depend on two bhceesties fetching the daily supply from the spring and rain or no rain does not signify. Some folk do make tanks for their gardens, we have two, but they are in ruins like most things in Llerslie. I enclose a plan of our house—every room opens into every other with double doors, for we have *de rs*, a real luxury, as in Bombay and the plains there were none save to bathrooms, and one felt in public always.

On Wednesday we left Mrs B (a pretty Greek, whose husband, being taken captive at the siege of Sebastopol, was captivated a second time by this lady whom he met during his captivity, and encamped and married in our own house, where we found our beds new and soft, consisting of one cotton mattress placed on a kind of plaited tape—a great improvement on thin mattresses, worn hard, placed on cane couches, which is one idea as regards beds here.

We have had a grand purification of bedsteads having found bugs—in Hindustanee, *cottenham*—in one. The purifying process is to expose them to the sun, which is strong enough to destroy all vermin.

The great advantage of this place is the climate, which enables you to do just as you do at home (I am interrupted to order a jhampan and a dandy, the former a kind of armchair slung on poles for dinners

and calls, the latter for light mountain travelling). Well, the climate is fresh, brilliant sun, and mountain air, and no noxious insects, save home acquaintances, and 'yet I am not happy'; and Simla is no Elysium to me, though perhaps it might be if you had the next bungalow, which is about as far as 86 Harley Street is from 16 Devonshire Place. If you had you would walk from the bare sweep at entrance-door along a broken fence, through ruinous gate-posts on to a dusty road, then turn aside down a steep and dusty lane into another enclosure of deodars and wild roses, and would find a house with its verandah overhanging the hill surrounded with untidy flowers growing in a ragged regiment of pots, no turf anywhere, though we have a brown level patch called a croquet-ground.

May 14, 1872.

It is so provoking Arthur is not yet in office, because I can't think the five years' exile has begun, and he is provoked to be earning nothing for the first time for so very many years. We had a ride together yesterday, and I like the pony bought from Mr. Stephen for me. Arthur is puzzled as to buying one, and in fact we both have such new occupations, I taking to gardening and he to riding. I am just engaging a gardener, and as each applicant brings a bouquet my room is full of flowers. Tell Weenie we have a troop of monkeys in the wood above our house. I have just ordered one hundred quails for fattening previous to eating. Arthur has had a legal talk with

Mr Stokes (the Secretary), and is the better for it Mr S being also a legal enthusiast, for he told me he had drawn a very clever Divorce Act, and was so proud of his work that he begged his wife to allow him to try its effect on themselves. Our moonshee comes regularly and we learn some picturesque expressions. Gone out walking is expressed by 'Gone out eating the air. I met a large snake close to my feet when walking yesterday, and my chuprassee attendant, who was carrying my sketch-book, called Bara-Bad and seemed afraid of it.

May 30, 1872

A lady here asked me the other day if my nieces, who were coming out with Lord Northbrook, had arrived. I can't think what idea she had in her head but must acknowledge I wished it were the case. I should like to have a young friend here, but should not like them to come. Perhaps I may find one in time, but colonels with middle-aged wives, in smart clothes and families in England, form the bulk of my acquaintances as yet.

On Tuesday Arthur started for the levee to ride four miles in his gold-laced uniform. He saw it from the ministerial point of view this time, but was not more impressed by it in this fashion than in the other. In the evening Mr and Mrs Forsyth and Colonel and Mrs. Biddulph dined with us. Two tumblers of ferns, wild white jessamine and rose ornamented the table, but the dinner was good except the sweets, which

were concocted by our head man. Presently I am going to try and persuade him that he has not time enough for such matters. Mrs. Forsyth calls me 'Mary,' so I can have the satisfaction of hearing my Christian name. Yesterday we dined with the Viceroy, and as dining out in India is new to you, I will tell you all about it. The invariable hour is 8 P M, and at 7 I started in my chair on poles—four men carrying, with a relief of four to take their places, a mate directing and carrying the lantern—Arthur on horseback, and so in slow procession we go along the Simla Mall, where fashion congregates about 6 P M—the Mall being the road, one mile long, between little Simla where we live and the larger town. I modestly drew my curtain, but many ladies go bareheaded through the crowd and dust. Some A.-D.-C.'s passed us at a gallop, and had ample time to get home and dress to receive us in the verandah at Peterhoff and escort us to the drawing-room, gaudily papered by Lady Mayo, and where a deodar fire was blazing. Presently Lord Northbrook came in, grumbling at the variations of Simla clocks. There is a midday gun, fired when the artilleryman has finished his morning pipe, says General Earle. I went in to dinner with Lord Northbrook, and his private secretary, Evelyn Baring, took in the other lady present, Mrs. Aitcheson—her husband is Foreign Secretary. Six or seven A.-D.-C.'s filled up the table, but I can't fit their names and faces together as yet. Lord Northbrook is quite ignorant of Hindustanee, not knowing my two expressions 'saf karo' and 'tik

karo, 'make clean' and 'make straight,' but then he has not had the same necessity for using them. We both abused him, the tardy agent, and presently moved altogether into the drawing-room. Lord Northbrook soon slid into a chair by Mr Aitcheson and remained talking till 10 P.M., when he wished us 'Good night' and vanished, and I had a weary three-quarters of an hour's jolting ere getting home to bed. On Monday we expeditionised into one of the valleys close to us. It took us about an hour to get down to the stream bed, where we found cactus, aloes, and the real maidenhair fern. The dwellers in the little valley seemed pleased to see us, and rather surprised, so little do Simla ladies venture from the Mall, though many enlarge on the charms of tent-life, but at present my Cockney ideas find *this* quite enough of the backwoods.

Arthur is amused at the intrepidity of my Hindustanee, but I must and will talk to the wretched gardener, who is treated as the dirt beneath their feet by the Madrassee and Mussulman servants. I despair of giving any idea of the life here, which yet is becoming quite commonplace to us, e.g. I never ring a bell, but shout 'Qui hi,' and a voice answers 'Mem Sahib' and its owner appears. This is generally one of the chuprassees, four of whom with their chief the jemadar wait in the verandah for no object but to answer calls and take messages. There are eight of them altogether and to-day the four on duty with the jemadar startled me when alone, surrounding me, and the leader uttering a long oration, of which the gist

was one rupee extra per man per month in addition to Government wages. Arthur came in and said he should inquire what was the usual thing to do, when they made answer that all the good gentlemen who gave this had gone home, and the newcomers would not adopt the practice. I hope the poor creatures will get it, for six rupees a month, and a suit of clothes once in two years, does not seem extravagant pay.

SIMLA, *June 8, 1872.*

Arthur is fairly at work, while my occupations diminish as we get tidier. I think the house is improved, for various callers say to me, 'You have the prettiest house in Simla.' I have put chairs and native tables and geraniums in the verandah. the person who provided me with these last being a music-master's wife, and though her husband was a German Jew they would receive no payment till I insisted on it. The R.'s gave me a few also; she is a clever, active woman, and so is he, and they keep a good hold over their native establishments. He watches the logs of wood brought in, she superintends the dairy. Arthur is rather impressed by her doings and quotes them to me, but as I respond by asking him to see the wood weighed, and the ponies shod and fed, etc, he is silenced, and I suppose we shall go on in our own lazy fashion, of trusting, and either scolding or dismissing, if too grossly cheated or deceived. We had an absurd scene in the verandah yesterday. Our shawl merchant had just sold me a shawl for twenty-

five rupees, when another shrieked out from outside, 'I will sell you the same for sixteen' After a long altercation, which I left them to settle, I procured one for sixteen, our English-speaking servant remarking, 'They are such thieves that they would steal the grey hairs from their grandmothers graves'

Will you like to hear what I have been doing though it chiefly consists in staying at home, while the weather remains hot. Courageous callers do come, however, between 12 and 2, which is the civil time for calling, but I cannot return these civilities at the same hour

A relation (?) appeared one day, Major Rd Farrer, in company with the editor of the leading Indian journal the *Pioneer*. The said R Farrer avers he comes from Cumberland and belongs to an elder branch of our family, and that the Farrers were one of the eleven families who came over with the Conqueror and one of our common ancestors was the Earl of Derby, who received the winged horseshoe and motto on a battlefield in the reign of Edward III. If this were not so well authenticated, people might suppose the crest and motto came from a Farrier quoth our cousin 'And that is what I have always believed, I rejoined. He has the same crest and motto on a seal he is wearing, but I don't think I care for more relations. his co-caller the editor was interested with C Clark's yellow French books lying on the table.

Here is a history of my days. Tea at 6 A.M. then get up and come down about 7. At 8 a moonshee

appears, a queer old man, fond of a joke and not at all bad company. Arthur and I stumble through a Hindu lesson, which ends at 9 30, when we breakfast, then I look over the khansomah's account. He charges every day for the previous day's consumption and has no stores, so the account runs —

Meat for Soup,	.	.	8 annas
Pepper	„	.	1 pice
Salt	„	.	1 pice
Vegetables	„	.	4 annas
Eggs	„	.	1 anna

and so forth, the ingredients for each dish being charged separately ; then I write notes, read the paper, give a look to gardeners, workmen, tailor, etc , till 12, when if visitors come I talk, if they don't I draw or work Tiffin is at 2, and afterwards I read, sometimes I sleep, and sometimes I shop, as shops come to you and not you to them, till 4.30, when tea appears, then I often loiter about verandah and garden till 6, when I go out either on horseback or in my dandy A quiet pony has been procured for me, and I hope to get up my pluck again, but precipices on one side and sharp corners every few yards don't prove encouraging. Lord N. nearly impaled himself on my jhampan the other day, and good rider as he is, could not get his horse quite up to it afterwards to speak to me, and no one can have a fight with his horse when there is a precipice of any depth on one side , happily the horses are mostly very quiet We have ascended our mountain, Jacko, whence there is a beautiful view across

the plains, the river Sutlej winding through them. What this country requires for beauty are valleys, it is all mountain, and not a scrap of flat in the valleys, the harvest is nearly in, and we see large fires every night where the grass and jungle are being burnt preparatory to the rains. To day we have an English carpenter at work, which makes Smith happy, and is comfortable to me also.

Well I have not given much account of our days, for they do not vary much. one day we rode out on the Mushobra road a district whence come many of the supplies for Simla—a tunnel through the hill connects the two sides and saves a long climb—the groups of picketed mules and their drivers and the herds of little buffaloes we passed, are picturesque. Yesterday we went to a cricket match at Amandah, a flat bit of ground reached by a steep descent. the game was over when we got there, but we found some acquaintance. All the people seem friendly but there is a ceremonious air about these calls and their long silk dresses which make you feel ceremonious to them. Mrs Olive Bayley called yesterday. her husband is cousin to N. Ridley's wife, and one feels this is a link here, for it is a comfort to speak to any one who knows something of one's belongings.

I hear that Captain K., who was divorced from L. Ridley, is here, but that is certainly not a link.

I want to hear everything, including scandals, and fear my letters must be very dull, for you won't be

interested in hearing of the beautiful butterfly that Arthur has caught and killed, nor that there is a thunderstorm impending which has caused the jhampan-men to close the windows. We shall mourn the rains on account of our luggage, as the mountain roads are apt to be broken up by them, but the garden will rejoice ; now a storm of dust arises in the croquet-ground whenever the wind blows, and the well-watered plants cannot *grow in the scorching sun*. I have not yet had courage to look at my finery, but must next week, when the Viceroy has asked us for three successive evenings I have had framed the little sketch of Westminster I made from the India Office, partly because I like to look at the familiar towers, and partly because our walls are so bare. To-day we have put up coloured glass lights in the verandah—very casinoish—but one gives up good taste, and looks only for cheerfulness and habitableness here. The Viceroy's chimney-piece has been cleverly decorated by Mrs. R with the common brass bowls and platters used by the natives, set off with a red cloth background. I have been doing my monthly accounts—doing sums with the multiple of sixteen, as there are sixteen annas to the rupee—but the butler acts as banker I give him three hundred rupees at a time, and he pays everything, so we keep no money whatever in pockets or drawers. Every tradesman is too happy to send a couple of miles, even if your purchase be of the value of 6d , so cheap and plentiful is human labour

Here is a list of my servants and their wages —

Khansomah,	30 rupees a month
Kitmugar,	10 " "
Bearer who looks after Arthur's clothes, 7 c.; supervising the housemaiding dept.,	25 " "
Cook,	20 " "
Cook's mate,	10 " "
Mussalihee, attends to lights and washing up,	7 " "
Jhampannie,	7 " "
Eight jhampannies, each, 6	" "
Male and female sweeper, together, 17	" "
Market coolie,	7 " "
Fowlman,	7 " "
Two syces,	7 " "
Two grasscutters,	5 " "
Gardener,	9 " "
Under gardener,	6 " "
Washerman,	16 " "
Three bhecatics,	7 " "
Tailor,	16 " "

June 15, 1872

I am thought so exceptionally fortunate in having met two snakes and a scorpion so early in my Indian experience, Lord Northbrook prophesies I shall soon meet with a tiger. I like him very much, and feel I must like any one who has seen you and asks after you when we meet. We do not go to the balls, and

Arthur explained this to the Viceroy, who said, 'You ought to come, and it is as bad for me as it is for you'; but when I rejoined that firstly he had a daughter, and secondly, that he had not to jolt eight miles on human shoulders, he at once yielded to reason. He means to give one every fortnight, which will be popular here. I have been making some calls lately, but houses are so scattered up and down steep declivities that it is impossible to do much in a day, and I am told we are such dignified folk here that society will generally call on us, and will waive our return visits and accept dinners instead.

On Thursday I visited a convent school, whose bell I hear constantly, and which is near us as the crow flies, but about two miles distant by road, as one goes either down a deep valley and up again, or by a terrace following every fold of the hill. It is an orphanage and boarding-school, the former supported by Government. The orphan scholars are children of soldiers and clerks, and are brought up ostensibly and purposely for marriage. But they are rather particular, for the mistress remarked, 'We still have some girls of eighteen or nineteen with us; they are too particular to marry soldiers, and look out for clerks and engineers.'

She says that even this class of girls suffer from their spoiling home-life, all menial service being done for them, and the children being accustomed to order about and abuse natives. These habits seem usual and most demoralising for children of all classes,

and unluckily their elders set them examples of impatience and imperiousness which they are not slow to follow

A very gentle lady asked me the other day if this conduct did not strike me painfully, for, she added, 'You speak to your man as if he were an English servant, and what a difference from the way I speak to mine, and yet we all get into the same way of speaking. I cannot as yet see the necessity for this, though I have had a row with my eight jhampan-men for objecting to take me out twice in the day. I knew this was unreasonable, so stood and scolded through an interpreter, and think they felt it keenly when informed they had jolted my back hair down on the way out to dinner at Government House

I have just asked the gardener to cut some dead twigs. He could not use any house servant's knife because it might have cut meat, and he would thereby lose caste and have to pay ten or fifteen rupees, and go through a ceremony involving touching his tongue with the tip of a red-hot needle, ere he regained it. Our Madrassesees laughed contemptuously at this. They are a species of Christians, but without much devotion to forms or creeds, though they eat all we do. The sweeper, a remarkably good looking man, but of the lowest caste eats everything, all the remains on plates and dishes are heaped together, and he devours them in ghoul like fashion.

The air is delicious to-day, and ground refreshed, though still dusty two inches below the surface 1

have just been sketching a 'jungly' woman, *i.e.* a woman from the forest or jungle.

'Her hair was dressed twelve years ago,' said one of our servants. She wore a red band, on which were affixed some rough turquoises of large size.

June 22, 1872.

A man who was here yesterday amused me with a story of a mournful petition from a native, in which said native described himself pathetically 'an orphanless child'

Our rains don't come yet, and we hear our luggage started on the 18th. King has nearly restored the old time of transit, and made an interval of four months between the start and the arrival of the baggage, for it all left on the 9th of March. I wish they would take a long voyage, and do by their own luggage as they do by that of others. This is surely not an unchristian wish. I went on Sunday to see the sketches done by our neighbour Colonel Biddulph—very effective on a large scale, and chiefly executed in brown and blue. He has visited many remarkable and beautiful places, especially the vales of Cashmere, where the views seem to be very beautiful—broad rivers, grass plains, poplars, etc. Here the scenery is so rugged and monotonous in its ruggedness that, though very grand and extensive, it is only occasionally beautiful, when the lights and the atmosphere are favourable, still it is enjoyable, and the climate has been perfect the last ten days.

Arthur brought me such pretty lilies of the valley

(squills) on Wednesday, and yesterday some wood anemones, but the lilies have no scent, and the wood anemones grow on the downs, and in fact we all seem to suffer and change our habits by transplantation, not for the better, I think, though we are seven thousand feet nearer heaven. My own belief is that no one is really comfortable here who has known comfort in England, but there is more equality, and a person with a small income may have horses, houses, servants, etc., which they could not afford in England, and there is a kind of communion of discomfort and loneliness which equalises all. Men get plenty of active and important work, and if like Arthur, are sublimely indifferent to the society. Every one he has met are Niceish kind of person and friendly. I do so want to talk them over with some one more discriminating, for he is too occupied with masses to care for individuals.

We are much amused with *Erewhon* and delight in Miss Edens *Letters*, and think she and I are wonderfully alike in our views about India, if you will read her last book it will save me the trouble of writing, for she expresses, in far cleverer language than I can command, my exact feelings. She is so delighted to meet a lady on the top of an elephant, who had seen her sister at church, and I try to evoke remembrances of you from Lady Napier, and was quite pleased by her asking if Miss Northcote was Miss Northcote still, showing she knew something of you and yours

We are daily expecting the great rains and living in the clouds; the monsoon burst happened in the night of the Viceroy's first ball, and they had to remove the supper from the tent outside and convey it to the upstairs bedrooms, whence the A.-D.-C's turned out

Letitia Boileau comes in August and writes that 'Of course she brings bed and bedding, lamps, cows and cowallah, and trusty person to look after cowallah and luggage on journey up. "Trusty person" is paid five rupees per month'

It is odd here that a man's wages per month costs the same as either two common account-books, one cake of cobalt paint, or three yards of neck ribbon.

A jhampannie has been ill and gladly accepted tea, but would not touch our sugar because it had been clarified with animal matter

We are getting on with our Hindustanee, and I go for *correct* sentences to Arthur; however, the moon-shee heard from our servants that the Sahib spoke very little and the Mem Sahib a great deal; perhaps they don't appreciate the difference of constitution which makes talk a necessity to the Mem Sahib. I have now been in many houses, and they are chiefly furnished in dingy English style like Brighton lodging-houses, no use made of the beautiful table-covers, carpets, cushions, etc., of India work, but with Brussels carpets and large flowered chintzes

June 24, 1872.

Arthur caught such a wonderful caterpillar last night, about the size of Cleopatra's asp as usually depicted, but of the colour and consistency of an ordinary green caterpillar—its most remarkable peculiarity consists in jumping and hissing when touched. We put it inside an empty chocolate box in order to see what it may turn into, and the curiosity of the ayah having induced her to take off the lid, we heard a fearful shriek. They reason that the creature is poisonous because it hisses, but this is illogical and apparently incorrect. You see how innocent and Arcadian are our amusements, and yet I could wish to go to a London 'Tea, and I like to hear of all the marriages, flirtations, etc., of the people whom I knew anything of. I dare say they flirt and they marry here, but at present feel no interest in their concerns. I have been reading all I can find in English papers about the Alabama question, but it is such a bore getting the telegrams first. I suppose you are not civil to any Americans this year. We all talk often of Agnes even Smith, who usually concludes with the remark 'What fun Miss Northcote would make of all this!

Remember I like to hear of everything and everybody, but don't fancy you can take interest in our colonels and caterpillars, though, I know, you do in ourselves.

June 28, 1872

We are flourishing, and the chief change in our circumstances is that, instead of being scorched and dried, we are now damped and wetted. It rains vehemently for an hour or two, then leaves off, and the cloud wraps us up instead, taking all starch both out of your clothes and our bones. Arthur is as busy as he was at home, working from 10 to 6, with lunch and a newspaper during some part of the time; still it is comfortable to know there is only a door between us, and he comes to all meals. I should feel lonely here were he out all day. General Norman says there ought to be an A.-D.-C. attached to the legal Member of Council to help him in arranging and settling in, and so I think also, only I should like to get rid of him afterwards. We are comfortably lonely here, but presently I mean to have a tomasha, Hindu word for a 'ploy' of some kind. Our goods have really got past Umballa—I believe I shall embrace the casks if they are not too thick-waisted—I always told you my heart was with heavy goods, and absence has only attached me to them the more.

We have lost the hissing caterpillar I told you of. Smith believes it to have been a beast of very artful character, lying still and affecting perfect inability to climb the walls of its box while she sat by, but on her leaving the room it escaped, and although she, the six chuprassies, one jemadar, and two betrers hunted inside and outside the house, it has not turned up again.

Half our servants were in great trouble this morning.

because the mud roofs of their houses were leaking, and this morning coolies are at work mending them, & they bring baskets of mud, which they pat down as tight as possible with a kind of wooden bat. None of our house servants would touch this work, but prefer sitting in the wet till the right people come to do it. The ayah complained of insects in her hooose, and I offered her husband whitewash if he would put it on, but he declined, saying, 'No, that coolie work!' The jhampan-men are cutting steps in our steep garden, so that I may walk round and look at the peas. A hen appeared this morning with a feather through its nostril and on inquiry I am told this will prevent its sitting. Did you ever hear of such a practice?

Two cows with their calves have arrived from Umballa, and we are now to make our own butter, but, I fear, no produce will be rich here.

The Viceroy has had a happy thought in the party-giving line, & an afternoon child's party, which has delighted all the mothers of Simla and, I dare say, has been the cause of much smartening up of children's clothes. His womanless condition has made his conduct all the more commended by the proud mothers.

Lord Napier has been visiting me, he is interesting, though slow in manner, and did not ask me the two stock questions, 'How I like India, and how I like my house.'

July 6, 1872

We have had a visit this week from a native gentleman, vakeel to the Maharajah of Jypore Ram

(Wherever you see Ram you may know it is a Hindu and not a Mussulman.) Ram brought a letter of introduction from E. Bradford—Arthur called me in because the vakeel spoke no English; eventually we were both reduced to sending for the khansomah and making him interpret. One of the vakeel's sentences thus translated was, 'Missis look so kind and good, she is like my father, mother, and sister' Not complimentary to my personal appearance, as said vakeel was a grinning, grey-haired, hook-nosed veteran of fifty. His master is coming to call, but a resident here, Colonel H, recommended me not to be in the way when natives call, as he says many of them do not understand womenkind appearing and being civil to them

July 14, 1872.

We dined with Lord Napier on Monday; he accosted me in Hindustanee, having found me at lessons a few days before, but I explained that I have only learnt one tense in the verbs, *i.e.* the Imperative, for use to the servants and not suited for conversation with him. He looks shrewd, cool, and resolute, and if any of our neighbours give trouble, I should like to think the army was under his command. There are no apparent troops here, only policemen with sticks, and Weenie would not recognise them as policemen with their turbans, red kummerbunds, and loose yellow trousers; I suppose there are some soldiers besides the A-D.-C.'s and the band, but these are all that

meet the eye. The A-D-C's, both at the Viceroy's and the Commander in chief's, are a great help in entertaining the womenkind. Though Lord Napier has been in India since he was seventeen, I am glad to say his language is not perfect, for he demanded 'phir, *i.e.* turkey for me, and his servant produced beer.

I gave my first dinner on Friday, one general, three colonels, and a captain, and ladies thereto belonging—ferns and dahlias made our decorations, and the dinner tolerably English, except that mock turtle soup and calves-foot jelly were made respectively of sheep's head and sheep's trotters, veal being difficult to procure. I think even our irreligious khansamah prefers not using beef. General Norman was praising all the governors-general, saying England had spared some of her best men to this work, but Lord Mayo seemed to be the greatest personal favourite. Sir J. Strachey heard of Lord Mayo's assassination and of the death of one of his own children on the same day, and had a dreadful time of it, what with excitement in Calcutta, telegrams from everywhere, and then (bathos) precedences of those who attended the funeral.

During the last few days we have been able to see the level plains and the windings and curlings of the great Sutlej river (which has just broken down an expensive and important bridge at Lahore). Sir R. T. is very clever at reproducing these effects. Lady T. also draws, she is really very pretty and very pleasant,

and would be thought an addition to any society, but, I believe, does not act up to the Simla standard of calling. Captain Baring remarked philosophically, when I inquired about some social etiquette, 'Do just as you please, for whatever you do you will be plentifully found fault with.'

SIMLA, *July* 18, 1872.

Last night I was reading Arthur's report of Legislative Council where they had been busy with a Native Marriage Act. A lawyer in Madras had turned Mussulman in order to marry another wife, and some Members of Council want to prevent such deeds by legislation, but I tell Arthur 'tis a good idea and I will willingly make over dairy, lamps, firewood, etc, to another wife of any religion. This morning the cowkeeper borrows the best tea-set for his milk, churns the cream in a butter-dish; the khansomah rushes in with two dripping oil-lamps (happily the carpet is unspoilable) to ask how many hours master sat up, as the lampman declares one bottle of oil was used last night, the store of wood has to be counted and locked up by Smith, and the sugar for our bedroom tea allowanced, but the khansomah, though useful and active, is timid and really afraid of the jhampan-men, who he says attempted to murder Mrs Stephen's maid, so will not interfere with these people, and I am ignorant of their ways and language, though not afraid, for somehow one feels, rightly or wrongly, that we are looked upon as a peculiar and

exalted race They are like dogs or children in the way they respect any personal order, and Arthur's sulkily-looking old jemadar does any domestic service I desire, except removing the tea-tray

'Tis the fashion here to sell off everything when leaving, and the wife of a colonel has just sent me a list of dresses—half a dozen unmade up ones among them of satin, velvet, and poplin—and ten sets of flowers for hair, all from Foster's I suppose one reason for all this variety is that everybody knows everybody, and makes thorough acquaintance with their dresses as well as themselves.

We have not yet decided on our house for next year We can buy Mr Lushington's but there are two large holes in the ceiling, under which the residents live as comfortably and calmly as if they were decorations by Crace Some people spend as much as five thousand or six thousand rupees on their houses, which is nearly lost in reselling

We have no more insect plagues since the rains began except fish insects, of which Arthur slays about sixty daily, but as they have respected our persons and clothes, I do not grudge them letter paper, which is their favourite diet

July 27, 1872

Arthur's horse was ill yesterday and required a bottle of brandy as medicine, he is a nice creature, however, and will walk after one into the house for bread

I visited the Auckland School yesterday, and saw about fifty girls, chiefly daughters of clerks, looking healthy, happy, and smartly dressed—the exigencies of space and house arrangements compel them to have six pianos in one room, divided with curtains, and all are practised on at once. They played a jingly quadrille on three for my benefit, showed me neatly-executed maps, and the mistress was proud of their skill in dress and lace work.

July , 1872.

We are bound to a wedding this afternoon, Miss Forsyth's. I am candid enough to allow improvements on home practices, and the time of day at which people marry is a great one. We go after lunch to the church, and then after the ceremony to a house close by, where tea will be provided, the bride riding away about 5 P.M.

I have just had a request for the loan of my jhampan-men from a neighbour, and the servants tell me the reason why said neighbour cannot hire coolies is that the Sahib beats them so much. Now, is not that an uncomfortable story, whether it be the servants' lie or the master's conduct? He is a perfect gentleman in demeanour, but oh! how much better it is for every one to live among those they dare not treat thus. My khansomah observed the other day, 'Mussalchee give your soup to sweeper, me beat that man,' and the Mussalchee is the oldest and most venerable-looking of our servants, however, of course,

grey hair did not entitle him to give away our property. Your cloak has suffered abatement to two-thirds of price originally asked by the simple process of keeping it here, the merchant believing that I am comparing it every day with the wares and prices of other merchants, whereas my only principle is to offer him two-thirds of the price he names, and after an animated dialogue of one, two, or three hours with the negotiating servant he leaves the article at my price. It is rather a humiliating process, but at my first purchases I gave somewhere near the price asked, and that merchant continues to come every alternate day.

The Rajah of Nattore made out my chimney-piece inscription (I have painted on it 'Pilgrims and Strangers,' in Persian words and Sanscrit characters), so I said politely, 'Perhaps I shall feel differently next year, and put up another inscription'—'Why so, he answered, 'tis what I shall feel when I go to England (though afterwards he spoke of England as home). He promised to lend me Sakoontala and to give me a clay figure, adding in gentlemanlike fashion, 'It only costs three or four annas

August 16, 1872

A pleasant Mr Egerton has told me few ladies keep their nerves and spirits in India. Some of them lead miserably unsettled lives, one told me she had never lived as much as two years in any one place during the twenty she had spent in India.

I wonder, under such circumstances, they can care for superfluities such as epergnes and smart dresses. Yesterday a raffle-paper was brought round for two silk dresses, belonging to Lord Mayo's sister-in-law, value £20 each, and to be sold in this fashion by 5s. tickets. The result of the raffle is that a salmon-coloured silk, trimmed with blue velvet and white blonde, is won by a young A -D -C., the Dolly Varden costume by a colonel, whose wife is in England, so I dare say they will be raffled for over again

On Monday we visited the Hindu school where our moonshee teaches. An inspection was going on, lads from sixteen to eighteen reading Persian, and they answered fairly some geographical questions which Arthur put them. They write both in Persian and in Nagari characters, but their great ambition is to learn writing in Roman characters, which gives them a chance of employment in English shops. Their pronunciation of English is very bad. All wrote on their knees with no flat substance under their paper. They generally begin a letter with the name of God (Khuda) all by itself, like a monogram on letter paper.

Arthur is deep in papers. One great despatch-box contained a mass of papers on questions of precedence, *i.e.* whether an officer commanding a brigade took precedence of a commissioner, whether the recorder of Rangoon was to have precedence over some other recorder, etc. etc., all in the same strain and on the same topics

My khansomah has just been grinning over praises bestowed on his ice 'That because I eat self, he remarks, 'others don't I asked if the cook ate his own performances. 'That man eats them private, remarks Rutnum, 'not public, that his religion I eat all the same as master and mistresses

I went again to the Convent School and saw the nice little old Lady Superior The girls are brought up for matrimony and for nothing else I inquired how this could be managed in a convent When a man wants a wife, he sends testimonials as to character, etc., to the priest The priest makes inquiry, and if satisfied gives him a list and description of the young ladies on hand (there are two classes, boarders and orphans, representing respectively the genteel and the needy element), and there are both Protestants and Catholics, and no religious difficulties or conversions, said the Mother

He selects, and then sees the girl in the parlour with a Sister as chaperon The young lady accepts or rejects, corresponds for a time or not, as she likes When all goes well she is taken to the R C church at Simla by the priest and there married. One had been so married the day before, and the bridegroom's present of jewellery had caused great excitement among the girls 'And now we shall have many wanting to be married! she added

The Government makes an allowance for soldiers orphans up to the age of sixteen, after which the convent funds maintain them, and there is so much

matrimonial demand that it is preferred to bring them up for no special employment, and certainly they cannot be dismissed from *this* service as from others. Lady Napier's nurse has just married a clerk with seven hundred rupees a month, between seven and eight hundred per annum. This is her fourth husband, and she brings him two children.

I am busy reading Hunter's *Orissa*, which I should think is readable at home. Here I find it very interesting, specially his account of Juggernaut worship.

August 24, 1872.

L. Boileau with her husband and three children arrived on Monday, ten servants accompanying them, but that gives no trouble, and they pig in with ours without any difficulty. I have just witnessed an interview between her and her dhobie, who says he cannot stay another day here, the cold will kill him. He stands with clasped hands crying, 'I shall die, I shall die.' I am wearing a cotton dress, and have all the windows open, but these poor creatures from the plains feel the cold dreadfully. Our thermometer is 72, and our temperature just Laodician and right in my opinion. The damp justifies wraps, if you are so inclined. I saw two fur-tippets worn the other day, and the stiff mild air justifies muslins. It is difficult to make you realise a climate in which many successive days of rain produce no chill whatever, and yet that you are glad of a fire to dry air and furniture. My boots are covered with mildew.

Our chief external event has been a flight of locusts, which filled the air yesterday between us and the opposite mountain, they devour the green maize, which is much eaten as a vegetable, but not just now, because of the cholera that prevails in the surrounding states, though it has not as yet appeared in Simla. Just now I was requested to go out and scold the bearer for wasting the oil, and suppose I did not do so with sufficient emphasis, for Rutnum stepped back to Arthur with the request, 'Master, come out and make that man afraid.' We have such lovely sweet wild orchises, some with tubes as long as six inches and scented like a magnolia.

You at home are luxuriating in fruit now, and we have absolutely none. Raw quinces were obliged to *make a dish* on the table the other day. These, and hard tasteless apples and pears, are the solitary fresh fruits to be got by any one from the Viceroy downwards. Peaches and apricots were over in June, then we had mangoes for a short time, and now nothing. Later in the season grapes are brought from Cashmere. The quinces have no flavour and no smell but are like insipid baking pears. The rain and the warmth seem to fill out the fruit, but to give them no flavour. We have French beans cucumbers, and vegetable marrow, all quite tasteless but eatable, the salad and peas are drowned out. Four inches of rain fell last Sunday week during the twenty four hours.

August 29, 1872

The sleeve-links sent by you are found, and 'tis fortunate, for we have had a petty theft of a gold stud, which has disappeared, and consequently will cause the sweeper also to disappear from our service. Many of the servants have an annoying habit of non-appearing, and sending a 'brother' to do their work, and, of course, one has no check on these interlopers. Mrs R.'s sharp wits do not allow of any relations save fathers and mothers, and only a limited number of these, as they are very fond of asking for holidays in order to bury numerous fathers and mothers. We find locusts reckoned among edibles by some of the Mussulmans, who pull off their wings and fry them in ghee. They are wonderfully tenacious of life; a chuprassee brought in one from whom a crow had abstracted the body, and the creature lived for hours with only head and wings. I have just drawn the portrait of a talking-locust, as the natives call it; 'tis one of the crickets, and makes a great noise at eventime in the trees; 'tis green in colour, with transparent wings, and difficult to see, though deafening to hear. Some parts of the wood sound at sunset like the parrot-house in the Zoological Gardens.

Porus (the puppy) has distinguished himself by catching and killing a tiny flying squirrel. He is very active and mischievous, but idle about walking out. Yesterday he declined to follow Arthur, but Arthur (having a strong opinion of his own also) tied a hand-

kerchief to the dog's collar, and dragged it along after him, to the delight of the jhampan men

Mr Campbell was telling me last night of the fidelity of one of his servants during the Mutiny. He had to fly for his life and leave his goods behind, so he called his servants to explain this to them, and one, a bheestie, insisted on accompanying him. 'But it is impossible,' said Mr Campbell, 'you have no horse, and I must be fifty miles hence to-night

Every horse has a tail,' answered the bheestie, meaning he could hang on to that and run alongside, and so he did for a night journey of fifty-three miles. Mr C's dictum as to these servants is, Trust them entirely and look into nothing yourself, and the said evening Mr W said to me, Look into every thing, be firm and patient—never indulgent. The commander and chaplain of Allahabad have just died of cholera, the former Mr Mayne, had proposed himself as our host if we again visited the place. No one seems to think much of death here, *et* among their friends. Wives and mothers are anxious, and the officers' wives, L. Boileau among them are trembling and miserable, because 'tis the custom to recall the leave of officers when cholera breaks out in their regiments. This is done to reassure and enliven the men, who become panic stricken at such times.

September 7, 1872.

I fear you will have but a short letter this time in exchange for so long a one, but am consoled by

thinking you cannot care for all the strange colonels and the household worries that fill my time as I care for all the folk and doings of home Yesterday my young inmates had a small party, with a native conjurer, whose mouth was his chief weapon of conjuring, supplying first quantities of water and then quantities of smoke and flame He had the smallest drum I ever saw to fill up time between the performances, and talked Hindustanee ; but my progress in the language is retrograding now that I have no moonshee, and divers other occupations. I try to make one of our Madrassesees announce dinner visitors, which he does by rushing in furtively, saying ' Forsyth is come,' and bolting out again in a most quick and undignified way The Viceroy had a large party yesterday, in which the envoy from Khiva was the principal guest He has been six months in accomplishing the journey from Khiva to this place, and is supposed to be seeking our alliance against the Russians

The Sutlej, which we see in the far distance from our house, has been flooding its banks as usual during the heavy rains, and with the floods it increases and changes its course most capriciously. An Englishman living in a house one mile from its banks wrote saying, first, that it had come within half a mile, then within three hundred yards, and not liking such a rapid approach to close quarters, he had packed up everything belonging to his house, even to the door and window-frames, ready for a speedy move. Here we have considerable landslips, and the road betwixt this

and greater Simla is much broken away—a piece behind our house is in a most critical position. The road commissioner remarked quite coolly, ‘The corner of that house must go’, however, the inhabitants live on there in undisturbed comfort. We have been to dine with Sir John Strachey, our host in bed with rheumatism, and Mr Cordery, who took his place, had just had his finger broken by the kick of a horse. However, the two other residents in the house entertained us. ‘Tis a large house, and four men without wives live in the four corners of it. I never know whether my callers are married or single, with wives here or wives in England or whether they are widowers or divorces, for all the men make the first calls. I very nearly invited two men to meet here on Thursday (finding them both of literary tastes, and believing them to be harmless bachelors), but discovered just ere the notes went out that one is living apart from his wife and the other is the cause thereof.

Six men have been cutting grass on the croquet-ground with pocket-knives instead of scythes, quite as if it were human hair. Then another comes and carries off the produce in a blanket!

I shall like to have some of the French books you mention, especially some of the ephemeral ones not likely to have stuff in them sufficient to reach the Calcutta booksellers. Please not anything by the author of *Le Recit d'une sœur*. My health and spirits require to be down to the point of enjoying arrowroot in order to like that style. I did appreciate arrowroot

on the steamer, so might like *Le Récit* under some circumstances, but don't wish to calculate on these.

September 15, 1872.

We have been spending rather a social week for us, as we have had a tea-party at home, theatricals at the Lieutenant-Governor's, a cotillon afternoon party at Lady Temple's, and a picnic at the waterfalls. I did not go to the last, for I have had a cold owing to a sunset excursion with insufficient wraps to the top of Jacko. However, I am quite content to have felt thoroughly chilled in India, and am saving up the sensation to dwell on in Calcutta when winter ends, in the middle of February. Our tea-party was small—forty-five in number—but they played Badminton and croquet on our bit of level ground. Badminton is such a favourite that all the battledores and shuttlecocks in India have been brought up. They cannot be produced from Calcutta, but a lady lent me hers. The theatricals were good—*The Rough Diamond*, and a play on Women's Rights, written by Sir Lepel Griffin, secretary to the Punjaub Governor. I liked Mrs Davies, our hostess, she is bright and pleasant, daughter, I think, of a Devonshire clergyman. Here she is a great lady, with A-D-C's to write her notes and receive her guests. I had sufficient dignity to be seated between host and hostess, and no lady was allowed to depart till I and my jhampan had cleared out. Mrs Davies is a second wife, and so is everybody here except Lady Strachey. Lord Northbrook is

a widower, Mr Ellis a bachelor, Sir Richard Temple, Lord Napier, and Mr Davies all have second wives, and General Norman a third. I taunt Arthur with his being behind the rest of the world in this respect, but really suppose that the life and climate are trying to young women, who have to rough it when their husbands are beginning their career. The servants are worrying. With my own eyes I beheld a woman and three children in Rutnum's cabin. He called them friends, but now a man writes to say tis *his* wife and that she has carried off two hundred rupees and three children, and he wants the two latter articles back (he does not seem to care about the wife's return). We inquire, and the man's master says 'the woman is no wife, but has lived with this man for eight years under promise of matrimony. Rutnum confesses to one or two wives in Calcutta, and one in Madras, who, I suppose, is the original one, for she draws half his pay—also their cheating is tiresome. I have had men enough to supply three families with firewood, and now hear there is very little left, whereat my anger was roused and I said that if we had to buy a stick of wood ere October 15, the jhampan mate should pay for it. Then my cows eat gram enough (on paper) to make them burst. I say to Rutnum, 'I expect a councillor's cows to have better appetites than a captain's, but not six times better, so he cuts down the bills and says, 'See, missus, I reduce cows food, without the faintest tinge of shame or apology. I should like to buy him off from cheating by a good

round sum, say £ 50 a year, and be spared the aggravation of losing it in detail. He is apparently delighted when I cut down the bills, and says, 'Missy Stephen always take off rupees,' but never suggests it, and it is such a nasty feeling to take off at random, for the poor wretches do not complain whatever one does

We have been eating a porcupine and catching a flying squirrel. The porcupine was shot by Mr. Romaine and we had our portion cut into steaks. It tasted like close-fibred beef. The flying squirrel was caught behind the woodbox in our second and dark drawing-room. We have given it to Captain Napier, who means to send it to London to the Zoo.

If my letter is stupid, it represents my state of mind, for I am duller than ditchwater partly owing to a cold, but let me acknowledge the lovely little apron which came safe by post on Sunday. I was charmed with its beauty and bestowed a few kisses on it for the sake of the worker. Oh, alas! why could I not have sat and chatted with you while your fingers were employed on it instead of this unsatisfying mode of converse when we can't reply to one another, do what we will? Had I come straight to this life without knowing another, I should have liked some things in it, but now the best half of me is not here; still I like the scenery, the climate, and some of the people.

September 20, 1872.

Many thanks for all letters and for Sutton's catalogue, which I will carefully study. Some flowers,

nasturtiums, convolvulus, and dahlias, grow like weeds here. One dahlia rooted in the plaster of the house has grown to the second story,—all these wild ones have poor single flowers. The days are beginning to have an autumn feel, and when the thermometer is at 65, which it is to-day, one could *almost* fancy a touch of frost in the air, but I find it very refreshing after the long period of soft relaxing atmosphere.

I certainly shall require no seeds of love lies bleeding, for it grows in fields here and adorns the landscape with patches of crimson scattered over the hills. On Monday we dined with the Viceroy. He had enjoyed his mountain trip, though he had shot nothing and sketched little. Even he, a bold rider, considers parts of the Mushobra road dangerous.

We had a grand nautch or fancy-dress ball given by the A.-D.-C.s of the Commander-in-chief last night—Captains Napier, Scott, and FitzGeorge. Arthur went in his court (black velvet) dress, I in blue satin and Honiton lace, no attempt at fancy dress save a large veil depending from the back of my head. There were two got up quadrilles, one in the Watteau style. Lady Napier was late—not an unusual event—so could not take part in them. The best-dressed girls were two Miss Thuilliers, one as an ancient Greek, and one as an Arab girl, both with their hair down their backs, the most sensational dresses those of a Mr and Mrs J, he as Neptune in flowing garments of blue and silver, she first as an Indian princess with feathers and leopard skin, then after

supper as Semiramis, under which change of costume I unwillingly caused much inconvenience to the poor lady, who, returning to the ballroom on horseback in all her glory of crimson and gold, met my jhampan at the narrowest turn of the road, and as nothing she or I could say would induce my jhampan-men to yield a step, she had to dismount and, squeezing past, walk to the ballroom through the crowd collected outside. I should have been still more sorry, but for the reflection how unnecessary that she should make an object of herself twice in one evening.

An elderly colonel did the like, appearing first as a friar and then as a cavalier. A masked beggar was very good, and we had one black-masked and dominoed figure to remind one of Schiller's story. I spent most of the evening on the dais with the Lieutenant-Governor, a quiet companion, little moved to smiles or curiosity by any of the figures. Rather a nice Baron Bentinck dines here to-day, cousin to the man who was Dutch Minister for so long. An active-looking Colonel Hills, a V C, was most severely bitten by a mad dog four months ago, but no ill effects have come as yet. Dogs seem especially liable to madness here. Two of Letitia's own dogs have gone mad, and she narrowly escaped being bitten by a third on the high road. One lady here keeps scorpions as pets, feeding them on spiders! I am sending you some pine seeds by the superintendent of forests, Colonel Pearson—about five or six different kinds which grow in the Himalayas. Here we have only the

deodar (resembling a cedar) and the cheel (resembling a Weymouth pine) We dined with Sir R Temple on Monday, my neighbour, a man whose wife was the ideal belle of a station, loud in dress and conspicuous in demeanour The tale of my jhampan rencontre with her has gone round Simla, but the inmate was supposed to be a lame officer, who had to be carried in his jhampan into the ballroom, and I have taken care not to contradict the impression My last tea-party is over much to my relief, for I don't know half the people, and can't learn their names as they are not announced

October 2, 1872

I am rejoicing that six months of exile are over, and (now that the weeks slip more rapidly away as the varieties and novelties in the life here lessen) I shall want some fresh person to come out and help one to perceive the eccentricities to which I am already become accustomed Probably *you* would have laughed to see Arthur and myself jolted along in jhampannies four bearers to each, and attended by a chuprassee clothed in scarlet and carrying a lantern, going to the ball last night. One has no light in the jhampan, and is often accosted by other jhampanns who utter 'Who's there?' or 'Dora, dear!' or some sort of sentiment through the darkness

Each horseman, too, is attended by a syce with a lantern, and the pathway down to the ballroom is lighted with burning pitch in standard iron pots The

jhampan is generally set down in the verandah, and the host fetches you thence. Last night's ball was an encore of the fancy one, but there were more people and more uniforms present, and again I sat with placid companions on a dais and gazed at the figures below. *Amateur theatricals and some parties at Government House* this week will close the season. There are some nasty people here. A horrid little woman insisted on accompanying me home yesterday, beguiling the time by telling me how she beats her jhampan-men and how they drop her and break her jhampan every time she goes out, and I could not refrain from pointing out what I considered the connection between the two incidents.

Well, if the society is not bright to me, the skies are. We have most brilliant sun and clear cool air, but the beautiful cloud effects and rich vegetation are over for the year. Things are beginning to burn again, and the lovely ferns and mosses have become olive and yellow. Every night the sun sinks into one long level line of haze, marking where the dust and the mist of the plains begin. Just now I have been into the garden, and pay the penalty by being covered with yellow dust, saffron in colour and fine as the finest flour. 'Tis the deodar flower just bursting its cones, and shedding this powder over everything. We are just beginning one of the plagues of Egypt (India ?) in the shape of fleas, which abound when the rain ceases, so I suppose they appertain to the soil and not to the humanity on it. Of snakes we see very

few Central India is their abode, and a doctor assures me that more men die of snake bite than either of cholera or fever. Two of our servants have been ill with fever, the result of the poor food they eat, says the khansomah, adding, these men don't spend their wages but 'starve and slave' in order to invest in paddy fields and leave a little property to their families.

I had a child's party on Monday with a kind of Punch and Judy, the drum-and fife performance about equalling that at home, but the puppets are different, and represent native servants and English soldiers and make comical versions of the orders given by the commanding officers. The children enjoyed it and so did the grey-bearded servants, crowding the windows to get a glimpse of what was going on. Now I am expecting the girls from the Punjaub girls school, a kind of semi genteel establishment for daughters of clerks, tradesmen, etc., to tea.

Two rajahs visited Arthur yesterday. Each came with about thirty attendants and one wore gold embroidered shoes, blue satin drawers, a dress of gold and white stuff and had four equally magnificent attendants in flowered satins and gold turbans. A trumpet-call heralds the visit, some soldiers accompanying and divers led horses. Arthur will return these visits in company with F. Boileau to help the conversation. Arthur's Hindustanee is very limited though very accurate. I practice talking every morning with the ayah who tells me the word for everything in the room. She herself wears a great stud in her nose.

earrings, bead-chain and locket, massive silver bracelets and turquoise rings. I told Rutnum the other day that next year the sweeper must attend to the fowls and I should not keep a man expressly for them 'Missy do as she please,' he remarks, 'but those men sweepers eat everything, so they just pinch fowl's throat in night, show it Missus in morning; Missus say, "Throw that fowl away," then that man eat it' It seems murghwallah or fowlmen are chosen from a caste that rarely or never eat flesh, so perhaps keeping a man specially for them may be cheaper after all I am dreading the worries of the move and also the long journey, but shall like to see more of India, for this place is so thoroughly anglicised that one cannot here see the most picturesque side of Indian life

October 9, 1872

Two more rajahs visited Arthur last week and he returned their visits, bringing home from them 'Pan,' *i.e.* a betelnut leaf enclosing lime and spice, which the native folk chew, and red puggerees. When the trays of presents are brought in they put the tray wherefrom you are expected to select nearest you, it generally contains some valueless article like these puggerees. Yesterday my jhampan mate, who has been ill, brought me a present which he offered on one knee It consisted of walnuts and Indian corn to be eaten as a vegetable; all the vegetables are improving now the rains are over, and some of the spring flowers

come out a second time. On Monday we went far down into the valley that I might see an Indian temple, and a woman gave me a great bunch of narcissus and jonquil. This week is the Doorga Pooja, a great Hindu festival, and most of the men adorn themselves with a feather in their caps.

October 17, 1872.

I fear this will be a short letter as the move is already begun, and I am again full of packing and arrangements. I *think* a great deal of you, morning time especially, when I generally give myself a dreamy hour in bed between the early cup of tea and the getting up. Once dressed, the bustle of life begins and there is a plentiful demand on one's brain powers, for it has to exercise forethought for all the pairs of hands and feet that execute its bidding.

Just now I am dividing Calcutta from Simla goods, and next week, while Arthur and I are away, Smith and L. B. move other things into the house we have taken for next year. I keep foolishly imagining that going to Calcutta will be like going to London for the winter, whereas really it will be so different and I shall have no more friends there than here. Arthur is well content—I have just been reminding him how Sir John Coleridge said he wished to see 'Palmer Chancellor, his son Attorney-General, and Arthur Solicitor-General, and now two of his wishes have come to pass. I am much better placed as I am, responded Arthur.

I have got a horrible fit of low spirits this morning, partly caused by the sensation of packing up again. It seems odd to think Anglo-Indians envy us our health and position, and I would so gladly give them up to be at home again.

DAK BUNGALOW FAGOO,

October 21, 1872

I am writing in a scene such as you are never likely to behold, I *hope*, beautiful though it be. We see about one hundred and fifty miles of snow mountains, *i.e.* nearly a semicircle of the horizon is snow, but they are fifty miles distant, and in front of them are bare earthy mountains, red in the light and purple in the shadows. In the immediate foreground is a sacred tree on which every passer-by knots a bit of rag (with the aspiration to have one wish granted during the year) as a devotional offering. Nearer still are a cloud of flesh-coloured locusts which a puppy and two fowls are engaged in devouring (they eat the bodies and leave the wings and legs). Close at hand are some wild Tartar children with shaven foreheads, flat noses, and rank black hair.

You would be amused at my travelling party. There are our two selves, Khansomah, Kitmugar, Cook, Mussalchee, bheestie and fowlwallah, the latter coming to escort three fowls to be eaten *en route*. There are horses and syces, jhampan mate and eight jhampan-men, an ayah whose cold supple fingers are queer to *feel* and whose dark hands are queer to *see*.

engaged in plaiting my hair. Then we have eighteen coolies provided by the rajah of each place we pass through by means of a Government order. Four coolies carry the ayah in a doolie, two carry our bedding, two our leather bags, two carry saucepans, and three carry provender, two carry stable utensils, and I really don't know what the rest do. Some of our friends think us extravagant (the coolies cost about sixpence a day each), but others remark, 'You go in the way to be comfortable.'

We have seen such a flight of locusts to-day, the hushes looking as if covered with pink gauze in consequence of the myriads settled on them, they also fill the pathway, and the theory of my jhampan mate is that they eat dust as well as leaves. We passed through the remains of a fine forest, but the trees have been hurnt in order to increase potato-ground, and so there are a vast number of black withered stems. Arthur walked three miles further away from the direct road in order to see a grove of old trees which has been left undisturbed, as belonging to a god. Our fellow traveller, who remained with me, amused himself by shooting little birds, one like an English wagtail, another like a glorified English jay. We also tried to persuade the Tartar boy who carried his gun to sell a silver necklace, but the boy declined saying 'his god would be angry if he parted with it.' This gentleman told me he had bought divers amulets and ornamental silver tankards with them, at which his native neighbour remonstrated, but of course in vain.

Certainly we are a masterful folk, and Sir John Strachey was remarking on the impossibility of bringing up children *well* here, since (at the age when they ought to learn to obey) they are commanding numbers of these slavish people, all whose habits and instincts, good or bad, seem of a servile nature.

NARKUNDA, *October 25, 1872.*

This afternoon we turn our backs on the snow and begin our Simla route again. We both agree we could spend a week very agreeably here in walking and sketching—Arthur is in capital condition and walks up the hills excellently. We descended and re-ascended about two thousand feet this morning before 11 o'clock, I in my dandy of course. The highest elevation we reached was about ten thousand eight hundred feet, beautiful trees quite to the summit and no snow, only a little unmelted hoarfrost in the shade.

October 28, 1872.

I am glad you have been improving your knowledge of India through Lord Napier, but you can never have the least idea what it is really like in spite of all the information I give you. We now know what Indian travelling is like and find it better than we expected, though we have had to give up our absurd English prejudice, as Mme Mohl styles it, against dirt. Of insects we found none except one or two centipedes, but these dak bungalows have no inducement to be

clean, for they are kept by an individual who receives the rent (Government finding furniture), and who probably belongs to a caste that does not clean. Windows therefore, are encrusted with dirt, not wholly undesirable on the score of a privacy, for a bamboo chick, perfectly transparent by candlelight, is your only other defence against the hundred eyes of your attendants in the verandah, floor, shelves, etc., are deep in dust, and one large flat basin represents all your washing apparatus.

I have just been dismissing our gardener and engaging another. He was impertinent to L. B. while I was away, and received his dismissal in these words:

Tum, Krab Admi, jao! which being interpreted is, 'You bad man, go. You will recognise the words You, and 'Admi or 'Adam for 'man as well as jao, go.

To-morrow the servants have a parting feast, Hindus apart from Mahometans. The latter have a goat and sweetmeats, the former sweetmeats only and a puppet-show.

L. B. has moved almost all our things to our future house and this one is almost as bare, though not as dirty, as it was when we first came. We miss our photos, etc., and I shall be glad to say good bye to the stripped walls. Arthur will not wear the sleeve-links you sent, for fear of their being stolen, but I do not think the servants either dishonest or careless. Our own dinner-service has had no article chipped or broken, and about a dozen wine-glasses represent all

the casualties in that department, though we have had some sixteen to twenty dinner-parties, events so often fatal to the career of glass. Lamp chimneys broke at the rate of one a day, till the man in charge of them was fined ; since that event they have enjoyed a long immunity. I hope you like domestic details, for my mind is in a housekeeping groove just now. My next letter should be from Delhi, where I hope to have other subjects.

We have taken leave of the Romaines, meeting in the mountain path to Narkunda, where he is gone for shooting. They have been sociable to us. I can't find out that he has any official duties, or, if he has, they are of homœopathic quantity. Most folk here are either thoroughly busy or thoroughly idle, the latter coming to the hills for a holiday and making a business of amusement.

ALLAHABAD, *November 9, 1872*

We are so far on our way to Calcutta, having had twenty-two hours of railway journey yesterday, and looking forward to twenty-four more beginning to-night. They are rather wearisome, but nothing in the least to be compared to our journey up country in the hot season. That first experience of India was the worst. Now we make ourselves fairly comfortable by taking rezais (a kind of mattress), pillows, etc ; the temperature is quite agreeable, somewhat hot from 11 to 4 P.M., and rather cold from 4 to 7 A.M. I wear a cotton dress, but draw a velvet jacket over

it towards morning Arthur is rather weak and his joints somewhat stiff, but on the whole the attack has been a slight one, and we were fortunate in his being taken ill when within reach of a doctor

We had a kind of Mark Tapley fellow traveller yesterday—Colonel B He had a fall from his pony on the road to Umballa and bruised his back severely, so as to feel every severe jolt (and they were many) in the train, then he observed that he had got into a slow one, and his journey would be twenty-four hours longer than he thought for, and his carriage was a crowded one, nevertheless he was as cheerful as possible, and jumped out of his carriage, next to ours at almost every station, to inquire how we were getting on I am afraid you have not had a proper account of Delhi, and will not, for Arthur's illness prevented my doing much I had intended there My last drive was to the old cantonment where the military used to be until the Mutiny, since which time they have been quartered in the palace, it was melancholy to see the ruined bungalows Then we went to the Flagstaff Bastion where all the ladies assembled after the first alarm, and to Hindu Rao's house, the most advanced of our posts which the soldiers had to hold from June to September before they could get up a battery and make a breach in the city walls Near to this a shabbyish monument has been erected bearing the names of all officers, English and native, who fell during the many attacks and in

the final assault I felt half glad to leave the place with all its relics of former and recent greatness, and which makes one realise the strangeness of our nation and its insignificance, as regards numbers and monuments

People say the natives there scowl at Europeans as they walk along, and though I can't say I perceived this, I did observe that they stared hard and haughtily when my eyes happened to catch theirs, which of course only happened when I had my spectacles on. The gardens at Delhi are very numerous, former kings having planted many, which are now open to the public, *i.e.* to the European public, for the inhabitants are only allowed to enter on one day of the week, an invidious distinction regretted even by the Commissioner, for, as there are only about eighty Europeans in the station, they are little used by any one. Some are full of oranges and plantains—the oranges are very juicy, but have much white pith, more like shaddocks, the little plantains are very good, and we eat many in the railway journey. Guavas abound, resembling quinces in smell and flavour and in being too rough and hard to be eaten raw. Red spinach is plentiful, and divers new acquaintance in the vegetable line. We came through clouds of locusts yesterday, and at first believed them to be wreaths of smoke or cloud, but when we came near they dissolved into living things. The fields are full of grain, and many of them contain a watch-tower, for the purpose of scaring birds, we suppose.

DELHI, *November 15, 1872*

Arthur has had an attack of dengue fever. He had high fever and aching bones two nights ago, and has been in a dozing sleepy condition for the last few days. They say here that dengue fever combines the eruption of measles, the fever of scarlet fever, and the aches of rheumatic ditto. Every European in Delhi (with the exception of two) has had it, so 'tis not wonderful that he took it here. We are in comfortable quarters for India, *i.e.* our host and hostess are very kind, there are doctor and dispensary close at hand, and the climate is pleasant, so we might have been worse off, especially as Arthur's attack came on the very night of our return from the lonely tomb which we occupied in the deserted city of Kootub. There are about half a dozen deserted cities within twelve miles of Delhi, deserted by all save a few wretched peasants, who live among the grand ruins sometimes in very elaborate and decorated tombs.

I hope the deodar seeds, of which Colonel Pearson is sending you enough to plant some acres, will grow, and perhaps I shall look on these trees as old friends if I meet them again in Devonshire. Then I shall *boast* to you of the climate and (forgetting the drawback of Arthur's fever) tell how, on November 15, we have perfect summer, delicious breeze from 4 to 12, when the sun becomes hot, a perfect still summer evening from 4 to 7, after which the air is both still and cool, while a glorious moon, quite warm in colour,

makes driving and walking pleasanter then than in the daytime.

There are quantities of oranges and roses in the garden, besides plumbago, vinca, and mimosa; in fact the whole road to the Kootub (ten miles distant) is bordered with mimosa and scarlet-flowered acacia, baobab, a tree with a sweet white blossom, etc etc Do not think our tomb residence had aught to do with Arthur's fever It was a large building, three stories high, with a centre dining-room, round which opened sleeping and sitting rooms, where we lived, servants' rooms were below, and a gallery above; in fact as good a house as you could wish for, better than many Indian ones (not much furniture), but we took the necessities (?), for I spent three days without an inch of looking-glass! The Markbys were our guests, and certainly we had only one knife and one plate each, but that is no inconvenience, when you have a mussalchee at the door washing them between each course The whole country is covered with these mausoleums, some quite perfect, but most are long since deserted and dilapidated There is much to see in this town also Please tell Arthur that in the great mosque we saw Mahomet's dress (green, and covered with texts from the Koran), his shoes, and his copy of the Koran In another not usually shown, or rather, not another mosque but a temple of the Jains, we were requested to take off our shoes, and accordingly mounted the sandstone steps and walked over the marble floor in our 'stocking feet' to see a pretty arcade courtyard

and a shrine to Buddha (?), with an ugly little idol of him at the top

To-day is the feast of Gungajee, and all the population are gone, cold though it be, to bathe about sunrise in the waters of the Jumna. This is not a pleasant place in morals, last night the doctor came in from holding an inquest on an old Christian woman, who had been strangled, the robber having knelt upon and broken in her chest. This morning the police brought to him the body of a well-dressed child exposed to die on the river bank, and then, also, the air is full of mutiny stories, and of the siege that followed it. Breaches in the city wall still remain, and the beauty of the palace was greatly marred by the damage done there and by the ugly barracks erected since within its walls, but I don't suppose 'art' was much considered in that struggle for existence, and there are still beautiful rooms left lined with inlaid marbles, and screened with the most delicate carved and latticed white marble network, more like the Alhambra work of Crystal Palace, executed in marble, than anything else I have ever seen

There are mosquitoes here, of which my face and hands bear witness, pleasanter living creatures are the green parrots, of which there are numerous flocks, very pretty to behold among and about the red sand stone walls, lizards are plentiful, and so are tiny grey squirrels. Camels are much ridden here, and one of Arthur's Hindu friends offered him the use of an elephant, but we thought the offer not disinterested,

and declined ; otherwise I should have ridden on it in order to describe the sensation to W and C. All the horse and cattle dung is gathered up, made into cakes, and sold for fuel, the result being a most disagreeable smell when the fires are lighted for the evening meal

CALCUTTA, *November 21, 1872.*

We reached here yesterday evening, weary of the hot, dusty journey, and Arthur very lame, his ankles weak and swollen as if he had the gout. It is a great comfort to be here and in a really comfortable house, as this promises to be, the thermometer is at 81° , but the air is damp and the days short. Smith and I hardly hope to escape dengue, which is treated rightly here, as being painful, but not dangerous—very different from cholera, which is generally mentioned reluctantly and in awestricken tones. The budget of home letters came in about 11 P M last night, but Arthur would not let me read them, and popped them under his pillows, whence I extracted them by early daylight. The Markbys have kept this house in such nice order that it was perfectly ready to step into, and it is well furnished with mattresses, blankets, and all sorts of things likely to be useful to us. Dr. C, who has just been in, says every one here has had dengue; if a man lands from shipboard he gets it and takes it back to the whole crew

CALCUTTA, *November 29, 1872*

Arthur is improving, slowly as regards locomotion, but well in other ways. Here people are very shy of us, which is a comfort, as we can settle in quietly, and there is much to be done, even in this well furnished house, there is so much needed in the way of strange inventions in an Indian house—punkahs, chicks (to keep out the flies) etc. etc., which one knows nought of at home, and there are beds to make, curtains to hang, ornamental articles to procure, carriage horses and lights to settle. We also spend some time in two daily drives—Hawa khana ‘to eat the air, is the order we give when we don’t go out on business, and we drive into the country or up and down the course, for there is little air to eat in the crowded town. Our house stands with a garden front and back. The upstairs rooms are very high twenty feet at least, and the space is cut up by big doors, giving air in all directions. The drawing-room has six doors and six windows, all about twelve feet high. There is a wide verandah, which well absorbs a very large amount of plants. It is so curious to see the hothouse treasures in common use here, banana leaves wrap up our butter or surround the bunches of flowers, custard-apples pineapples, and mysterious unknown fruits appear daily at breakfast—one, a papaw, tastes something like passion fruit, and another like a soft pear, both rather insipid but pleasant enough, as taking the place of salad to one’s meal. Poinsettias grow everywhere,

and I could not help thinking how unlike an English churchyard ! when I saw these flaunting scarlet bushes and huge wreaths of yellow alamandas covering the tombs in a graveyard here Thunbergias and vincas are very common, also scarlet hibiscus, ipomeas, and many many plants quite unknown to me ; an orchid climbs over the gate-post The neem-tree with its white blossoms is sweet by night as well as pretty by day, a scarlet acacia is gay and elegant ; nevertheless, what people here prize most are shabby rose-bushes with scant and small flowers, for they are *English* and that means everything here

CALCUTTA, *December 5, 1872.*

I hardly know how to begin describing Calcutta to you. Perhaps, if you were to think of a Brobdingnag St John's Wood around a Brobdingnag Hyde Park in June, it would give you some idea of our scattered houses with their wide roads, green lawns, and flowering shrubs Each house stands by itself except for a few shops, which are contiguous, and of course the native huts are all crowded together these often consist of four poles supporting a wattle-roof, and wattle-walls are leant up or taken away at pleasure to make the sides. Our houses are all of brick, with a composition of white or yellow wash covering them ; the floors upstairs and down are of this composition or cement ; our ceilings, painted white, show all the rafters and are very ugly The reasons for this small amount of woodwork and for leaving it all in sight

are 'white ants, which may devour your house unbeknown to you, if the woodwork is concealed I have not made acquaintance with these insects as yet, but with only too many others

I have been reading with interest Kaye's *Lives of Indian Heroes*, they have become vivid here, where we have lodged in Sir Charles Metcalfe's house and stayed in Ludlow Castle, which was one of the outposts of the Delhi rebels, into which on the day of final assault the two Nicholsons were taken, one mortally wounded and the other having lost an arm in the attack (I am rather glad we did not come here ten years ago, when the post was first offered to Arthur, and when all these bloody histories would have been so fresh.) This place is so much more English in its arrangements than either Simla or Delhi, that one loses somewhat the impression of *aliens* which one has elsewhere, and the Bengalese are a very mild-looking folk We see quantities of them coming from their morning bath in the river with hair hanging halfway to their waists, with perfectly smooth and hairless faces like women but of women themselves you see but few, not above one to a hundred men

I hear nine guns, which indicate the arrival of Mr Ellis from England, I believe.

On Sunday we went to the Botanic Gardens, and I wished for Aunt F to see about an acre of orchids in the open air, except for a very slight roofing of twigs and creepers overhead They do not flower till

the hot season, so I must not even wish to see them in bloom. One wonder of the garden is a huge banyan-tree, which sends down numerous roots in perpendicular branches to the earth, and covers about an acre of ground. Mrs M provided tea for us as we left the garden, which we drank sitting on the grass, watching the after-sunset lights and shipping on the Hooghly. This was on December 9th! I have just drawn for you one of our pests of the garden in order that you may see the size of the snails which our vegetation has to contend with. Our gardener is too good a Hindu to destroy the Brobdingnag dwellers in these shells, so throws them over into our neighbour's garden. We are infested with crows, who would be always in the house, were it not for the bamboo blinds. They will take bread from the breakfast-table, and they keep disreputable hours, cawing loudly at 10 P M, when all decent birds are asleep, also they bring bones into the garden, and Porus (the dog) brings these into the house, so we may have any number of human remains lying about for all I know. Porus's favourite playthings, however, are shoes, and when the doors were open he used to scatter them about in a most compromising fashion. Arthur's in Smith's room, Smith's in Captain B.'s, mine in the verandah, etc. Porus is a real masterful European, bullying and biting the Indian servants, specially the sweeper who washes him. Our tailors have been asking for a holiday—one day only in which to say their prayers for the year—'tis

a moderate allowance and therefore granted at once, but they don't come on Sundays, of course in deference to *our* devotion. The cathedral is very near us and will be my place of worship, though 'tis very defective in acoustics, and I can't hear the sermons. It seemed strange to hear the Advent Collect read in the carefully darkened church with wide open doors and windows on the shady side, and dressed in muslin, with competent and well-used fans on all sides. The sun is always too fierce to face in midday save in a close carriage.

We have paid two solemn first visits to the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal and to the Chief-Justice. The former is Campbell nephew to Lord Campbell, he is an active and despotic individual though a great Liberal and Nationalist—acts in fact, on the Rabagas principle (*Comment voulez-vous que je vous donne la liberté si je n'ai pas le pouvoir absolu?*) Mrs. Hardcastle told me he had a charming wife, so I sent in my card, but was received by him and A.-D. C.s, and eventually learned that his wife had been in England for fourteen years past. It is puzzling to the newcomers to find that all the men come first alone, and you are expected to return the call on their wives, as if one could tell by his face only whether his wife was in England or here!

December 18, 1872.

I have been at my usual morning's work of writing notes to tradespeople, acquaintance, and directing

servants and workmen, etc., till 11 o'clock, though I am always up and dressed about 8 I know you will scarce believe this, still less that Arthur rises before daybreak and goes out for an hour at 7 Our early breakfast of tea and toast is brought in at 6 30 by the silent-footed ayah, who lifts the mosquito curtains and opens the jhinnels or Venetian shutters just before sunrise While the sun rises Arthur is riding and I getting up, for I have gladly given up the morning drive, since he has found another way of securing air and exercise

His feet are still too stiff for walking, though he is well in himself and full of work, though not of fresh legislation for India 'Tis odd, though not unprecedented, the Conservative Governor-General should have been the one to introduce so many new measures and the Liberal Government the one to hold back ; however, I suppose 'tis well to alternate between work and rest, though no one can apportion them rightly, either privately or publicly I have just begun to look about me a little here, having been to a hospital and to a garden-party The hospital was very empty and in one way more comfortable than an English one, as friends and relations are allowed to come in and help in nursing A Madrassee ayah was looking after a poor little cholera-stricken baby whose mother had died of the disease , a daughter was nursing her mother, etc , one very picturesque old Jewess, in a green velvet jacket and crimson shawl round her waist, awaiting an operation for cataract. I expressed a

hope it would succeed God is above and the doctor on earth, was her reply Plenty of flowers, chiefly scarlet, adorned the passages, and there is a spacious compound round the buildings an open-wire blind at every aperture to prevent crows flying in and carrying off the food of the patients These crows, the vultures, and the adjutant cranes are the scavengers of Calcutta. In the early morning you see rows of these cranes looking as solemn and deliberate as any Quaker meeting could do In the evening they perch on the topmost branches of the trees of which some are far the greatest favourites also they like the tops of houses and I have seen them quite symmetrically arranged, one on each dome of Government House. Miss Baring has arrived, and also there is a levee to-day, in preparation for which Arthur's uniform has been airing in the verandah above our front door The garden party was given by Major Conway Gordon and the volunteer Lancers The volunteers number eighty and are composed chiefly of the gentry of Calcutta. They expected six hundred guests, and dinner was prepared in tents belonging to a native rajah one of the wealthiest hereabouts but being still a minor he is at college at Benares, and his property is under the stewardship of a Mr Harvey He has a rental of half a million and as Government do not desire it should accumulate, his steward spends it on bridges, roads etc. which are eventually to improve his estate Some noisy games of battledore formed part of the entertainment, but my time was chiefly

spent in a long walk with the Lieutenant-Governor. There were few flowers, but the canal bank was very green and well kept and prettily planted. Ere we left the garden was illuminated with tiny earthen pots containing cocoa-nut oil and a floating wick placed round all the beds and over the gate-posts, etc.

The suspension-bridge approaching the gardens was also brightly lighted, and there were numerous natives gazing all along the route, so I enjoyed it sufficiently, though I longed to meet some old acquaintance. Even Mr. B would have been acceptable. Now I have just returned from calling at the only proper time, between 12 and 2, upon Miss Baring. Government House is really handsome and palace-like, a great big hall fills the centre, and there are four wings, one inhabited by Mrs Earle, a tremendous flight of steps outside, handsome but inconvenient, as we drive under them to alight and go upstairs inside, which is much more advantageous for a satin train. We have smoke in Calcutta, though no blacks, the inhabitants having a practice of burning dung and other unpleasant articles at sunset, and the smoke, mixing with the heavy autumn fog, gives us a very dense and pungent atmosphere trying to eyes and nose. The mosquitoes, though numerous, are not very troublesome, not at all during the day, and if you get into bed carefully and tuck in the curtains well afterwards, and don't stir again, you do pretty well, and winter bites don't inflame like summer ones.

I have just come back from a prize-giving at an

orphan school provided over by Mrs Norman. The children work very neatly and are brought up ostensibly for service, though usually for matrimony, I suspect. A half-caste woman who has come to do my hair during Smith's illness remarked. My daughter is not married yet and she is nineteen, as if this were a surprising fact. This hair-dressing woman has a theology wide enough in practice, for though a Roman Catholic herself she leads the choir at the Greek Church and Presbyterian Kirk. A moonshce (Mahometan) is coming to-morrow to carry on my Hindustanee. He looks dreadfully afraid of me, I being his first pupil of the 'conquering sex' and Arthur has no time to join the lessons. Arthur has just come in, having walked home, and lost the dog who would obstinately desert him to look for the carriage in which I had driven home. Porus always likes to keep with me as he knows I have the most comfortable and laziest arrangements. He is an amusing little beast, and will, I hope, be found again.

De rler 26, 18, 2

Arthur is out at Council. he will now have to attend it two mornings in the week. Tuesday being the meeting of the Legislative Council and Thursday that of the Executive.

He has about fifteen minutes drive across the Maidan or open plain each time.

I have been thinking of your Christmas decorations. Here red hibiscus and poinsettias decorated the font

and communion table, mixed with palm leaves, etc. There is not a sign of winter externally, though the cold weather has really begun, and I have shut the windows on one side of the house as the thermometer has gone down to 58 at night. Last night I took a drive at 9 P M., and our poor syces appeared with muffled heads and bodies, and doubtless thought it a most insane proceeding.

December 27, 1872.

Is it not trying to one's temper to know the mail is in (we have one letter and all our papers this morning) and that no bag letters have appeared. I hope it is only because Captain Baring has overslept himself, meanwhile Arthur has gone off to breakfast and business with the Lieutenant-Governor. He lives at Alipore, a suburb of Calcutta, wherein are larger gardens and compounds, but there is little pleasure in a garden here, as there are so few hours which allow of your going into it. It is very useful for a supply of cut flowers. My mallee gave me a bunch of roses and mignonette on Christmas day, when the khandamah also brought a present; Solyman the bearer wished me 'a merry Christmas and many of them,' and the durwan or doorkeeper decorated the gate with a chain of marigolds and bunches of poinsettias. Marigolds are great favourites with the natives, who decorate their houses and their persons with them.

On Sunday Arthur and I took a long drive far away into the jungle, if one may so call it, for it is all cultivated, though chiefly with groves of palm and under-

growth of castor oil (?) and calladium (sweet potato) with little invisible wattle huts at the foot of the trees so you see little or nothing but what is green around you I took the same drive on Sunday with Sir Robert and Lady Stewart, and do not understand how he could be sent out as Chief Justice of anywhere It is such an odd feeling to see such young people as are most of the judges here mostly with pretty wives about thirty years old I can't look up to the bench under these circumstances, however, most of those I have seen are solemn enough for anything but that is the effect of the climate, which withers up jokes and complexions

Yesterday I visited the market at 7 A M It was a kind of state visit for Solymán and a policeman preceded our trio, and a chuprassce brought up the rear The chief additional resource I discovered for the table were ortolans and pistachio-nuts It seems rather cruel to sell all the birds when half alive, but I suppose the custom warrants their being fresh The lobsters and prawns which we eat in curry are of a brilliant turquoise blue with very long feelers in front, neither exactly antennae nor claws There are plenty of sweet potatoes and yams We like the former, but the latter are dry Pistachio nuts are served hot in a napkin like chestnuts

I am going to-day with Mrs George Smith, wife of the editor of a newspaper, to call on the Ranee of Netcore, it will be more of an honour than a pleasure to her, I expect, but her husband likes it and says she will return the visit in a closed carriage

I have another moonshee, a dressy young Mussulman, not half so clever as our shrewd old schoolmaster at Simla. He is horribly afraid of me, and evidently thinks grammar is a most unfeminine pursuit ; in fact, there is no one here who wishes to learn Hindustanee except for the purpose of passing an examination, for which spelling and writing are necessary. I want the talking

I had a visit from the Lieutenant-Governor and from the American consul to-day, and don't know which looked the most Yankee. There is an American frigate in the river, which is the subject of some guns and some interest to Calcutta

I have been learning by heart a few polite sentences to say to the Ranee this afternoon, but decline to call myself her 'poor slave,' which the moonshee suggested. He generally says the words signifying it, when he takes his departure.

I have made acquaintance with Miss Akroyd, who has come out with the view of educating native ladies ; she has been filled with pity for those Indian gentlemen, who, having married early and then gone to England for education, have returned to find their wives utterly ignorant and uncompanionable. She is staying with a Hindu lawyer, who himself sent his wife to an English school here with a happy result. Some of these ladies belong to Chunder Sen's School of Theology, an attempt to revive the old and pure religion of the Hindus.

1873

CALCUTTA, *January 2nd, 1873*

Now we have started on a whole year in India, and perhaps the time will slip away, at any rate it is full of occupations for both of us. Have you read Dickens's life (second volume), and how he can't be comfortable without the *streets*, sometimes I feel like him for I do much prefer Calcutta to Simla, *while* this temperature lasts. I can't tell why, but think it is partly due to the presence of food and absence of jhampons—and I never lose my temper with any servant here, as I used to do with the tiresome little jhampannies who had you so much at their mercy in your bag-hammock.

I have paid my first visit to a Hindustanee lady, wife of the Rajah of Nettore. They live some five miles distant, on a dusty road, but in a pretty house looking on to the Hooghly, with a plaster Venus in the middle of the garden and an ornamental covered-boat at the end. The room was decorated with oil pictures—*Old Masters*, i.e. a Jael and Sisera, satyrs and Cupids and Psyches, with two full-length portraits of rajahs, and half a dozen hideous china idols. The Rajah fetched the Ranee, a pretty plump little person of twenty-four. She looked horribly frightened and

appealed to him constantly, not even trying to understand the three sentences of polite Hindustanee I had got up for the occasion. She had a green satin dress and a wrapper of blue silk and white muslin bespangled with silver, handsome necklace of pearls and uncut emeralds, enormous plates of gold as earrings, and a very small nose-ring. She never sat still for one instant, but seemed in an agony of shyness, though she had her pleasant moments, when she opened her jewel-box and displayed her wealth to us. She was just like a child or a pet animal to her husband, looking very reverentially at him, but not daring to speak till he had gone out of earshot, when she delivered her two little English speeches, 'I am very glad to see you', 'I am very pleased to make your acquaintance'. She was shy of going out into the verandah, though only looking into the garden, until Mrs Smith (the tall wife of the editor of the *Friend of India*, and who was my companion, and the chief spokeswoman during the visit) stood between her and the light and distant boatmen. I asked her to come and see me, and told her I should be glad to see her, 'Khub khush hoga,' if you want to know my exact words; and she pulled her husband's coat and repeated divers times, 'Will she be really glad to see me?' When we left the room Mrs Smith suggested the Ranee would not like to come downstairs, as the men servants might be in the hall. 'Oh!' but I cannot stay in the room *alone*,' said the poor Ranee, so she came down with us to the hall, where all the doors were close shut till she was

safe in her own apartments I came away, feeling rather low over the childish helpless look of the poor little thing, who had had and lost three boys (She looked quite tearful, as we stood together on the verandah, and a woman in the next house raised long loud wails implying the death of a child, as she told us) I am assured the visit gave pleasure, and most certainly the husband was flattered by it. He is in the foreign office, and does his work very well, Lord Northbrook says, who has just arranged to pay him. Hitherto he has only been a supernumerary and *unpaid*, and, 'so ridiculous to see a man proud of such a small office, says the *prejudiced* English here, for I do consider it prejudice to set themselves against a man who prefers this humble employment under the British Government to a sensual, idle life among his subjects and flatterers at home. The Viceroy is anxious to encourage the natives, and said, My daughter shall go and visit this Ranee too, but I did not encourage the idea, as it is all very well for me to do what I please, but there will be great jealousies as to whom Miss Baring visits both among English and Hindus. She came to luncheon on Tuesday with Miss Earle, and is a nice, simple, well-educated girl knowing who 'Porus was, an amazing piece of erudition among the ladies here, as they all think we have invented that sonorous name. The actual 'Porus amused her greatly by his wild, wilful ways. He distinguished himself at my last dinner party by bringing a crow's head into the room, and I was

obliged to tell a chuprassee to remove both dog and head, though I know the poor man will consider his eternal prospects damaged by the contact with dead flesh, however, we are such awful personages that the 'hookum,' *i.e.* order of a living Mem Sahib, outdoes the spiritual terrors, which however I am generally rather considerate over

I have just made an odd discovery in Hindustanee, *i.e.* that the word 'dam' is a form of blessing This just illustrates the perversity of everything here; the word means 'long life,' so you invoke it for your friend Miss Baring and I are so far sympathetic, that we have each got a moonshee; she has been learning in London and can already write the language Lord Northbrook gave up after three weeks, and I don't wonder, for the quantity he has to do and to say is overwhelming His secretary, Captain Baring, tells me he himself has only one recreation, *i.e.* every day to gallop across the Maidan and play one game of rackets This wretched secretary is kept on the stretch by English telegraphs, but will have none brought to him between the hours of midnight and 6 A.M

I quite understand now how it is that Yankees ask how you like their country, for almost every Anglo-Indian does the same, and I suppose I have answered the question three times daily, on an average, since I have been in India Yesterday one of my inquirers was Mr Hunter, who wrote of Orissa, and whose acquaintance I hope to cultivate, as I liked his books I also do want to know some of the clever natives

Lord Northbrook tells me there is a native judge here, so clever that he could hold his own with any one. 'Put him as third in a trio with Gladstone and Lowe and he would not be the least clever of the three, was the Viceroy's remark, and yet two of his brother English judges, not distinguished for ability, have both told me they could not think of asking him to their houses, and spoke of him in the most condescending patronising tones as a good fellow in his place. I cross-questioned both. One said 'As long as they do not admit us to the society of their women, we will not admit them to that of ours', the other said he couldn't, and evidently feared he should lose caste with the English society here if he did.

Lord Northbrook tells me he means to have small dinners of two or three native gentlemen and ten or so English, so I hope he may make it fashionable.

CALCUTTA, *January 8, 1873*

I am almost compelled to write to announce to you a strange novelty in our present climate, *i.e.* a 'cloudy sky'. 'Tis not so rare at your side of the world just now, but here it is the second day on which we have had real clouds at 10 A.M. since we came here on November 20. It has been rather hot for the time of year, last night rather too hot for pleasant dancing. I am told by our youthful guest. He is handsome, languid, and the spoilt child of a large family, I expect, meanwhile at twenty one he has £480 per annum, and adjudicates over fifty different kinds of

offences; the reverse of the picture is that he very probably will be doing the same ten years hence, as the service is said to be crammed with competition-wallahs, while, somehow or other, there are not sufficient higher appointments to give fair opening to their ranks.

The Bishop of Calcutta and Miss Milman have just arrived after a long tour in the provinces. She looks active and sensible, and is a great favourite, especially as a middle-aged spinster is a rarity here. He is rather rough-looking and rough-voiced, and his head sinks into his chest, as old Dean Milman's used to do

12 A.M.

I called on a Hindu lady yesterday, a lawyer's wife, who lives in a pretty and quiet English-looking house. Staying with her is a Miss Akroyd, who comes out to us recommended by Mr Fitch, her object being to forward a better education for Hindu ladies 'She has begun badly by staying in the house of one,' remarked one lawyer to me, so inveterate is the prejudice against the natives, for it seems to me just *the* place for one bound on such an errand, and her hostess speaks English, and talks of the weather, quite as properly as any one could wish

January 16, 1873

Lady Hobart is coming here to-day, and so far I feel a Rochefoucauld consolation, for I think our position is better than hers She is hedged in with

A. D. C.'s and dignities, and can't even herself with other folks, as much as we can. I wish she was remaining here, for I think she would be companionable, but she departs on Monday—she looks ill, as does Lord Hobart, they are living under punkahs and under the abuse of the Madras newspapers (said to be the worst in India), because they don't inhabit an unhealthy situation in Madras.

The Calcutta papers grudge our exodus to Simla, for no substantial ground, but because they are hot and do not see why others should not be hot too. They have abandoned the ground of expense, which is very trifling (the whole move costs about £40 000). It is expensive to individuals, not to the Government.

I have sketched a chuprassee holding one of your letters. These men always bring the English post letters with great bustle of demeanour, knowing how hungrily we fall upon them. They are certainly a very sympathetic race, though they do cheat. One of my coachmen has just departed because he cannot get perquisites since we job our horses. 'Those people not stay for *dry pay* only' says our khansomah. Don't you think *dry pay* a good expression for a post without patronage or perquisites? The same khansomah rushed in the other day saying 'Sorry to tell mistress, Mr Mariudin's servant one fool, broke two of mistress's dishes, and the two broken dishes came in procession, each carried by a kitnugar. I say, 'Order him to break no more, as they think more of an order ('hookum') than of anything else

I even hear them appealing to the dog, and saying, 'Do you not hear what the Mem Sahib has ordered?' This dog has now become a prominent feature in our life. He has much character, though very wilful Weenie would enjoy his tricks and naughtinesses; but one Hindustanee sentence always quiets him, *i.e.* 'Kutta lejao,' meaning, 'Take away the dog'—he has several times experienced the consequences following the utterance of this sentence, and now it quiets him in a moment I have just been reducing my cows Our cowallah charged five annas' worth of gram daily Mrs Markby gives one anna's worth Two cows were brought me for sale the other day; a note respecting them was brought in for me which described them as being 'two kine, tameable for gentlemen,' meaning, I suppose, that they were creatures who *could* live in a stall All the cows here dislike white faces, and reasonably, I think, since 'tis white faces who have introduced them to butchers

January 24, 1873.

My khansomah has just amused me again. I was telling him we ought to have a man watching a certain backstair's door, and that in London we could not leave our doors open safely in this fashion He intimated that he had understood that in London you had to knock at a door in order to get it open 'Here,' he says, 'no thieves *outside* house, inside house *all* thieves,' but this is not strictly true, though pennies do disappear with wonderful rapidity, and though,

of course, *accounts* are wonderfully garbled and added to

I enclose also a programme of an entertainment we went to at the house of a Mahometan gentleman, *Moonshee Ameer Allie Khan Bahadoor* by name and title, the italicised words being the name. The concert was pretty and good, the music fluent, but with very little either of tune or sound, and the nautch girls very insipid, though much more *proper* as regards dress and demeanour than any ballet. A number of native gentlemen occupied the seats opposite ours, and specially enjoyed the performance of a male dancer who parodied a nautch girl. Sir R. Temple sat by me and fell asleep, and the excitement of the rest of the world was to conjecture whether his head would fall on my shoulder or on Mrs. Johnson's, his other neighbour.

CALCUTTA, *January 29, 1873*

I have been doing a bit of clerical dissipation, *i.e.* going to hear Chunder Sen. He preached on the forty third anniversary of the origin of the Brahms Somay, in English at the Town Hall, a great crowd of Hindus, about a dozen Englishmen, and three English women,—myself, Miss Akroyd (a strong-minded lady), and an American missionary's wife. I listened attentively, but came to the conclusion that Chunder Sen's torch won't throw much light on the religious difficulties of Occidentals, though it may look bright among the darker superstitions of the idolatrous

Hindu It was so very like a bit of McNiele (without the humour), or some other of the Evangelical teachers of our youth The subject, Inspiration, and he began by saying inspiration was not confined to one time, one place, or one book, but was ever present, *i e* that man could so enter into the Spirit of God as for sin to become *impossible* to him; this conversion was to be obtained by constant prayer, and might come directly, might not come for twenty years, but depended on the spirit of the prayer. This reminded me of the doctrine of 'calls' He used much Bible language and spoke with great respect of Christianity and its originator, but flatters himself he has got beyond the region of dogma. Some of his admirers tell me that his followers are becoming much too devotional and ascetic, but I suppose his teaching is enlightenment itself compared to the degrading superstitions in which many of these people live, and he especially advocates education of their womenkind Not a woman was present, however, and I doubt whether any English male friends who were there did not set my appearance down as a 'fast' thing to do. Now I am going to a Hindustanee play with Mr. Hunter that also turns on marriage, but I send you his note as the shortest way of explaining now about it. He is a literary, as well as official, character, and it is refreshing to have this variety

We have been having another disturbance in our compound with another quasi-wife of our khansomah, and I begin to think polygamy an inconvenient as well

as an immoral institution. This lady took herself another husband during the khansomah's absence, for which he repudiates her, another proof that what is 'sauce for the goose is not for the gander, as he certainly has one at Simla and one at Madras. We are obliged to ignore the morals and claims of the parties, and only insist they shall not quarrel in our compound.

The Viceroy had an evening party last night, the Rajah of Punnah (a province of southern India) was there, diamonds are found on his property. He had two rings, each with a single stone half an inch square and weighing 46 carats, and he had a superb necklace of diamonds, better cut than usual, and told me they were cut at his own residence, one of his attendants had a necklace of uncut emeralds, the size of watches. I thought they were of malachite, till I came quite close and looked at them.

CALCUTTA, *February 6, 1873*

We had our ball on Tuesday and got up the house to look rather pretty, though its want of finish and neatness would surprise and mortify English eyes. Such coarse spoons glasses to be hired, etc., and such dirty chandeliers. Again I wish for J. Clark to come and rectify his ideas of Indian splendour. Our room is really a good one for dancing, and there was plenty of space and a very good floor. I laughed to see one A-D-C scratching his boots with his penknife because it was too slippery, but thought of Agnes's bad fall,

and confessed he was right. I do wish you could have seen the floor-cloth being stretched. A whole row of natives crouched in a sitting attitude, and with fingers and toes outstretched, hopped along the cloth in a sitting attitude, pushing out the creases before them ; their behind view was most remarkable, just like a row of gigantic frogs

My flowers were really pretty. I had a tin tray made, the size of the chimney-pieces, and completely filled with roses, which, reflected in the glass, looked like a large bed. I had a similar tray for the top of a marble table, and dracænas, which are as plentiful here as Portugal laurels at home, filled six huge china vases on brackets, besides putting them about on the balcony and filling up all shabbyish flower-pots with them. Roses are plentiful just now, but none are sweet—‘ the only things in India which have not a smell,’ remarks Mr. Massy bitterly

Yesterday we went to the King of Oudh’s, to a so-called garden-party, but really his garden and menagerie are thrown open to all who wish to see them. The most curious part is a snake-house, ’ tis of composition, like a great rockery with holes, whence the snakes crawl in and out, and there are quantities of iron spikes by which they wriggle themselves over the rock-work, there is water at the bottom which they can descend to ; and two great cages contain four large pythons, in each of which were a duck and a chicken waiting to be devoured. Our guide said there were one thousand snakes in this building, but only two or three were

charmed out (by the unmelodious music of the snake-charmer) for our benefit. You could see their heads and their bodies through the holes however. Then there were a prodigious (I must use the word) number of cranes in a tank, and of pigeons flying in the air, a lion, tiger, monkeys, and ostriches shut up in miserably small, close-barred cages, gold fish in a marble tank were very pretty, and tame enough to be handled by a man who kept scooping them out of the water and letting the glittering mass (for they were small like gudgeons) filter slowly through his fingers. How Weenie¹ would like the King of Oudh's sleeping pavilion, which is in the very middle of all these animals—a low marble floored pavilion, with gaily coloured chandeliers and a charpoy (or bedstead) of silver. He has a yard full of sheep goats and cassowaries on one side and the tank, with myriads of cranes, on the other, and must, I think, be very indifferent both to smell and sound. His manager received us, but he did not appear.

CALCUTTA, *February 13, 1873*

Will you tell Weenie I am really hoping to send him a monkey, but it won't reach him for a long time. 'Tis quite young, and I mean to keep it here a while and not send it till the weather grows warmer, as it would feel the change so much. I went to purchase

¹ The Weenie here referred to was Lady Northcote's youngest child aged five when his aunt, Mrs. Hobhouse, went to India. She afterwards kindly sent him a monkey long a much-loved pet at Pynae, Weenie (*alias* Amyas Northcote) country home.

it yesterday in a dirty, smelly part of Calcutta, where the shops were full of live creatures; parrots and pigeons, and Java sparrows being the most abundant I have bought a green parrot, warranted to talk when properly educated, for myself, and two Java sparrows. The monkey is very small and young, and therefore likely to be tamer, but I must tell you that the monkeys of this country have no good character for amiability, therefore you must take care of your visitor. If it is really ill-tempered, I won't keep it, and will try to get marmosets from the Straits, which are gentle little creatures. I expect the manager of the King of Oudh's menagerie would probably help me to get anything not indigenous to this country. The Java sparrows are bought because of their insinuating manners, they clung to my finger as soon as I put it out. We have two puppies in the house belonging to Charles Marindin's dog, so you see I shall have an old-maidish establishment of pets.

Chunder Sen appeared in the evening, and remembered the dinner at Dean Stanley's, and we had much talk, specially about female education, though I felt it to be rather flat when I asked him, 'What do your ladies most wish to learn?' and he answered 'Needle-work.'

I visited a Hindu school the other day, and wondered over the under eyelids of the girls, quite black with henna. Two native girls were there training for teachers, because all hope of their marriage is over, as they are past fifteen, and no one wishes for

such old wives. An interesting-looking widow was also training for the same purpose, but as they were all learning in Bengalee, and my only resource is a little Hindustanee, our communications were scanty

My hand is quite stiff with mosquito bites, given while reading yesterday, but I am consoled by the information that when we have been a year in India, our blood will have become too poor to attract them, and we shall be rejected by the horrid little creatures, who have also made the rings on one of my fingers quite immovable.

The mango-trees are in bloom now a mass of pale-yellow green flowers (in sweetness and colour rather like the lime) on dark-green foliage

The monkey has arrived and is sitting on the verandah rail Porus lying below it, he is charmed with it and has been licking its face all over, the monkey submitting with a very human look of sleepy satisfaction in its turned-up eyes It is horribly afraid of our white faces, but quite friendly and sociable to the black ones, clinging round the bearer's arm, but starting at the sight of any of us.

February 21, 1873.

We are really hot now and are close-latticed against the burning heat this morning, *i.e.* all our chicks are down in the verandah and all our glass windows shut at 10 A M, not to be opened again till 4 P M The rooms are dark and still, but comparatively cool in fact they feel cold if you go out

into the outer air for an instant and then return. The last ball of the season takes place to-night at Lady Temple's, but, of course, we don't go, however, the nights are still cool, for a delicious breeze arises at sunset and blows right through all the rooms in lively fashion.

This week has been a busy one. Last Saturday I had a dinner-party and a Hindu judge at dinner, Mr Mitter. He was quite well-bred, though his caste is rather a low one, ate every dish at dinner except the ice, which I think was from a fear of expressing himself like Sir Alored Denne (he had been telling me how disagreeable, to himself and his compatriots, was the cold weather here), and his only solecism in good manners was that he took *my* arm instead of giving me *his*. Mr M (who is really a gentleman) helped me out in talking to him, though he will not ask him to his own house. Mr. Mitter, the Hindu judge, sent me a squib on Mr Campbell to read, and altogether we were friendly, though I think all the natives I have met, except Chunder Sen, find difficulty in talking to a woman, and certainly do not know how to originate conversation. On Sunday a few people came to dinner, Mr Hogg, my bookish friend, among them (he is a son of Sir James Hogg), but our chief conversation now runs on Simla houses, and *where* we each are going to locate ourselves. We shall soon wish ourselves off if this weather continues, and yet there is the horrible journey to go through ere we can reach our 'Capua,' as the Calcutta newspapers,

in a rage of envy I delight to style it. The monkey is here in the verandah but I am anxious to make further trial of his temper ere allowing him to go to England, he has bit one lady pretty sharply, and seems in an agony of wild shyness whenever Arthur goes near him, but is not fearful of Smith or myself. He eats plantain and boiled rice chiefly, and ought never to have meat.

The little dog got bit by some of the wild pariah dogs (whom he was chasing) the other day, Arthur ran to his rescue and drove off the dogs, but laughed at ours (who was, however, a little hurt) and the funny thing was that our little beast resented the laughter and would not go near him all that evening. He cannot bear my laughing at him, which I do sometimes when he comes up in a comically dirty state.

There was a flower-show in the town hall this week, but the provoking thing to a newcomer is that it consisted of a very poor collection of English flowers, sickly straggling snapdragons, heart's-ease, pinks, etc., and hardly any flowers of the country, and yet there might be such splendid ones. A single orchid was shown, but quantities of cabbages. We have such handsome flowering trees even in our untidy compound. One garden-house is a mass of ipomea and of a large white flowered creeper. Another larger hush is one mass of flower closely resembling a blue hyacinth, another, the Bourgonvilliers has a mauve leaf-flower all over it, another scarlet-

flowered tree has come out, and ornaments the sort of boulevard which prevails in Calcutta streets. The plantain and other vegetables have the magnificent leaves which you only see in hot-houses at home. One of these vegetables, looking rather like beetroot, I wanted to try. 'That not fit for gentlemen,' quoth the khansomah; and on my persisting in my wish and asking how 'twas cooked, 'native take out inside of that fruit, fill it with cow-dung, and boil,' was his recipe, and all my curiosity vanished, as you may imagine. A snake-charmer has been here this morning; a capital figure, he squatted on the ground, played on a kind of bagpipe and produced several snakes from his basket, then said to us, 'Please give order and I will bring snake from anywhere in the garden.' We pointed out different spots in the garden, and he produced first a small light one and then a cobra with its head erect and spread. He had no confederate, and must have deposited the snakes at the instant of finding them, though, as he wore nothing but the baggy cloth which represents knee-breeches, it seemed difficult. The khansomah says quite gravely, 'That magic, mistress; he cover people's eyes that they cannot see, then uncover and snake is there.' The khansomah gave him too small a fee for his estimate of his deserts, and he turned all the snakes loose, but even these people are not afraid of them, as they know the poison fangs are drawn.

Yester evening we went to meet Bubber Jung, son of the Maharajah of Nepaul, a lad of eighteen or so,

who is travelling round India in order to see it. He also spoke English well, having learned it up in Nepaul. The Viceroy asked me, Why did not you come to my balls? I told him that I thought he had given us a dispensation (as being neither useful nor ornamental) long ago. He is rejoicing himself in the prospect of Ash Wednesday and the end of his ball season.

February 25, 1873.

Last night we went to more Hindu theatricals, got up at the house of the Rajah Joteendru Tagore for the benefit of the Viceroy and Miss Baring. His house is among the slums of Calcutta, three miles hence, and I felt quite reminded of driving to some of William Rogers's Bishopsgate festivities when approaching the place. The shabby lane was brilliantly lighted with rows of gas-jets, and an indefinite number of red-coated attendants with lances in hand, guarded the doorway. Staircase, etc. was all draped with coloured calicoes and flowers. The play itself was in a small room brilliantly lighted by a sun burner. A large orchestra played on divers Hindu instruments of the nature of viols or guitars some decorated with silver keys and a silver peacock's head. Refreshments were in a verandah surrounding the court, which was full of flowers and open to the sky, lighted round with gas-jets and stars, altogether it was a very pretty party, though only two or three of the guests were Oriental. I will send you the

plays, whose subjects were *The Marriage of Krishna* (I believe he married an indefinite number of times), and a farce turning on the difficulties of a man who marries simultaneously two wives. Arthur would not stay for more than three acts (the climax of the third being that Krishna and his bride eloped in an aerial car, while many swordsmen endeavoured to prevent its ascent), and as it was he brought away lumbago, and I a bug! So Hindu pleasures are not without their penalties.

The mosquitoes are increasing, and no amount of curtain seems to keep them off effectually, and we hear for our comfort that the sand-flies at Simla are still worse. How I wish the energetic Lieutenant-Governor would attack *them*, instead of *Arthur*, whom he always seems to nag at, though as yet he has failed in getting any one to second him in his attacks. Please understand they are excellent friends, only Mr C. says 'black' whenever Arthur says 'white' as yet.

February 26, 1873

We are really hot now, and have a punkah for meals, and sleep is becoming difficult, what between heat and mosquitoes. Arthur is too busy to feel anything much of pleasure or pain, and I feel rather uneasy, for he has never looked or seemed so *drove* since he left the Bar. However, he declares that his head feels more equal to work in heat than in cold, and this may be the case with his rather sluggish circulation.

Mail Day, February 27, 1873

Mr Forsyth's charge, the Tartar envoy, delights in ladies society, and I am going to get up a dinner for him, though as he speaks no language but Persian, our intercourse will be limited. He is a Mahometan, but eats and drinks everything. Mr Forsyth is in great spirits, delighted to be employed again—'taken out of the corner, as he calls it.

2 MIDDLETON STREET,

March 7, 1873

We have had a rainy day—such an event! On Wednesday it was very hot suddenly in the evening the wind rose. Yesterday was cloudy, and for the first time since I have been in Calcutta, I strolled out into my garden, to gather a rose, without either hat or umbrella. We have quantities of roses, but they are a kind of hybrid between real and artificial ones having the texture of the former and the *no scent* of the latter. We have now had several heavyish showers and a deliciously cool night last night—thermometer down to 69.

We have such an odd life—if you were but here to see it. This morning the Tartar envoy has been sitting in our drawing-room turning over our picture-books and drinking tea. On Saturday I went to a Hindu wedding—but this you ought to have a fuller account of—with Miss Akroyd as my chaperon. She is one of the strong minded but very quiet-mannered women and has come out to attempt the work of

educating the Bengalee women, and she was invited to the wedding of one. The dates of such events are fixed by astrologers, and the astrologers in this case decided that 1 A M was the proper time, and this, of course, was too inconvenient, but we were told that if we would come earlier, *i e* at 7, we should see the members of the bridegroom's family, and the start of the procession to the bride's house. We went about three miles to the Hindu quarter of the city, and disembarked at the entrance of a narrow lane, up which we walked to the house of the bridegroom's grandfather, an elderly, bald-headed man, Chunder Mitter by name. His courtyard was carpeted and full of guests; we went up to the verandah overlooking it. A few chairs were brought out for us Europeans, *i e* self, Miss Akroyd, Mrs Phear, and an Anglicised Hindu lawyer and his wife (Mr and Mrs. Ghose). There we sat under a hand punkah, having polite speeches made to us by the male members of the family and the guests. One was a poetical rajah, by name Kali Krishna, who has a Sanscrit couplet ready on all occasions, and who expressed the greatest surprise at hearing England was colder than Simla¹. All the men wore ample wrappers of white muslin, very graceful to behold. Presently we were conducted to the women's apartments. They had been waiting and watching behind bamboo chicks on one side of the verandah. The grandmother seized hold of me, and the mother of Mrs. Phear, and we walked into a little room, where all the womenkind

were huddled together under a punkah, with a few chairs set round a table for us. They all shook hands, and smiled at us. I distributed some English crackers I had taken with me, and gave a little fan for the bride. The father pointed out his two youngest children, little girls of eight and ten, the youngest of whom had been married two months before, and said to me, When I married the last, my daughter said to me, "Now you must marry your son, in order that I may have something to love and to pet, and so he said, 'I looked out for a wife for him for my mother's sake. Grandfather assured us the bride was a 'paragon of beauty,' but of course the grandson had never seen her. This is a strict etiquette and, in fact, so strict are the etiquettes that, though the eldest brother may see the younger brothers wives after marriage, the younger brother is not permitted to see his elder brother's wife. Presently the grandmother departed to dress the bridegroom, and we returned having shaken hands all round, to the verandah, and then to the door to head the procession. This is formed of an indefinite number of men carrying lights (each man has a tray of some twenty on his head), of men beating tom-toms and other native instruments, and of bandsmen belonging to native regiments, playing English tunes in most discordant fashion. All the male relatives walk in procession, which wound up by the bridegroom in a covered car, very like the baldachino in Roman Catholic churches. There he sits cross-legged and

immovable, just like one of the wooden gods which adorn their temples. It is a point of dignity not even to turn his eyes. Coloured lights are burnt as the procession moves on, and the whole scene is sufficiently animated and noisy, specially for the horses (ours had to wait at some little distance), and as we came home, we passed two other wedding processions, the second of which was so noisy that we turned into by-streets to avoid it. I have now told you all I saw, but at the bride's house divers ceremonies go on. They invoke the blessings of fire and of water on the couple, and end by tying their clothes together, with a pomegranate in the knot. This is the finale; then the bridegroom goes home. I ought to tell you that neither bride nor bridegroom are allowed to touch any food, save a little milk, during the previous day; and after two days, the child-bride goes to visit her husband's relations, and spends two days with them. They showed me two pots of water, between which she must pass when entering her husband's apartments; and these pots must be quite full, or 'tis very unlucky. Then she returns to her own home for two years, visiting her husband's relations about once a week during the time, after which she takes up her abode permanently among her husband's family. They wear an arm ring and one on the forefinger as tokens of marriage.

The most fearfully polite speeches were made to me on the occasion. 'This occasion is made infinitely happy by the presence of Mrs Hobhouse,' being

among the mildest of them, and I feeling all the while such a daughter of Eve! 'Missis like seeing all the fun, was the khansomah's remark to Smith when I was late for dinner that night—and this is the real version of the fact

About three days afterwards I received a tray of sweetmeats, fearfully and wonderfully made with a note I must enclose to you if I can find it. These were models of fish fruits, etc., all compounded of sugar, besides almost every kind of dried fruit—figs dates raisins, sugared cocoanut etc etc, a pomegranate, and a chumpā flower, which tastes rather like a cucumber. The servants gladly took the tray and all its contents.

The Tartar envoy is a big burly, good humoured individual, who much admires English manufacturers and the voices of English women. We smile at one another, but don't speak. He eats everything, and drinks thirteen bottles of soda water at one meal without exploding! Mr Forsyth has him in charge and is delighted to be thus employed again.

BARRACKPORE, *March 10, 1873*

Well, we are out of Calcutta for two days, but first I must tell you that we are chronologically in the middle of the Mohurram or great Mahometan religious week, when all the Sheas celebrate the death of Mahomet's two sons, Hossein and Hussein. Well, on Friday they began, and I went with Charles Baring Young to see the procession. A great crowd was

assembled in the streets, resembling in numbers, if in nothing else, Lord Mayor's Day in London. They covered the tops of the houses and lined the streets. All kinds of hawkers were about; Chinese, offering lumps of opium, Hindus with betel-nut, and all kinds of flimsy toys, just like a fair-time; little coloured parasols especially abounded. We took up our position in the shade and overlooking the line of procession, which came along with standards carried aloft and connected with ropes, thus keeping the whole of the roadway clear for the procession which consisted of Mussulmans of every sort, old, young, well-dressed, and ragged. Some of the standards were handsome embroidered cloths, others mere poles. I should think the procession was half a mile long towards the end came four or five led horses, richly caparisoned, and (I believe) with an arrow stuck in their housings to represent the violent death of these two sons; then came groups of pantomimists dancing a kind of rhythmical dance and shrieking 'Hossein, Hossein,' while they beat their breasts with a vigour that you heard for a long distance, just like carpet-beating in England. There was no disturbance, no noise, in all the great crowd, who looked on with the idle gaze natural to these Eastern folk. In the evening we went to a party at Government House to meet the envoy from Yarkand, gorgeous in a red silk dressing-gown, and Arthur went to some further rites in honour of the Mohurram, which however I will leave him to describe. To-day, which is the last day, they carry

in procession a wooden bier, and throw it into the river amid much wailing and weeping, but this part of the ceremony I fear I shall not see, as we cannot get back to Calcutta in time. This place is about twelve or fourteen miles distant, and we came down by steamer on Saturday, a most cool and pleasant trip, making one glad of a thick warm shawl and woollen wrap. The Viceroy's little steamer conveyed us, Miss Baring and Sir R. Temple, Mr Baring and Miss Foulkes and most of us sketched boats on the way up.

Thursday, 13th

The great event of to-day is that the monkey sailed at 8.30 this morning. He is in the care of the butcher (King by name) on board the *Muzapore*, one of the finest of the P and O vessels, a circumstance I hope the monkey will appreciate. The sailors hailed its arrival and promised it should be very tame ere landed. It is very wild and shy now, but affectionate to those it knows and likes. Weenie should be very quiet with it at first. It likes being coaxed, and is very fond of Smith, hugging her round the neck in quite a childlike way. She was much chaffed for her appearance in the carriage with it yesterday, when we took it to the ship. It should never have any meat (which makes them savage) but boiled rice, bread and fruit and vegetables. It is extremely fond of walking out on the grass following (more or less like a dog). It has bitten one or two people, but from real fright I think, as it goes into agonies of fear, and if you see

it stare with its mouth open (a sort of agony of fright) 'tis well to leave it alone, but it delights in seeing people about it, and would sit for hours on the low door to our verandah watching me, with its four paws folded together in a most sentimental attitude, and when Smith or I went to it would try and keep us by holding our hand in its tiny, old, brown paws

The Yarkand envoy, a fine-looking, well-mannered man, dined here last night, but ate himself ill (finishing with bon-bons out of crackers), and went home directly after dinner. He only speaks Persian, but Mr Forsyth interprets to and for him, and we got on pretty well

Fancy my horror at his early arrival yesterday and reception by Porus only, who raged at his splendid dressing-gown like a mad dog; and I, half-dressed, could not go to the rescue, though knowing the Mahometan would be polluted as well as terrified.

CALCUTTA, *March 20, 1873.*

Yesterday I faced the morning heat in order to attend a meeting with regard to the Zenana Mission among the Hindu ladies. We did not do much business, but I have promised to visit zenanas occasionally, though, as I must take an interpreter, I do not expect much result, but my countenance is supposed to be valuable, and Chunder Sen told me the other day that the ladies do extremely like to receive visits from English women

This question of association between natives and

Europeans will survive us and our day just now the Lieutenant Governor is giving a party, and he dare not ask many natives, I am told, for fear the Europeans should not come. Our curiosity the other day took us into a most unsavoury suburb of Calcutta, where the vultures were as thick as leaves on the trees. I have little doubt we were close to the slaughter houses, since we arrived at the meat market during our drive. The pigs, too, lived in this suburb, where no Mussulmans abide. There is one mosque in the centre of Calcutta, where, I am told, that prayers are daily made for the termination of the English reign here, meanwhile we eat and drink, etc. etc., till the Flood comes.

Arthur has got an Oaths Bill on hand, and 'tis difficult to know what are their oaths, one is by kissing the toe of a Brahmin, but they vary in different provinces.

We all have been thinking so much about a change of ministry. Lord Northbrook, Mr Forsyth, and Sir R. Temple have all eagerly wished to have Stafford back again. Lord Northbrook does not think Stafford would rule with a *dash*, and thinks that, whatever else is wanted or not wanted in India, the special quality of dash is inadvisable. He and his Council are of one mind on this point, I expect. I said to him how Gladstone must loog for his position, with no opposition and no party. He answered, 'I long for *his*, as far as party is concerned, since one is well assured at home that nothing passes without free and ample discussion, and every weak place is thus found

out,' and indeed the Viceroy of India must have a most responsible post The Romaines say he looks ten years older since he came out.

March 27, 1873

The present Advocate-General, Mr Paul, told me he looked forward to answering some of Mr Stephen's works and demolishing him when he went home to England I said, 'Will you answer the one on liberty, equality and fraternity?' 'Oh no,' he said, 'because those are subjects no one takes an interest in; I shall stick to law' Alas for the philosophers, if all take the same view as this shrewd, odd, little Armenian! He said to me, 'Ah, you don't know what airs people give themselves out here, and when I went home I was so pleased, for I saw my great acquaintances of here *walking*, while Mrs. Paul kept her carriage.' Not lofty sentiments certainly, but I do imagine that those who rise here have some unpleasant reminiscences to revenge Well, Mrs Paul, also an Armenian, is musical, and they are rich, and their house is better furnished than any I have seen in Calcutta, and they give afternoon musical teas, and collect some of the *fashion* of Calcutta if not that of the lofty *official* world

'Tis amusing to see the subdivisions here, all, however, pretty well unite in keeping out the Hindu element Mr. Campbell gave a large soiree on Tuesday and invited numbers, but was afraid of what his

European guests would think, and accordingly they separated like oil and water, and I was especially invited to the verandah, by some lady friends, to be out of the way of natives, which, however, was not quite accomplished, as one old Baboo, who is rather a bore, found me out there and remained with me, saying, 'He had but one request to make and that was that I would not forget him while away at Simla. Miss Akroyd informs me the antipathy is mutual on the part of old-fashioned orthodox Hindus, and that Judge Mitter's mother, a lady of the old school, waved her away and would not touch her. Said old lady will not allow her son to go to England, which he is most anxious to do. The party at the Lieutenant-Governor's was really pretty—one long, lofty room, lighted with great glass chandeliers (and adorned with a huge full-length picture of the Queen and a *silver* sofa under it), fills the whole centre of the house, the very wide verandah, much bigger than most London drawing rooms, has a white marble floor, from this a very broad flight of steps led down into a lighted and carpeted tent. Dim and dusky flirtation-corners abounded, and yet I saw couples wandering away into the outer darkness of the pleasure grounds, regardless of snakes! (One was caught and killed in our compound that very evening.)

Mr Campbell made a little speech in the evening to Romanauth Jagore, a very old Hindu rajah, who has just been appointed a member of the Supreme Council, he is a very pleasing old man, and told me

how he had come to our house, but found me too much occupied to make acquaintance with.

This evening we go to Government House, the very last of their parties, I imagine.

CALCUTTA, *April 2, 1873*

It is hard to be away and to have nothing interesting to relate in turn, for you won't care to hear, and won't understand, 'how Mr. Jones has got the Acting Appointment, which Mr. Robinson thinks he ought to have had,' and how Mrs. ——— or ——— is going home for three, six, or nine months, and *who* has got *which* house at Simla this season. These are our personal topics, the weather and a comparison of different stations furnish our general ones. It is difficult not to talk of the weather, when the thermometer is at ninety-six habitually outside and eighty-six inside. Just now the punkah stopped for an instant, and the chuprassee opened the verandah door to speak to the punkah-wallah, when a furnace blast blew in. All these wretched punkah-men are mounted on high office-stools, because then, if they sleep, they tumble off and punish themselves. Is this torture? if so, it must be excused on the ground of the torture inflicted by the stoppage of the punkah, when one goes into a *bath* at once. How I do write about the thermometer, and Lord Northbrook won't allow one in Government House!—(perhaps it improves their correspondence). We have a dust storm this morning, furious wind and clouds of dust. Every one is looking fagged and

stupid Poor Captain Baring told me the other day he had written for nine hours without intermission, only keeping down the ordinary correspondence and doing nothing extra at all There is no class resembling that of our gentlemen clerks in the offices at home All get responsible work at once and the native clerks cannot do things in a way quite satisfactory to English superiors In addition to this the Viceroy has all the representation work to do Just now the Burmese envoys have turned up after eight months in England, and we have an evening party, at Government House, in their honour to night (NB I am reduced to discarded dresses (we dined there the night before last), as my tidy clothes have gone to Simla or are picked to pieces and packed for England to be altered and remade, but it does not matter for I now enjoy the dignity of being the only Councillor's wife left in Calcutta, and am therefore more important than ever) There is a separate supper room and table for us great (?) people at Government House with the Viceroy but Arthur can't quite see his way in the etiquettes, and first supped calmly at the lowest end of the long public table, and then brought Miss Akroyd up into our high and select company She is a droll little woman competent to take care of herself anywhere—yesterday she and her Bengalee hosts, a very well bred and intelligent man, a barrister, with a quiet little wife, dined with us The khansomah rushes into Smith's apartment 'Missus got two black people to dinner 'What does mistress care have *those* people? and accord

ingly carried out his sentiments by handing everything last to the black lady, whom Arthur took in to dinner. 'Tis very odd how they dislike one another, and the Hindu gentlemen complain of the bad manners of the native seryants belonging to English people

Chunder Sen paid me a long visit the other day, chiefly to invite me to a prize-giving at his Bengalee female school this afternoon. You shall hear about it another time. he is educating some native females to teach in zenanas, but he and his faith get no sympathy or assistance from the Christians here

The old Chunder Mitter has made up his mind that the stars shall be neglected in *my* favour, and the bride is to come and visit the bridegroom's house on any day *I* think propitious—so I have fixed Tuesday, and hope it will not bring ill-luck to the bride.

The horses have begun to wear solah topees on their heads, a round pith hat with holes for their ears to come through. Porus has gone to Simla, and we miss him much, but thought it best for him to travel with the horse. All the lower side (his stomach I mean) was shaved ere he went, to cool him,—the poor little beast suffered from the heat, and would always sleep on the verandah tiles at night in preference to any of our rooms. He is not particularly affectionate in manner, but would eat nothing when we were away at Barrackpore, so Rutnum gave him a huge dinner ere he went to Umballa, saying, 'That dog not like spare missus and Miss Bawa (Smith's usual appellation), will eat nothing till Umballa.'

Is it not odd that our horse radish grows on trees? —one of the perversities of Indian life, but we eat either the flower or pod in sauce, I am not quite sure which. Just envy our gardenias, two great bushes taller than Arthur and covered with those white, sweet flowers. Mrs Earle had her black hair dressed with them the other night, and very well they looked, though the perfume was overpowering. The bushes are as covered with flowers as an ordinary rosebush in England.

Arthur has been wondering over the earthen pots he sees suspended high in the trees and we find they are put there by boys in order to induce the birds to build in them and then they catch and tame the young birds. Pigeons are largely kept, both as pets and for food, and are much fatter and juicier than English pigeons.

Calcutta, April 9, 1873

On Friday I went to an examination at Chunder Sen's school. He got up this school about seventeen years ago to teach married women, and also some widows who, he thinks, may again go out as zenana teachers. There were many native ladies present besides the scholars, beautifully got up in embroidered sashes and with quantities of jewellery. The real native dresses were very good, but some had compromised and put a wreath of pink roses in front of a coloured gauze veil, hideous and due to masculine interference, for the committee of native gentlemen had decided that this was a modification

and approach towards the ordinary costume of English ladies.

Chunder Sen's wife had no shoes and stockings, for his mother is a lady of the old school and will not allow it, nor does C S himself (liberal as his doctrines are) encourage *much* association with the outer world, for it was the second time his wife had appeared in public; on the first occasion she fainted away from fright. The scholars were awfully shy, as was natural, and a very stupid kind of questioning, chiefly composed of looking out places on a map, ended with a discourse of Chunder Sen's, eloquent as usual, and pointing out the difficulties of the task before those who wish to educate Hindu women. Lord Northbrook said a few tame and very commonplace words on behalf of his daughter (he told me previously he meant to be commonplace because he really took great interest in these Brahma-Somaj doctrines and did not wish to show it, feeling that, as a ruler here, he must display impartiality), and the proceedings ended with 'God Save the Queen,' sung by Chunder Sen's family. *This* is a most surprising innovation, for the musical caste are a separate and despised one, and the children of other castes often consider it a degradation to sing; the singing and dancing women being the very lowest of their class.

Chunder Sen spoke wistfully of the help English ladies might give, but the language is a great bar; nevertheless, the pleasure they feel in seeing us seems something quite extraordinary.

Yesterday I went to see the little bride at the house of her bridegroom's grandfather. I told you before of the wedding party and how the bride could not come till an auspicious day arrived as stated by the astrologers. 'Reading the almanac' is a profession here. Well, old Chunder Mitter settled that I should do instead of the stars, and sent me word to say so and I (feeling a lord of the sun and moon) settled yesterday at 6 P.M., when I, Mrs Markby and Miss Akroyd, all went together. In the courtyard were a crowd of servants and great trays of very elaborate sweets, baskets of fruit stalks of sugar-cane, etc. etc. I was informed that it is always the custom to send round sweets, on one day after a wedding, to all friends of the families, and this festival was observed yesterday in order to commemorate and distinguish my visit. Then we went upstairs, I hand in hand with the son Mrs Markby arm in arm with the grandfather (who is rather the most English in his ways). At the entrance to the women's apartments we were received by the younger women and then taken into Mr Mitter's (son) apartment, a tiny room where the little bride sat huddled together on a chair (one mass of green and gold) awaiting us. The child's veil was immediately taken off, the old grandfather chuckling with pride while she showed her plump little neck and arms, the grandmother too displaying her teeth and general charms. She had quantities of jewels, not less than £300, on her little person, gold bangles Jypore enamels, pearl necklace

and nose-ring, and a very peculiar ornament, a flat plaque of gold and jewels for the back of the hand, with chains extending to each finger and fastened there with a ring, a good plan for preventing rings from slipping off the little fingers, but demonstrating the want of employment, which hands so inconveniently covered must have. Nevertheless, the older women had done a lot of needlework, dressed endless dolls, fitted them up with trousseaux of knitted socks and spencers, etc., besides working dogs in tent-stitch. I feel quite sure that, if any young lady of seven could see the display of presents for the bride, she would consent to be engaged at once. There were models in brass of *all* the cooking utensils, dolls, dolls' beds, punkahs, etc., enough for the completest doll's house in the world, and a purple-satin flowered frock with hat and feather to correspond, and greatest luxury of all for the Hindu, a dainty little pair of fine silk stockings.

When all these and jewellery of the host's daughters (two little things of eight and nine) had been exhibited, the men withdrew and the women talked—(they never speak while the men stay)—chiefly the grandmother, and though we understood little, we made ourselves agreeable by saying, 'Achcha' and 'Khushi,' two words signifying 'good' and 'pleased.' While thus discoursing I was startled by a great dose of rose water thrown over my back, and turning round received ditto in my face—('tis greasyish, and Smith is well pleased I went in an old gown)—then a bit of

cotton wool dipped in rose attar was thrust into our hands, and a necklace of jessamine flowers thrown round our necks and we were conducted forth to a collation spread outside (*N B* it must have been a *collation* for it was nothing else), numerous and various delicacies all huddled on one plate, squares of papayee fruit looking just like bits of cheese cakes of cocoa-nut and sugar of mango and sugar, raisins, dates, a kind of small grain, pistachio-nuts, etc etc with a tiny little silver saucer, containing milk and butter mixed. Three silver cups of cold water were what we enjoyed most, and much did I wonder how they managed to get the water so cold. Poor Mrs. Mitter (junior), mother of the bridegroom, peeped at us from behind the door, as it is not etiquette for her to appear where her husband's father is and she might not come out of the room while he or any older relation of her husband's was there. Also you must never use the word 'wife' or 'husband'. 'Tis indelicate, and old Mitter, speaking of his own wife, describes her as 'My grandson's grandmother'. Said old grandmother tried to keep us, holding us by the hands, and was not satisfied till I said some words meaning *Au revoir*. The little girl ran down into the street, the bridegroom, who (boy and bridegroom like) had kept diligently out of the way was sought and found at the last moment, and exhorted to look on me as his patron for life, and so ended a curious scene, during which I often wished for Agnes. I must tell you that the three girl-brides were respectively named 'Light of

the Moon' because, as they justly remarked, 'Light of the Sun' is too strong, 'Gauouda' or Goddess of Wisdom, and 'Anouda' or Goddess of Rice, signifying plenty, because rice never fails.

ALLAHABAD, *April 14, 1873.*

We are here on our way to Simla, having got over the first twenty-four hours of our railway journey, and thankful to think so much is done, though we have got twenty-eight hours to Umballa before us. It is hot and no mistake—the thermometer in the train was 103 for some hours, and though the carriage was completely shut up with blue glass windows, double jalousies and pent-house covering outside—if the air did come in, it was just like a furnace blast. Ice is the thing which supports one through the time. I keep bits in a sponge bag under the nape of my neck, and thus sleep. Smith some on the top of her head. Arthur is the least oppressed of the party, sleeps a good deal, and is thankful to have no papers or Government boxes. He would gladly have taken the whole journey through at once, but I was afraid of it, and indeed felt so weary and fidgety last night that I was most thankful to have a wash and sleep here, though the atmosphere is anything but cool. The air here is very dry, and at night it is cooler than at Calcutta, but the sun is more scorching in the day, and Calcutta, with its greenness and evening sea breeze, seems to me very preferable as a *residence*. Here the ground is one sheet of dust; grass, stubble, roadways, and tanks

being all one uniform colour now. Some of the trees wear a vivid spring green, but the country otherwise is like the Hammersmith Road, brown dust everywhere.

We had a pretty good journey here, but our train was late, and at Delhi (where the companies divide) the Punjauh train had departed, so Lord Napier and Arthur ordered a special one to convey us on, otherwise we must have spent twenty-four hours in the railway station at Gazeabad junction, for the rail does not go into Delhi itself. The special came on pretty quickly, but we arrived at 4 instead of 1 o'clock, the one sensational incident of the journey was that Arthur's *reza* (the wadded quilts which serve as beds or bed-coverings here) was set on fire by a spark from the engine, and, as we were all asleep, we might have had an awkward accident, if Smith had not been awakened by the smoke. As it was, the leather cushion under Arthur was partially burnt, and we had much difficulty in putting out the quilt. Eventually Arthur rolled it up and sat on it till we came to a station, where we got rid of it and its smouldering sparks. These quilts are lined with cotton, and burn pretty freely.

Smith is in high enjoyment to-day, being made much of by Letitia and the children, and having Porus again, who would not eat for many days after he came here!

I have had two nights of railway sleep and one to-night before me in a dark gharry. Well, I think

it shows that India suits my health, for I feel equal to it all, and as to-day is the anniversary of our arrival, I have spent a year here without a day's illness.

I never could have fancied it possible to be both so hot and so little uncomfortable.

SIMLA, *May 1*, 1873

It is quite a cool morning, rainy and thundery, and I am well pleased for the sake of my flowers and peas. I am the happy possessor of a thousand flower-pots this year, which is very different from my bare state last year, and Sutton's supply of seeds is a very liberal one. I have begun to go about with Arthur on my pony, and felt rather ashamed of myself yesterday for desiring the syce to give it less grain, because it was too frisky. Arthur does so very much prefer my company when alone on the pony, than when accompanied by nine hot men, even though he has chosen their dress this year, and they are about the most sensational jhampannies in Simla, being clothed in maroon and two shades of yellow. One gentleman here (Mr Haliburton) has got up his as sailors, with the name of his house on their caps. This is quite an 'idea,' and I envy him, for people are too busy to have ideas in India.

Our chuprassees have been quarrelling, and Rutnum, being appealed to, remarks, 'Those men always quarrel, that their custom', however, the hard thing is, that they quarrel with the one we like best, their amount of English having quite made them understand which

this is, though nothing will induce them ever to utter a word

The graveyard here is not very encouraging to riders—so many deaths from accidents on horseback—and I gave a smile and a sigh to see how Sir —— had double space, evidently meant for the young widow, who has now married again and is never likely to revisit Simla. I called on Miss Baring yesterday, not a very quiet visit, as Porus took to quarrelling with her big dog and Lord Northbrook, who came in to shake hands declared Porus to be the most savage animal he had yet beheld in India. The big dog was chained to a chair, and Miss Foulkes made to sit in it whilst Porus was consigned to a scarlet and gold jemadar by young Mr Baring. He generally acts A D C to his sister, which is probably the best arrangement with three other young men constantly present in the house. She has got up her room cheerfully with muslin and blue linings to it.

We were threatened with a horticulture show to be held in the grounds of our house, because we live in a more central position than any other councillor, but the dry spring has so injured the flowers that I believe it is likely to be given up. We employ four men to fetch water, and the trickles from the springs are so scanty that they have to wait hours for their turns and to get their mussicks (bullock skins) filled. In another month we shall be drenched, and probably driven out of our rooms by leaking roofs—such are the extremes of our lives here.

SIMLA, *May 15*

Our letters were brought out to Mushobra, where we were staying for two days in a kind of lodging or hostelry, our object being to see Seepee Fair. Said fair takes place in a sacred grove of large deodars, with a queer little wooden temple among them, at which the natives perform sacrifices, *i.e.* they cut off the head of a goat and then eat it, but all this is done unseen, and whether in or outside the temple I know not. The insides of the temples are dark, rough holes, evidently not used for any worship in common. The fair was very gay with the dresses and ornaments, such as I sent Agnes, only much larger, worn round the head. A large, gay-coloured veil, great plaques of silver or metal, sometimes looking-glass on the breast; and gay-coloured trousers, called here pyjamas, make up their costume. They squatted together in family groups on the hill-side, or else went round in merry-go-rounds and ate cakes. There was no merchandise whatever at the fair—sweets which smelt very horrid in the cooking (almost all are fried in ghee or rancid butter), and tawdry trinkets, constituted the staple of the fair. A painted elephant walked about, and there was some dancing and shooting. The fun of the shooting consisted in one man running away, while another, with blunt arrows, shot at his legs, and if the runaway was clever, he generally managed to let the arrows go between his legs. The rajah of the neighbourhood presided over this sport, and gave us many wreaths of flowers and

smearcd us with attar of roses The proper etiquette is to rub palms together with attar and then stroke each other's breasts, but I was afraid for my dress, as the attar is very greasy The wreaths were made of roses jessamine, and a kind of seringa or deutzia, so Miss Baring looked like a sweep on May Day, so bedizened was she with these over her habit We all lunched with Lord Napier in the fair ground—all meaning Lord Northbrook, Miss Baring Miss Foulkes, and Mr Ellis—and I felt so like Dickens's peer in the private rabbit-hutch on board the Calais steamer, when I found that chairs were provided for us—the august eight—in the tent, while all the other guests sat à l'Indienne on the ground

June 8, 1873

You have read about Major Macdonald's murder at Peshawur, people say he brought it on himself by his treatment of the natives, and that it has no political significance whatever He used to beat and set his dogs on these natives, and they—the hill Afghans—will not stand what the people of the plains will do The officers at Peshawur are not allowed to go into the hills for fear of disturbances, and an enterprising missionary—Mr Downes—has just been caught and brought back, to his own intense disgust, but the Indian Government don't like running the risk of having to rescue or to avenge him.

This behaviour to natives is one of the things that makes one a little sick here sometimes I read quite

a commonplace police report of an officer the other day, whose servant had not filled up his lamp sufficiently with oil. He sent for the man, who was unwilling to come, and then twice threw a knife at him, and the man was severely wounded and taken to a hospital—the officer fined fifteen rupees. In the very same paper was a letter saying, ‘India was going to the dogs since the enactment by which servants were allowed to bring actions against their masters’

A law case has been going on between a thakoor, or landowner, and the Government. The magistrate of the place displayed the greatest partiality, and stretched all his powers against the man, in a way which Arthur says would have ensured his dismissal from the Bench in England; but when this is brought before the Government, all the old Indian officials could see nothing in it, and Lord Northbrook and Arthur stood alone in their reprobation of his conduct. Lord Northbrook *has* reprimanded him, and the chief expression in the papers is that of surprise and pity for the individual, since so many others have done the like, and been not only unproved, but rather commended for it.

What a dull letter I am writing! Will it enliven you to hear of our social manners and customs; that Mr Ellis (your friend) sends on his hat by a special chuprassee, and dismounts at your door in his solah topee, and comes into your room with a black chimney-pot? I found his hat in the verandah, and

then he explained to me his proceedings. He is the most punctilious of callers, allotting exactly nine minutes to each visit. He is very sociable and rather amusing.

SIMLA, July 28, 1873

Our weather is not exhilarating, rain and cloud ever since Tuesday—nearly a week of it—and scarce a gleam of sunshine, except at sunset. Down pours the rain night and day and leaks have sprung everywhere. The roofs of all the servants' houses around and one of the rooms occupied by Letitia are repaired by the simple process of putting in 'mutti' or mud and beating it down with wooden bats. This is done the moment the rain abates and chiefly by coolie women. The women work harder than the men, and Rutnum tells me that in his country (Madras) they earn four annas a day and the men two annas. Tell that to the strong minded or strong-bodied women of England!

We entertained the Cabul envoy at dinner this week—a cheerful Mussulman, who greets you by touching his forehead. He speaks no English, but seems very happy, and says he is going to write a book about all he has seen here when he goes back to his own country. He eats everything save bacon, says they make sweet ice in their own country, and call it sherbet (hence the French *sorbet* I suppose) and was delighted to find fried pistachio-nuts handed round at dessert they being a special product of his country.

Do try them some day ; I think they are fried in milk ; and so are the walnuts, whose skins are not so bitter as those of English walnuts.

The envoy's politeness induced him to attempt eating wafer biscuits with a knife and fork—rather a despairing process. Mango ice and pistachio ice are both favourites of mine, and are made by other people, but banana ice no one knew till we tried it.

Letitia has been helping me with a musical party, which we had *after* the Cabul envoy's dinner here. He enjoyed the music, and described to me the choruses of his own country, where the women sit in a circle, twenty or so, singing and moving simultaneously. He had the good taste to prefer the singing of Mrs Le Mesurier, who is here styled by newspapers the Queen of Song, and who was the most skilful singer we had. She is a Greek by birth (we have three Greek ladies here, all conquests made in the Crimea), and is a handsome, pleasing woman.

On Friday we were to have walked and dined with Lord Northbrook, but Arthur was *poorly*, or, at any rate, *prudent*, so I went alone—and Miss Baring took me such an expedition ! Of course she had the command of it, for we missed the gentlemen at the meeting-place, so she, Miss Foulkes, and I were alone, and she went the short cut, which was really a horrid path. Sometimes my dandy was quite perpendicular, pushed up from behind and pulled up in front by divisions of the men, I holding on with both hands, and having a tidy bonnet spoilt by the

juice of the Berberis bushes, through which I was dragged. We did not get up the hill till long after dark, Lord Northbrook sent out lanterns to meet us, and we reached Government House at 9 P.M. They were alone, and I stayed to dinner, knowing mine would be long over at home. The young lady's satisfaction was great, particularly at having secured a steady chaperon for such a wild expedition, as all the A-D-C.s say she is not to be trusted alone, having a great taste for rough country rambles. I like seeing her, she is so natural and girlish in its usual sense (for many girls are so old-womanish), and clever and well-educated which is not the case with most of these Indian girls, who have been brought up cheaply, away from their parents, and chiefly with a view to accomplishments.

Our Christian bearer, Solyman has been disgracing himself by getting beastly drunk one evening, and being brought home next day still drunk and hurt by a fall. I think his liquor must have been drugged as he was insensible for two days, I fear the heathen have triumphed over him, he has bullied them so often previously. He has had an odd career, according to his own account. Originally brought up to be a doctor, he became a preacher under some missionaries, but informed me that he could not 'bear going among such low, drunken people', so he became a trader, and then a waiter in refreshment rooms, and finally a gentleman's servant. He writes and spells English perfectly, and is useful when he chooses, but lazy, drink-y

master Roman Catholic, they Roman Catholic, if master Protestant, they Protestant—master's religion is good religion those men's is *belly* religion meanwhile this bearer *is* engaged, but is not to touch any of our dishes, only superintend the housework and Arthur's clothes

I have just changed also my jhampan mate, the crowning offence being that his wife killed two of my ducks the touch of ducks or chickens to the food vessels of these people is considered polluting, so they can't abide them near the house, and yet these people are filthy beyond description in their persons (the smell of my jhampan carriers is one of the worst small trials of one's life here), and they sleep men women, and children, in houses no better, nor so good as English pigstyes.

Indian work is very absorbing, and those who have lived in it know little of other things. A high official, one of the cleverest men here, was remarking on a telegram to say 'Fitz-James Stephens was Solicitor-General' 'He must get a seat in Parliament,' I said 'Oh! that is so easily done by Government,' he said 'Not always,' I answered. 'Oh dear yes' quoth he, 'there are several places *like the Chiltern Hundreds* into which Government can put a man when they want his services in Parliament.

We are having the most brilliant sunsets just now After a day of rain and cloud, the sky generally clears about 6, and for an hour we have the most splendid colouring on our mountains and the distant plains, the

air is so transparent ! but it is impossible to describe only during that hour I don't wish myself back in England

August 11, 1873

Yesterday we celebrated our silver wedding-day I wonder if you thought of us We went to church in the morning, and collected a small dinner of ten in the evening The Forsyths, as Arthur's relations, the Earles, as ours, and Messrs Ellis and Haliburton, as bachelors, for I did not want to ask the men with second wives Mr Ellis brought me some silver bangles, Miss Clive Bayley sent me some roses as a tribute suited to the day. Colonel Earle congratulated me on having *got through* so much of life, and certainly the past is more to one than the future can be

I sent a parcel to Walter by that ardent missionary, Mr Downes, who was brought back from the Cabul frontier, and has now gone to England to regain strength ere attempting further mission work, he was a handsome artillery officer, but took a strong religious turn and left the army for mission work.

I hope that when Mr Downes returns he will be content to work among the two hundred million of Hindus who are British subjects, instead of among the Afghans. Our Government had to capture him by a reward—and he offered to his captors bribes to let him go further, not a *moral* beginning for a missionary, I think

The odd white stuff I enclose is the white back of a

leaf, which is torn off in thin strips by the natives here, dried and used for tinder. Lucifer matches are an expensive luxury to these poor creatures, whose regular earnings are not more than 4d a day, consequently our lucifer matches, pins, and needles disappear but as far as we have yet known them, they are scrupulously honest about greater things.

On Saturday Lord Northbrook and daughter with two A.-D.-C.s came for a walk. We took them to the bottom of our khud, a steep descent, but a far better road than that which Miss Baring took me, though we did go over some walls and through a field of maize, above our heads in height.

I have just sent up the jhampannies to look for nests of rats or squirrels in the ceiling of our bedroom. We have a canvas ceiling and these creatures hold high jinks on it at night over our heads, shaking down the whitewash over us and preventing sleep.

MUSHOBRA, *August 23, 1873*

Well, we are getting an imitation holiday here two quiet days, without the constant interruption of the Simla work, where notes and Government boxes generally interrupt Arthur pretty continuously from morning till night. We are lucky in our weather, there is a break in the rains just now, and the sun has been shining brightly for three days. All our clothes, beds, pictures, books, etc., are spread abroad in the sunshoe, on the roofs of godowns to air, dry, and destroy fish-insects. Arthur is at the present moment enjoying

perfect quiet, sitting out in the verandah of this house and reading his favourite old novel *Trevelyan*.

Yesterday he and I took a long ride together from this place. We started rather too late, and it was dark ere we got home, and darkness in these steep mountain paths and thick woods is anything but pleasant, my dandy (which was to follow) did not do so, and our syces did not know the road. We passed two Tartar villages and vainly tried to get a man and a lantern at either, at last got on to a wrong path close to an empty bungalow, and a man came out and warned us of our mistake—a very unusual proceeding, as generally they let the Sahibs take their own way about everything, even about falling down precipices. We made this man guide us down a long, steep, rugged path, the poor horses stumbling and slipping behind us, and we obliged to keep the man within touch, as it was almost pitch dark. Happily we all got down safely, with no damage to anything but my nerves, which are not so good as they were. Arthur, however, seems all the better for the day out—and certainly our walk was a most beautiful one—such tall firs, covered with dropping mosses, clothing all the hillside, and the rocks completely covered with ferns in some places, and in other rather sunnier spots, scarlet potentillas and the purple wild geranium, which we used to find near Ingleboro' and at the Lakes. In some places torrents had broken the road, and the horses had rough footing, but I managed to get on without dismounting, and half our walk was along what is called the great

Thibet Road, a level winding path about the width of an ordinary garden pathway, following every bend in the hill, but beautifully engineered at one level, going neither up nor down, our return route was by the old native road, going by a short cut *over* the hill

During the last week our Christian bearer, Solyman, left, after rather a painful parting scene he wrote me a note 'to confess his sin, as he called it, and then came into Arthur's room, prostrating himself on the ground and weeping bitterly all the time the hair of his head, which had grown since his accident, was quite white, and he seemed half beside himself with fear and shame, so we were very glad when the scene terminated. These poor creatures go down on their knees so easily A bullock-cart broke our gateway, and Arthur went out to see what was the matter, when down went the driver on his knees in the dust. Mr Stephen ought to have stayed here, where there is neither Liberty, Equality nor Fraternity to distress him

September 15, 1873

My gamekeeper is here I engaged him from the tahseeldur, an officer who supplies you with coolies or any description of servant on requisition Said gamekeeper told the tahseeldur he should bring us game every two days, when he got to the house, he told the chuprassees he should bring it every three days, to the kharisomah he said four, and when he saw me five! At present two partridges and a pigeon are all the results of his gun but he holds out hopes of ibex, and

Arthur especially wants a porcupine. He has a little document with him, saying he is our gamekeeper, and this entitles him to shoot *anywhere*.

We have eaten a new dish, the hump of a cow, really excellent eating when salted. Rutnum can't believe in the existence of cows without humps. Tell Weenie, large grey-whiskered monkeys have been plundering our garden. They swing themselves on to the railings, from the tops of the tall firs immediately below, and soon strip every leaf from the neighbouring bushes. 'tis both unlucky and impious to shoot them.

I have had a farewell visit from the Cabul envoy, he came rather earlier than his appointed time and Arthur was out, so I received him, which seemed to astonish him greatly. He told me (through his interpreter) that, should he pay a visit in his own country and find the master of the house absent, all the ladies would fly into their inmost rooms and shut themselves in. He was polite and sociable, had some tea, and looked with interest at Lord Granville's photo and pronounced him ugly but clever looking, and carried off divers packets of English seeds to sow in Cabul. He said Simla was the *neatest* town he had seen (alas ! poor man !), and he specially admired our dinner-tables, tea equipages, etc, but remarked, 'Though you have prettier dinner arrangements, we have much more variety of dishes,' a sentiment which his interpreter rendered into English reluctantly, but which I endorsed, as monotony is characteristic of

English dinner-parties, the odd thing is that one man's monotony is another man's variety, for we and the Hindus mutually say of each other's music, 'It is so monotonous

A young English tourist, Jeffreys by name, son of an old acquaintance of Henry Hobhouse's, has been here this week, his fresh eyes are so struck by the untidy shabbiness of our Simla houses, specially with the Viceroy's, which certainly is most unlike a palace 'tis rather like a country inn, is its owner's remark. Mine looks as if the builder had been tipsy, there is not a straight line in it anywhere.

RANEAHEET, *November 4, 1873*

I wrote last from the Carnacs at Umballa. Well, we left them at 7 P.M., embarked in a train for Allyghur which we reached about 6 A.M., then we breakfasted and were met by an obliging rajah who saw after our luggage, salamed us much, and finally presented Smith and me with two huge bouquets of tuberoses, jessamine, roses etc. They, *i.e.* the natives are fond of strong scented flowers and have a great variety of the jessamine tribe. Well, from Allyghur you go on a branch line to Moradabad. This branch line is cheap and nasty, *i.e.* 'tis said to be *cheap* and is certainly *nasty*, the carriages very small the seats straight and narrow like pews in old fashioned churches, and little protection against heat. Happily the cool weather has set in early this year and we have suffered from no heat hitherto, and also I am changed

altogether since my fever of this spring and easily find anything too hot now, while I can't bear the cold and shrink from it. This is an ordinary result of Indian fever, I believe, and rather a convenient one, as I quite hailed our departure from the thin air of Simla which I enjoyed last year at this season. During our journey along this uncomfortable rail we had to cross the Ganges per boat as the railway bridge is uncompleted; you have to leave the carriage and walk along a bit of sandy river-bed to the ferry boats, big flat-bottomed vessels with thatched roofs; the water is shallow, and they are towed by men across the stream for the greater part of the way, where the stream is deeper, punt-poles are used; another bit of sandy-walk takes you back to the railway carriages again. When we arrived at Moradabad we were met by some more rajahs, or rather relations of the rajah of the place, gaily attired in purple and gold, and green and gold, who conveyed us in a carriage and four to the commissioner's house. This was a great rambling place, swarming with natives. Two ayahs immediately told themselves off to wait on me, one held the soap, one held the towel, while I washed my face and hands, and when I sat down one planted herself on the ground and said she should sit at the feet of 'Huzur,' *i.e.* highness, wherever she went. I had to use the unpleasant 'jao,' *i.e.* *allez-vous-en*, many times before I could get rid of her and her companion. Then came a present to Arthur from the nawab of the place, twenty-five trays, each as big as a large tea-tray, full

of fruits vegetables, nuts and sweets large cones of coarse sugar being a very favourite article We took a little fruit and some nuts, and the servants had a fine quarrel and talk over the partition of the remainder

That morning the nawab sent his carriage and four to convey us to Kaleedoongie, a journey of fifty miles, which we accomplished in about six hours, relays of horses or mules being found every few miles We had a coachman and a turbaned postilion and went a good pace, though the road in some parts is mere sand To begin with you cross a great river-bed, about a mile wide at Moradabad, on a bridge of boats, where the water still runs, and then through the sandy water less part which is often impassable in the rains The road runs very straight and over perfectly level ground and is shaded by rows of trees, acacia and peepul chiefly, which are the haunt of flocks of green parrots, hoopoes jays and kingfishers, the pools of water abound with cranes large crested ones and pretty small white ones As you get nearer to the foot of the hills cultivation disappears and you cross the Terai, as the jungle at the foot of the hills is called, the first part of it is covered with tall grasses, ten, twelve, fourteen feet high, indeed so tall that, when previously our railway train passed by some of them, they brushed into our windows and left their seeds over us and our seats After these grasses comes a forest or jungle, the haunt of tigers, leopards, and occasionally, wild elephants, no human beings can live there throughout the year on account of the deadly malaria

of the rainy season, and you see no habitation, except the post-house, while passing through the ten or twelve miles of this kind of country. The trees are beautiful in picturesqueness, covered with creepers as big as themselves, and a dense underwood conceals all the ground beneath. Well, this country lasts to the foot of the hills; it owes its moisture, vegetation, and unhealthiness to the springs and water which percolate through the hills and come out underground as it were, and this kind of country extends for an immense distance along the foot of the Himalayas, though not to the mountains near Simla, which makes the approach to *those* hills more healthy and practicable at all times. At last we quitted our carriage and four and took to jhampan and pony again. Three hours of constant climb, through a forest of strange and strangely-growing trees and creepers (many of them with air-roots), brought us to our first halting-place, where our Nynce Tal host had sent ponies and lunch to meet us, three hours more brought us to his house in a lovely situation commanding a view of snow mountains on one side and the Nynce Tal Lake (a piece of water about the size of the Ingleboro' tarn) on the other, his house being perched on the narrow ridge dividing two deep valleys. There we spent Sunday, resting, and I catching a cold in this exposed and draughty situation. Yesterday we left, and, spite of a heavy cold and sore throat, I enjoyed greatly the beauty of our march, with splendid trees in the foreground, snow mountains in the distance. We

descended five thousand feet at one stretch and reached a bungalow, where the malaria is so bad at certain seasons that they cannot find a man to keep it open, now the ground is dry river bed for some eight or ten miles, pretty well baked by the sun and scorched by the reflections, then we remounted the hill and reached this place about sunset, having a glorious view of the snow from hence

Along all the road yesterday we met groups of hill-people descending to the Terai which I described before. These people possess a bit of land both on mountain and in plain, and they cultivate the latter in the winter season returning to the mountains in April, they carried big baskets on their heads containing their household goods, or sometimes a child, and drove their cows and goats before them. The women wear a square bodice and vest and petticoat, and don't seem to think a hiatus between the two is in the least objectionable.

BINSAH, *November 6, 1873*

We are still on the move, having left Ranéekheet—in English, 'The Queen's Meadow'—yesterday and gone by a beautiful terrace road (*i.e.* a way for horses and men, not for wheels)—Hubbulbagh—where we occupied an empty bungalow, *i.e.* not empty after all, for it was tenanted by rats, who held high jinks over our heads, and on our floors, and devoured the toe of one of my boots (*NB*—the only thick pair I possess so I can walk no more till I return to

Nynnee Tal) After all, this is no great deprivation to me, and I am followed everywhere by a pony and a dandy, so I have my choice of two modes of getting along. Hubbulbagh possesses a Government garden and tea plantations round it. Now they are trying to make the cinchona plant grow there, but without success. The tea plants are about the size of gooseberry bushes. Just now they are collecting the seed—for sale, and to supply other tea plantations, of which there are many in these mountains. The flower is very like a Macartney rose. Most Anglo-Indians like this hill tea better than Chinese. It is generally unfermented, which gives it a pale colour, and an astringent and aromatic taste; but 'tis too like green tea, when in this condition, to please my palate. Hubbulbagh is a warm place, only three thousand feet above the sea, and big cactuses grow there, as well as roses and English plants. 'Tis a kind of experimental garden, kept up by Government in order to try what plants will thrive thereabouts, in order to encourage private individuals to take land and plant for themselves. 'Tis a very pretty place, but not overdone with the conveniences of life. It possessed no basin of any sort, and a messenger was despatched to town, ten miles distant, to bring back one brass chilumchee to serve among us three.

From Hubbulbagh we rode and dandied up to Binsah, where we found our host, Colonel Ramsay—for I must inform you that all through this tour we are taken in and done for by the commissioner of

the country—an old Anglo-Indian of thirty-six years service. He supplies us with ponies, and sends his servants (nine in all) round with us, and they carry cooking utensils and food, so that our meals are prepared wherever we go, with no trouble to ourselves. Sometimes our host is with us, sometimes not, for he is simultaneously entertaining another councillor, Mr Ellis who travels a day ahead of us (not an inconvenient arrangement, considering the amount of washing apparatus at Hubbulbagh), and he has also his own business to attend to—‘one hundred cases for hearing to-day’ as he quietly remarks. It was curious work riding with him on the journey to Raneekheet. Every few minutes a man would appear, with his hands clasped, and a long story to tell to which he listened, and on which he questioned with great patience, finally making some remark which seemed quite satisfactory to the petitioner. At other places villagers came out, and he kept quinine pills in his pocket which he also distributed to the applicants on behalf of sick friends. It was quite a specimen of paternal government, and the natives here worship him, I believe. He has been some twenty-five years here, and created the prosperity of the district.

ALMORAH, *November 8, 1873*

Now we are staying at his headquarters in his very pretty bungalow, with a garden full of roses geraniums, heliotrope, etc. He has promoted the cultiva-

tion of all kinds of useful plants; and the gardens of the town (Almorah) are quite a pretty sight, with neat rows of strawberry plants and vegetables, orchards of apples and pears, and just now, cherry-trees in full blossom. These are Cashmere cherry plants, for English ones will not adapt themselves to Indian ways, and flower in November with a view to fruiting in April, as the Indian ones do. No fruit can ripen here *after* the rains set in, which is the reason one can have no grapes nor English cherries.

We have been also at Colonel Ramsay's summer residence, Binsah, for a night, whence we had a splendid view of the great range of the Himalaya snow mountains for about two hundred miles. We were about thirty miles from the nearest, but the snow was dazzling—too brilliant to sketch when the mid-day sun shone upon it.

We travelled to Binsah by a road made for Lord Mayo in fourteen days' time—a distance of about twelve miles, and a well-made path about six feet broad, up and winding along the mountain-side. Labour is so abundant here that these works can be executed in no time. The tea-planters regret the former state of things, when they could be more arbitrary in ordering such labour. One gentleman I met told me that formerly, when he or any one else wanted labour, they just sent into the bazaar and took away the blankets from every man they met, till they had collected the requisite number (every man wears a brown wool blanket here, the chief part of his clothes

by day and his bed at night) The poor fellows went to the bungalow to reclaim their blankets, when the loads intended for them were tied on to their backs, and they were set to work with no further delay—but now the Government forbid such doings

CAMP AORA, *November 19, 1873*

We came into camp last Friday evening, or rather Saturday morning, after a weary journey from Moradabad We left it at 7 A M and went by the slowest of railways to Allyghur, stopping two hours at a ferry, where we had to cross the Ganges, with no station-house save two lean to thatch or wattle huts where we got some tea (other provisions—wine, etc.—we always take with us) Then we reached Allyghur about 3, and had to wait there till 11 P M, when a train took us on to Toondla, where we were all woke up from sound slumbers at 1.30, and had to change into a branch train, finally reaching Agra about 3 A M, and our host's house about 4 He and his sister were awake and dressed, and full of hospitable intents as to supper, tea etc., but I was very glad to creep to bed—(I had not felt very well the last few days of our journey)—for two hours sleep ere Arthur had to get up and don his uniform in order to join the Viceroy's procession at 7.45

Colonel B and his sister have dark blood in their veins and are consequently looked on rather coolly by their fairer neighbours but they were very pleasant to us, and helped off our first morning, for

we could not have gone to our bare tents in the cold and darkness of 4 A.M., at this time of year—for cold it is at night, though scorching in the sunny daytime. As soon as Arthur was dressed, he went off to join his elephant, and presently Miss B and I went to our tent to watch their arrival. We have a very nice situation for our tents, allotted to us by the Quarter-master-General, whom we knew at Simla.

In front are the men's tents, divided into one centre room (Arthur's workshop) and two side ones, where he sleeps and dresses. In the second row are the ladies' tents. I also have a centre room, open at both ends, with a good view over the plain; and two small rooms, where Smith and I respectively sleep. We have two bath-room tents; a tent for chuprassees, for servants, and for horses, so there is space enough. Chairs, tables, bedsteads, baths, etc., are furnished by Government; but we have added to these by purchasing furniture made of reeds. I have bought two sofas, two tables, two chairs, and two stools for five rupees, and the things are comfortable and light, though so cheap. Fancy buying a table for sixpence, which is the cost of the one in the corner of my tent. The framework is reed, and the seats made of twisted grass. The grasses of this country are wonderful and beautiful—whole tracts of country covered with grasses, very like, and quite as large as, your pampas-grass at Pynes.

Well, to go back to the procession, which came across the open plain and up to the Viceroy's tent,

where he alighted and stood, while the rest passed round the enclosure.

There were sixty-six elephants in all. More than half belong to our Government, and are employed in the commissariat department, the others belonged to the eight native rajahs, who have come here to see the Viceroy. The trappings of some of these are magnificent—the proboscises ears, and body of the elephant covered with a kind of armour of gold gold and silver howdahs of various shapes, in which the natives sit, some cross-legged, some in chairs.

The Viceroy has a splendid elephant and a silver howdah. It stands half a yard higher than the others—and this caused a slight accident on Friday, for the umbrella attached caught the telegraph wire and was broken, so the Viceroy alone of all the party came in without an umbrella, and he also was the only one loyal enough to uncover his head to the fierce Indian sun when ‘God save the Queen’ was struck up, as they passed my tent and entered the compound. Arthur and Mr Ellis clung to their old solah topees—rather a drawback to the effect of their uniforms. Colonel Ramsay (our quaint old Almorah host) was not a little proud of his black chimney-pot, as he has not worn such a thing for many a long year.

On Saturday all the rajahs came in state to visit Lord Northbrook—in gorgeous carriages—(one, a lad of ten the Rana of Dholipore, had the hood of his

open carriage made of crimson velvet, and covered with gold embroidery)—with elephants, soldiers, etc., in their trains. These were not allowed to enter the compound, but turned off and formed, with the Viceroy's own elephants, a long avenue of gay creatures, all across the open plain or Maidan.

We belong to a mess, and dine there daily, when not otherwise engaged. Breakfast and tiffin are sent from thence to our tents. On Monday we dined with the Lieutenant-Governor, who has large, ill-lighted tents, and who seemed, oh, so weary! for, in addition to his usual business, he has such numbers of people that he must see here. He gets up every morning at 4. It gives one rather a thrill to hear how he and Lady M. occupied a cell in Agra Fort for nine months, during the siege by the mutineers. Some of these cells had no open-air ventilation, and are about twelve feet square, and the climate of Agra is one of the worst in India. They and the other English occupied one corner of the large fort, which, I believe, could easily have been battered down had the mutineers possessed guns. But they had neither these nor the pluck or hardihood which has kept us here. Even during the siege some of these rash English officers would drive over to the Taj, half a mile distant, under cover of the fort guns, and they did their marketing daily under the walls of the fort, where the villagers sold indifferently to besieged and besiegers. (Every English *house* except one was then destroyed.) Yesterday there was a small review or

parade, and I felt very respectful to the six black businesslike looking large guns, which passed first at a walk, then at a trot, then at a gallop

November 22, 1873

P S—Although this letter may exhaust your patience to read, I must add a *P S* in order that you may realise still more our daily life in camp. It begins at 5 A M, when the drums and fifes of a regiment, encamped just behind us effectually prevent further sleep. Further drums, bugles and parades of soldiers go on till about 8—sometimes indicating duty sometimes pleasure, *i.e.* the ‘Roast Beef of Old England’ is the universal call to food, and is played at different hours, according to the respective meal times. (I wonder what the Hindus think of the meaning of that tune, as cow killing is their greatest of sins. We saw an unhappy, broken legged cow marching towards the plains, and Colonel Ramsay urged the owner to kill the evidently-tortured animal, but he would not hear of doing so. And if one happens to die by a preventible accident, the owner has to pay a heavy fine for his carelessness to the priests.)

Generally I drive out from 7 to 9 *i.e.* go and sketch and see something, return to 9.30 breakfast, after breakfast write or sketch till 12, when callers begin, and last more or less till 2 P M. Tiffin, a read and a rest, often meaning sleep, fill up the time till 4.30 or 5, when we—(often, alas I only)—drive till 6.30, by

which time it is quite dark, and we return and shut up our tent—(our outer wall of tent is pegged down at night to prevent thieves entering ; they are said to be so adroit that they can steal the sheets off your bed without your feeling it), then we go to dinner at 7 30 in our mess tent, at 8 30 if we dine with Lord Northbrook, as we shall have done three times this week, and when we come in we are pretty ready to put down the last curtain of our tent and go to bed ; a chuprassee sleeps inside to guard us, and we keep a light burning, and Porus also in my tent The evenings are as musical as the mornings, with bands playing at the various messes, and drums and fifes calling in the soldiers from 8.30 to 9 P.M

Arthur's day is so far different from mine that he works alone or at committees during the greater part of it

Last night we dined again with the Viceroy, and all went on after dinner to see the Taj illuminated The garden was filled with coloured lamps, and some of the pavilions with lines of light, according to the favourite Hindu fashion, but the only two things that I thought very striking were the lighting up the inside of the white marble building (which admits too little daylight to be well seen at ordinary times), and the stream of lights on the river, down which is sent a continuous supply, which follow and mark its course, thus making a line of brightness instead of water flowing away in graceful curves far into the remote distance There were some poor fire-

works, in the middle of which we returned home and to bed

CALCUTTA, *November 28, 1873*

We have more dinners with the Viceroy, and met the French Envoy and suite, en route to China, where he expects to see the Emperor the Emperor has chosen his present from the French Government, a pier-glass of huge dimensions, forty feet long rather a risky thing for such a loog voyage.

Another acquaintance made at the Viceroy's was a stout little Madras colonel who superintends the gun factory at Futtchghut, and was ordered up to see the Viceroy, he got out his full-dress uniform, but not having worn it for three years, found it too small by three inches so he starved till he brought himself down to the required size 'Tis not often a man makes himself fit his clothes, but in this instance he succeeded

It was so curious to hear all the mutiny stories at the place where they happened General Norman had fought on the very ground where we were dining, and told me how the ladies of Agra, who had been shut up in the fort for nine months drove out in the evening of the battle day (when the relieving force he was with had driven away the enemy and had taken their guns) to see the dead Sepoys lying on the battlefield One feels living in history, with some of these people, and yet all are reluctant to speak of those days without many questions It sounded very life-like when

General Norman told me how he had just got out of his tidy-coat and a pair of gloves to go to breakfast with the Muirs—(he had not seen a lady for many months previously)—on the morning of his arrival at Agra, but ere he sat down he heard one, two, and then a third gun, telling of the enemy's close approach, and he and all the rest had to go and fight through a long day without food or rest

CALCUTTA, *December 13, 1873*

We have been spending a day at Serampore this week 'Tis about fourteen miles from Calcutta, and the home of the first Church of England and the first Baptist Mission instituted in India It was a very favourite place with Henry Martin, and he turned a temple of Juggernaut, deserted because the river was approaching it, into a dwelling-place and oratory It still exists, though the river has partially undermined it There are two great cars of Juggernaut at Serampore, which I was curious to see I should think they were about forty feet high and about twenty-five feet wide, with twenty-four broad, solid, wooden wheels, painted all over with representations both of stories of the god and of human individuals

Many English soldiers and English sahıbs, and even mem sahıbs, figure among their subjects, which are about as good as the pictures I sent to Weenie There are two wooden horses and a wooden coachman, life size, which are attached to the cars The legend is that Juggernaut went out to bathe—(his bathroom is

shown, and the priests now put the idol into it on the feast day in June)—and stayed out in the sun for twelve hours, afterwards caught a fever, and was recommended by his doctor to visit his sister for change of air. It is to make this journey that the car is drawn once a year from the temple of Jugger-naut, where the idol is kept, to another temple half a mile down the road, there the idol remains (for a day, I think), and then is brought back again on the car to its original resting-place. The idol is a hideous object, and I don't wonder at its raising the iconoclastic feelings of our missionaries. Enormous goggle eyes and a rather owl-like face, glare at you, when the temple door is opened, supported by two coarsely-painted, life-size dolls, representing his sisters and brothers. He himself has stumps instead of arms, and no legs, being on a colossal scale but when taken out two silver arms are attached to the stumps and he is hoisted (by Brahmans only) to the top of his car. The Brahmans mount all about the car and blow horns and make all kinds of noises to excite and encourage the people to drag it along. The great difficulty is the first start, as, during the rainy season, the car sinks into the ground, and there is difficulty in getting it to move. There is much controversy going on just now as to the part British officers should take on these occasions, last year the somewhat over-zealous officer mounted the car in order to try and prevent injury to the crowd, and was nearly thrown off himself when the thing finally *did* start. Some people think if he

had been upset and thereby killed, it would have acted like Sydney Smith's suggestion of a bishop and a railway accident, and put an end to all Juggernaut processions for the future, however, he escaped and enjoyed claret and sandwiches on the road-side with our bigoted Presbyterian hosts, who, however, went out to see the 'Tomasha' (You must accept the word Tomasha, as it is a most convenient one, meaning a lark, row, or sight of any kind)

Sir George Campbell wished the processions should be forbidden (four people were killed at Serampore last year), but the Indian Government won't do that, and only desire their district officers to try and prevent loss of life; so, when these officers are active and ingenious, it ends in their teaching the best methods of moving these idols and their cars, rather to the scandal of the Christian part of the community. The cars are called 'Ruth,' pronounced 'Rut,' and take this name from the wheels, 'Rota,' one of the Aryan words common to Hindus and Latins

1874

CALCUTTA, *January 2, 1874*

I HAVE been sketching some wild Looshai chiefs, who have been brought here to confirm a treaty made with them after the war there. They are wild Tartar-looking men, know nothing of the arts of reading or writing, but can fight and *drink* well—the latter gift we saw with our own eyes for they each consumed three glasses of spirits and one of sherry, while they sat to us but they did not like the sherry saying it had a nasty smell.

We, *i.e.* the English nation have another little war with the Dufas another hill tribe living on the borders of Assam. The origin of it is curious the Dufas came down to trade with villagers under our protection, and there caught whooping-cough which they took back to their own families—their children died of it, and they therefore returned to the villagers under our Government and carried away children to compensate for the losses caused by our disease. This our Government would not put up with, so the Lieutenant-Governor is carrying on a little war in order to get back the children.

Another group of titled Frenchmen have turned up travelling for pleasure, so you see we have plenty of

variety I went to the Calcutta races on Saturday, and thought how many nationalities were represented there—Parsees, Chinese, Hindus, Siamese, German, French, English, and I know not who besides; the races were very poor, but moved the silent Hindus more than anything else in which I have watched them as spectators—they uttered a sort of sigh of excitement at the rather close finish of one race, but they *never* cheer.

CALCUTTA, *January 13, 1874.*

I had your two letters by last mail, also one from Agnes and from Annie; they followed us to Barrackpore and back again, as Arthur had to leave ere the mail letters came in to Lord Northbrook. We had a pleasant visit there, driving down on Saturday at 5 P M, returning Monday at 8 A M. Barrackpore is fourteen miles from Calcutta, a big white house standing immediately on the Hooghly, of which it commands a fine reach. There is an avenue of ten miles of road leading from Calcutta to it (for four miles you go through town and suburb). The avenue, now in full leaf, is composed of peepuls, mangoes, mahogany trees, tamarisks, etc., all unknown to you, dear. It looks like a foreign road, a broad excellent Macadam roadway in the middle, and sandy tracks for bullock-carts at each side. Large brick semaphore towers at long intervals remain, showing the old way of telegraphing ere wiring began. About nine miles from Calcutta we change horses, sending on our

second pair (we keep one pair for Arthur's brougham and one for open carriage), and there Lord Northbrook and staff have their riding-horses to meet them when they go by land. They often use a little river steamer. The house at Barrackpore is moderately attractive. Drawing-room and dining room in centre of house, faintly lighted by skylights, the drawing room has a broad verandah and a beautiful Bourgonvilliers (a lovely creeping shrubby sort of plant) with brilliant mauve leaves adorns it greatly.

January 13, 1874.

I had a dinner party last Wednesday. My neighbour Mr Ainslie, had presided over the last trial for suttee in India, also assisted in the settlement of disputes between native tribes in Southern India whose quarrels used to take the form of kidnapping their neighbours in order to make human sacrifices. They kept regular running accounts of the number of victims kidnapped from each tribe, and he settled them in this fashion, Well, you have taken one hundred men from them, they have taken one hundred and five from you, consequently they owe you the value of five men, and the said value must be paid in bullocks these being the only exchangeable articles as they hold land in common, and have no articles of marketable value, except themselves and their bullocks.

CALCUTTA January 14, 1874

I must begin my weekly letter, though my head is rather in a muddle. I have a ball in prospect here on

Monday, and divers arrangements to make. Miss Emma Buller is staying here, and, though very entertaining and *English*, has a tongue which delights in active exercise. Yesterday, too, we learnt for certain the rather horrid fact that we are not to go to Simla till late, very, possibly not at all, this year, and *that* means many months of discomfort and suffering here. This is the famine business, and Arthur thinks Lord Northbrook is right, though many other indignant sufferers exclaim he can and will do nothing, and that it is Newspaper- and *Times*-phobia that will keep us here. It is a very horrid prospect, and we certainly never should have come here, had we known it was to be our fate, but 'tis done now, and the consolation I offer my friends here (but which I find they do not accept joyfully), is that any or all of us may be dead ere June, so 'tis no use to worry. I always tell Arthur, I don't care particularly about living in itself, but I do like living comfortably while here. I think I am getting cynical, so I'll change the topic and hope to feel more public-spirited by the time I write again.

You will know our fate long ere this reaches you, and I dare say about that time I shall read a disgusting article in the *Times* to the effect, that it had always said staying here was *the* thing for Lord Northbrook to do, and is glad he has taken their advice.

January 29, 1874

We have visited Colonel and Mrs Keatinge. She is a quiet little woman, but has some Pottinges spirit.

in her During the mutiny, her husband, who was called away, left her with some treasure in Mhow, the place where they lived, in Central India Their soldiers were so afraid of the mutineers, that they insisted on leaving the place, so she had to go, but took the treasure with her and slept every night for six nights, in one of the carriages containing it Her husband, hearing of her departure came back to escort her as far as the foot of the hill, where was a safer fort (Azimgush) and then had to ride off ere seeing her enter the gates not to meet again for three years, but leaving her (at her own request) in charge of the treasure, for, as she said, 'I could then prevent its being moved finally he sent her orders to go to England, and to this moment she regrets not having seen the end of the mutiny here 'Tis just like having a novel unfinished, quoth she yesterday

She is fond of reading and of drawing and is doing a pretty group of flowers on the back of the fan which May sent me a short time ago, so the fan will be double faced, with English roses and a sacred Hindu flower

I am enclosing you the peremptory order, by which you will see how the Anglo-Indians Government insists on a proper quantum of womenkind in the world's arrangements Dear Cissy, a few mamas, who had similar families to yours, would have caused your district to be 'proclaimed

I have been again hearing Chunder Sen lecture, since I wrote to you, and also visiting his mother's zenana

in company with the English teacher, who instructs the ladies of it I wished Agnes could have seen the visit. An old mother in a tumbled calico sheet, but with a double row of magnificent pearls round her neck, three daughters-in-law, regular trinket-stands of chains, earrings, etc ; a lot of gaudily dressed children, a smart glass chandelier over our heads, chairs in rags, and then the fat father of the family, at whose advent all the young womenkind fled, for daughters-in-law may not behold their fathers- or brothers-in-law. Said baboo discourses to me of religion, as the salt of life, the extraordinary honour I had done his family, in visiting them, my interest in female education, and the kingdom of heaven, all as if he were making a speech on a platform, while I longed to point out the inconsistency between his grand views of the enlightenment of women—and his three daughters-in-law, giggling behind a screen in the verandah, and unable to behold his face. I have just been reading a native note—the gentleman says, or rather means to say, ‘I hope you will approve my paltry work!’ but, with their usual taste for long words, has substituted ‘pusillanimous,’ which has a very droll effect.

CALCUTTA, *February 18, 1874.*

I have been to the Legislative Council to see our Indian Parliament, by Lord Northbrook’s express invitation—a very tame affair—the ten or twelve members sit round a big dining-table, speak sitting, addressing the Viceroy—there are three reporters

present, and the same amount of public—I, a young traveller, a gentleman who took notes, and a legal assistant of Arthur's formed this last body (they provide very comfortable easy chairs for the public), when I went. Arthur spoke at some length on a purely legal question, but one of some importance, as the judges of the Allahabad High Court have recently made a decision (which Arthur thought wrong in law), and which practically upset a great part of the administration of the province and (as they persisted in this technical and impracticable view of law), fresh Acts were made necessary, and Arthur has had a somewhat unpleasant disagreement with them. Lord Northbrook paid a little compliment to the care and temper Arthur had displayed in this business—one or two other Acts were introduced by Arthur, and very slightly commented on by other members, but referred to Select Committees for further discussion, and this was the whole of the business. Each Act is always referred to a Select Committee, who discuss it as thoroughly as they can, and then make a report, which is brought in, and the Act founded thereon is generally passed without further discussion—unless Sir George Campbell happens to be present.

The council room is in Government House, adorned with large pictures of former Governor Generals and like most Indian rooms difficult to speak or hear in. The rooms are so bare and lofty that echoes live in them, and make themselves obnoxiously apparent on all occasions.

Our khansomah has got his first original wife (whom he had not seen for thirteen years) from Madras, and I hope she will maintain her ground against all later comers, and that we shall have no more scandals. The jemadar has just lost his child and wife. I put them in the order in which he does, for he begged leave to go home because of his child's death, and seemed rather tearful over it, but mentioned afterwards, quite incidentally and as of second importance, that his wife also was dead.

Tell Amyas our monkey is growing very tame with Smith and me (not with Arthur, whom he hates), and will sit on the back of my chair, while my hair is being done, and specially enjoys kissing and pawing his own reflection in the looking-glass

March 27, 1874

Yesterday, two years ago, we left England in sharp frost, and to-day our thermometer (how sick you will be of news from that instrument! You will feel sympathy with Sir Michael Westropp, who broke all thermometers in his house, in order that his wife might not know the extent of the heat) is at 85° at 9 A.M. and did not go below 74° last night. It is pleasant to think two years have gone away with tolerable even prosperity to us—yours has been more chequered

CALCUTTA, April 17, 1874

I believe it to be true that the hot weather is healthy, though, if you become ill in, or just before, it, I fancy

your chances of recovery are greatly diminished, but 'tis easier to keep well, when there is not one touch of chill during the twenty four hours, than when you have the variety, which is so pleasant. All old Indians say the same thing—one must fear the chill and not the broil. We are now quite shut up through the days, at 9 A M every glass window throughout the house is shut, and all the bamboo chucks let down in the front verandah. My punkah begins simultaneously (Arthur and Smith begin theirs later on in the day). From 9 A M till 5 P M we remain closely shut up in the house, though the wind raves and rustles outside, in a way that sounds and looks refreshing but does not *feel* so at 5 P M when all our verandahs are well-watered and thrown open for the evening and night. The windy nights are delightful, such soft airs—one sheet is quite sufficient covering in the strong draught, which we make by opening fully our long windows, front and back. The only person who has yet suffered from the heat is Porus, for whom I fear you will feel little sympathy. He has a marble table, under the punkah, for his especial use in drawing- and sleeping room, and yet he is not happy or good, in fact he is thoroughly in the sulks and almost cuts me. Yesterday I took him to a garden-party, and when he had followed me about a little while he put his tail between his legs, and walked off to the carriage, without once looking round or caring what became of me, and when I put him out of the carriage for a constitutional, he just runs on in

though the pans look full He has been proposing to put medicine in the milk by way of discovering the thieves I demur, and he says 'Not kill those men, just make em ill, Mrs,' but still I demur He locks up our punkah-men on the premises at night, in order that they may not go and become night punkah-men elsewhere (they are in the habit of making this Box and Cox arrangement) 'Tis an arbitrary Government altogether here, in generals and in particulars

2 MIDDLETON STREET, CALCUTTA,

May 8, 1874.

To-morrow will bring us a fresh mail—unusually early, *i.e.* on a *Saturday*, which is supposed to show that the monsoon has begun, as it helps on your letters to us, though it retards ours to you A great wind is blowing to-day, which *may* be the fag end of a great storm that has just visited Madras, and of which we have heard by telegraph Can you imagine a wind strong enough to blow the sheet off our beds at night and yet so warm that one can only bear a sheet? not a hot wind either, but a thoroughly *warm* one I have a grass-mat over my mattress and under my sheet, where you have a blanket It feels like horse hair and is beautifully smooth and satiny, whose scent keeps away insects, and which will bear being watered Happily we are not up country, and old Calcuttaites congratulate us on having a *cool* season, but 'cool' is a comparative word used in this sense, however, the evenings are still charming, and we sit out star-gazing

after dinner The Southern Cross is brilliant now, and the Scorpion constellations we never see at home, however, 'tis not worth coming here to behold them (the Great Bear and Orion do just as well)

Mr. Wynne's illness ended fatally, just one week after he dined with us, he died at 10 30 P M and was buried at 6 P M the next day. The Viceroy and all the principal officials, including of course Arthur, attended his funeral. He leaves a pretty young wife, now in Italy for her health, and the morning before his own death brought him a very poor account of her; in the afternoon he gave his last instructions, and was unconscious the day of his death. He was attacked with cholera two days after dining with us, and (though the doctor was in the house when he was so attacked) sunk under it. He was resident in Cashmere and was urging us so strongly to visit him there, and undertaking a commission for me in the last words we exchanged.

I have just heard that Edward Bradford has a very good appointment; to take the place of a superannuated Colonel Hervey, who has been at the head of the Thug and Dacoit Department. E B is very popular here—all who know him speak of his merit and pleasantness.

I sent you two papers yesterday, though there was nothing special in them, but I think newspapers realise a place to one in many respects. I am looking forward to reading Stafford's Budget in the next set of English papers. The knowing people here, including

Lord Northbrook, have never wished for a slice of English money for India, they think it would be a bad precedent and lead to extravagance, which indeed, I expect, will be the *ultimate* fault found with this Government. They have proceeded rather on the principle of Abyssinian and Ashantee wars, *i.e.* tried to think of all that might be wanted and spared no expense. I hope and expect they will succeed in saving many lives, but also expect they will not have to count the cost, ere undertaking another Famine Prevention business a second time. The English *Spectator* seems already indignant that more people do not die, in order to justify its sensation articles.

Yesterday we went into a garden where the pond was quite covered with pink lotus flowers, hundreds of them, with their dark, blue-green leaves. Do you remember how we used to enjoy them, when you and I were small children, and could just reach the tank in the hothouse at Hurst House? I assure you that when I held one to my nose, a vision of that *old* hot house and you and I in pinafores rose up before me, as I thought how we used to duck the leaves under water in order to see the drops run off, and here there were hundreds of flowers in one little pond, and little white paddy birds (a kind of crane) flitting in and out among them.

2 MIDDLETON STREET,

June 8, 1874

Everything is beautifully green and the rain most acceptable for the sowing of the crops. 'Nothing can

promise better for next autumn,' quoth the Commissioner of Burdnan (one of the worst and poorest districts) on Sunday I heard last night to my great satisfaction that the *Times* has recalled Dr Smith and is sending out another correspondent It seems that Sir R Temple wrote to Lord Salisbury pointing out the discrepancy between *his* letter to Dr. S and the telegram to the *Times* founded on it, that Lord S forwarded this letter to Delane, and that the *Times* has preferred to be hoodwinked no longer This Lord N told me last night, with satisfaction I fancy he does now feel a *little* sore at the many unfavourable comments, for he remarked, 'Now they write that I have yielded to popular clamour and been most wasteful, and that a Viceroy is not worth his salt who can thus yield to the "Newspapers,"' however, time will show, and, of course, this Government has always meant to deal with the famine in quite a different way from what has been hitherto done, *i.e.* to try to prevent it, and in *this*, I hope and believe, they have succeeded

We dined at Government House last night, my only outing for a long time, but we often have a few guests here on Sunday

Arthur had a large party on Thursday the 4th of June of old Etonians, twenty-four in all I *hope* it was successful, but I went out and played a long Bezique with Sir R Couch and Lady Couch during the evening, so heard and saw nothing of it—I enclose you a bill of fare The Etonians ranged over a period

of thirty five years, and many had been there for very short periods—still all had been there. Next morning I found on the table a list of names with the date of their respective arrivals and leaving, and another column telling the number of times they had been switched. Arthur had to make one speech to the toast of 'Moreat I tona' and the youngest member of the party had to respond to a toast of the 'lower boys'. I had two cakes adorned with the motto of 'Moreat I tona'. The prevailing sentiment was that Arthur had better be here another year to give another dinner, but I hope this may not come to pass—some men came from distances of one hundred miles in order to be present thereat.

June 15, 1874

Arthur and his monkey are very amusing—the creature is so devoted to him hides itself when he goes out, and reappears the instant his voice is heard. It leans its ninth against his cheek and tries to get inside his waistcoat in a most caressing fashion, and it spits and scolds at me when I attempt to touch it if with him though at other times it is friendly with me. We allow it freedom during the day and it does no mischief, for it runs about very lightly, and it is tolerably clean in its habits. Arthur's rod is a cedar wood pencil, with which he punishes it for getting on his table or disarranging his papers.

CALCUTTA, *July* 14, 1874.

Sir R. Temple is in Calcutta this week, and gives most flourishing accounts of the prospects throughout the famine districts. He returns at once, however, to supervise the arrangements. I think, were I Viceroy, I should like a subordinate like Sir R. Temple, he is so cheery, sanguine, and self-reliant. We spent Sunday at Barrackpore with him and Lord Northbrook. The latter looks very weary and ought to have a holiday I think. He means to go away to Assam in August and return here for September, the worst month of the year, according to Calcuttaites, but this sets his council free, and I think 'tis well done of him to make the personal sacrifice. We and the rest of the council mean to stay here through August and leave at the end of the month. We, meaning Arthur and myself, hope to spend October also in the hills, but some of the council will return here.

Syed Ameer Ali has just sent me his *Life of Mahomet*, requesting I will give him a 'general opinion of the Mahometan religion, as taken from his standpoint'. A modest request which I could not, nor if I *could*, would I, comply with, as he is a very bigoted, though *broad* Mahometan.

How Weenie would like to see the monkey and Porus together—Hunooman endeavouring to ride on Porus; or to get under him on Porus's own marble table, or to pull out the hairs of Porus's woolly head. I am delighted when they are together, as that is the

only time when Hinnooman is not engaged on mischief of some kind or other

We still have very little rain here, spite of the great quantity that has fallen up country, and the new grass, which I had put down about four weeks ago, looks very mangy and patchy. We do not get a good lasting downpour though the showers are vehement. Captain Baring and I got wet through in two minutes on our way to church on Sunday, and had to turn back. Certainly there was not much for the rain to get through, as my dress consisted of a muslin top silk skirt, one cambric petticoat and a ditto undergarment. I very minor superfluity of dress has been long discarded, though the outside looks much the same as now.

July 21, 1874

Since writing last I have been on pilgrimage to Juggernaut's temple, in hopes of seeing his car dragged, in the identical place where Henry Martin beheld it i.e. Serampore.

Serampore is about fourteen miles hence and it took us about three hours to get up there, striving against tide and against the flooded muddy river swollen with the up-country rains, so swollen that, in fact, the river is always running down *now* whatever the state of the tide.

Lots of fishermen were plying their trade, and at the ghauts or landing places on the river, an unusual number of people were collected, bathing and drinking

Ganges water in honour of the day. Among these pilgrims we landed and walked for about a quarter of a mile to the car, there we found a great crowd and the large ropes ready fastened, but the English District Engineers had just been called in, and declared the axle of the car unsafe, and so it was not to be moved. 'Tis curious to think how we dominate these people for their good, as now the English local magistrate is made accountable for any loss of life on these occasions, and another little trait of their deference and our endeavour to raise them to our standard amused me, *i.e.* the car has been repainted at the request of the English dwellers in Serampore, and all the improper pictures painted over and others substituted. We wandered a little while among the assembled crowd, seeing the fakeers and pilgrims, from all parts of the country, and looking at the booths and their contents—mainly consisting of sweet stuffs, rude pottery, coloured flags, plants, and flowers. Many of the people bought garlands of white flowers, either to decorate themselves or the idol, and, when the idol was brought out of his temple wrapt in red cloth, to the sound of drums and of something really resembling English cheers, he was pelted with flowers by the devotees. (One woman had piles of the beautiful pink lotus for sale.) People dressed up as idols with masks, many arms, powdered faces and imitation cobras round their necks, begged pice from the crowd, some of the beggars prostrated themselves continually, others more touchingly knelt with one

open palm listlessly resting on the ground, there were musicians from Madras, and, in fact the whole thing rather savoured of a Whit Monday fair than of any thing more sacred—Juggernaut's day is the 15th of July. Will antiquarians trace any connection between him and St Swithin? We had a heavy shower during our journey, but alas! no rain fell here the showers are so partial and always skip *us*, and consequently the heat has been really very great the last few days, sun and thermometer as in May, and no air moving, so we have no refreshment in the evenings.

On Saturday I gave a long-promised entertainment to Hindu women—six from Chunder Sen's establishment, and twelve or fourteen from Miss Akroyd's. Chunder Sen's came brightly appparelled in gold and green, etc (one was the wife of a Brahmo missionary now in England), Miss Akroyd's in white petticoats and veils. They all had some cake except the widows, who may not eat anything with egg in it, and plenty of iced water, nothing else. Arthur, the Bradfords, and Lyalls played badminton, which they seemed highly amused to watch, especially when Arthur's monkey insisted on remaining upon his back during the game, shifting its balance very adroitly, and hanging on by the collar of his coat. As it grew dark we came in and had some music, the Bengalee ladies singing a hymn for us. they are mostly married women from sixteen to twenty though at school nominally, really educating there in order to companionise their husbands.

July 28, 1874

We hear from our friends that September is the worst month and resembles in climate the weather of last week, so we must think ourselves very fortunate in getting away. Mr. Forsyth has returned from Yarkand in great spirits, and looking so well that he is a good advertisement for that unpleasant region, where no drop of rain ever falls, and where you alternate from twenty-six degrees of frost in winter to scorching heat in May. He felt the return journey to be more trying than the outward one, as heat increases the rarity of the air and the difficulty of breathing in these high passes, which are eighteen thousand feet above the sea-level.

They have divers silk manufactures in Yarkand, the story being that silkworms were introduced through the medium of a Chinese princess, who married a ruler of Yarkand. Export of silkworms was then strictly prohibited, but this princess hid them in her head-dress, and so conveyed the original silkworm to Yarkand, where now they make carpets and dresses extensively of this material. Mr Forsyth dined out often there, but met with neither tables, chairs, nor eating utensils— one large piece of bread serves as plate, and fingers do the rest, and alternate sweet and meat dishes form the menu.

I have had farewell visits from the editor of the *Friend of India* and his wife: I have ceased to be angry with him, since he met with the heavy and well-deserved punishment of dismissal from the post, of *Times* correspondent. I feel like our doctor, who,

when Smith confessed some imprudence the other day said, I am afraid you'll scold me

'Not if you have been served out by suffering from it, was his response.

I was asking Captain Baring about the course of the Government bag during the Viceroy's absence, and he remarked 'What do you write about? You get and send more letters than anybody else. Do you write about punkahs and jhampan's etc.?' and I told him that I did, and flattered myself I had greatly improved your knowledge of India since I came out. This is true, is it not?

August 16, 1874.

Herewith a little poem I found on Porus's table, showing Arthur has not quite lost his spirits

Sleeping on the marble table
Lies the subject of much fable;
India's King, Iskander's foe;
Ere another dog we know
Noisy, pert, and cross as Porus,
As many centuries lie before us
As now have passed since Grecian ranks
With Indian fought on Sutlej's banks.

SIMLA, September 13, 1874.

I am truly glad to be able to date to you from hence, which we have reached in time for my forty-ninth birthday, as you see.

The thermometer in Arthur's room is at 66, instead of 88, as it was in Calcutta. Our last hot day was at Umballa, when I wrote to you. That

night we left at 2.30, so as to reach the ford of Gogra by daylight. The river was full—almost up to the floor of the carriage—but six stout white oxen to each gharry carriage carried us safely through, and we reached Kalka in time for 9.30 breakfast. There we divided our luggage, sending heavy luggage upon coolies' backs, and we ourselves, with our bags, embarking in the little pony-carts, which go up by the long cart-road. They are like a low tilted cart, with a seat back and front, two wheels, and no springs. Arthur and I went in one, Smith and Rutnum in the other. They are hung so low that one has no fear of being upset—a great comfort, as the khuds are very steep, and the road often narrow, and just now dreadfully rough. But on we trotted and cantered, up and down, through holes and mud a foot deep, and felt with our stout khansomah 'too much shaky in these carts'. However, one gets through the journey in nine or ten hours, and escapes the tedium of the jhampan and its walking pace. We found our house in tolerable order, owing to the exertion of Lady Forsyth and Mrs Bradford, and truly delightful is it to have done with heat, punkahs, etc., for a time.

September 21, 1874

We gave a treat to the native school here last night. They have not had a treat for fifteen years, poor boys! and then it was given by a baboo. They consumed sixty pounds of their own sweetmeats (balls composed of sugar ghee and flour), and then had a magic-lantern

They were very quiet and still, but enjoyed the tiger and its rolling eyes, and knew the Old Testament stories of Moses and Abraham. One hundred and fifty were present altogether, besides a number of outsiders including my jhampannies, who told me all the boys had learnt, and would remember, the name of the Councillor Sahib who gave the feast. A cloth and a blanket comprise the whole stock of clothes of most of these lads, but some are very handsome, with oval faces and straight features, and they stay at school till eighteen or twenty-one. I thought it characteristic that two small English boys, about ten years old, stationed themselves at the doors ere the performance began, and one called to the other, 'If any of these fellows try to come in, just give 'em a knock

LUCKNOW, *November 5, 1874*

You see we are once again in the plains of India, having left our hills on Saturday last, after a tremendous amount of packing up, for our unexpected detention in Calcutta this year, and Arthur's recent ailments, have made me feel more than ever the uncertainties of our Indian affairs, and I could not leave things about with the same confidence that we should reappear to claim them. Then, too, one must protect all precious articles of clothes or furniture from the various destructive insects that abound everywhere, and therefore much is left in the boxes soldered down.

We had a very shaky journey downhill in the

springless pony-cart, over the rocky roads, and one feels it the more because you keep descending into the hotter and more relaxing airs of the plains

We crossed the wide Ganges at Cawnpore on a bridge of boats, and I thought of the thatched boat and the massacre, and all the horrors of that horrid story (one of the four survivors, Colonel Mowbray Thompson, lives in Calcutta, and has just been summoned to give his evidence as to the identity of a supposed Nanā Sahib), and were driven by a rajah—a very small one—in Government employ), and who had his carriage waiting at the station. Here we are the guests of Mr Currie, a son of Sir Frederick Currie, who is judicial commissioner of Oudh—a quiet, pleasing man, living a kind of bachelor life (his wife and family abide, and have long abode, at Pitlochrie, in Scotland), on whom we have descended rather like a whirlwind, as the Stuarts and another couple have arrived simultaneously with ourselves, and the compound is full of spare bedrooms, *i.e.* tents. We, however, are lodged in the house, and Smith has been kept so much awake by the vigilance of the chowkedar or night-watchman, that she has moved to sleep in my dressing-room. The chowkedar is a necessary character here, as we are told Archdeacon Baly's portmanteau was stolen from under his bed (he fast asleep meanwhile) in this house. Generally the chowkedars are thieves, and the keeping one is a necessary blackmail to this community; and they are

anxious to show their vigilance by many shrieks and calls during the night

November 6, 1874.

We have been lionising this pretty place during our two days stay, and found it very interesting, though as all the buildings are of brick and stones, and are comparatively modern, it is neither so solid nor so historical as Delhi and Agra. All the good part of the native quarter of Lucknow was destroyed during and after the siege, and broad roads driven through the other parts. The king's palaces are turned to various uses: one, by the riverside, into a very pretty and commodious club and assembly-room, another (of which the women's apartments alone occupy the buildings round a square considerably larger than Lincoln's Inn Fields, giving one a very Solomonish idea of his late majesty's feminine establishment) is turned into a parliament house for the talookdhars of Oudh, who meet and discuss their affairs here on certain occasions. The Residency, where the great struggle in 1857 took place, remains in ruins, but a very pretty garden is laid out round the shattered buildings, full of shot and shell holes, and ornamental monuments are raised to the memory of those who were killed there. There is the foundation of the house defended by the Martinière boys, and the underground dark rooms in which the soldiers' wives were placed for safety, and the roofless ruined banquetting-hall, used as a hospital and the building

where Sir Henry Lawrence was wounded—and one wonders more and more to see the frail streets, buildings, and low boundary-walls, which enabled our people to escape with about the lives of half their number against the hosts outside. Certainly if we, as a nation, were clever enough to know when we were beaten, we could not have done it.

This morning we have been visiting the tomb of one of the former kings, kept up in considerable splendour by a wealthy Mussulman foundation. The tomb was enclosed with walls of solid silver, in a building paved with handsome marbles, and *full* of elaborate chandeliers, standard and hanging. They say the effect when lighted up is very good. We were conducted round by a moonshee, and a dozen scarlet officials with silver pokers escorted us, and gave us, on leaving the building, a ‘dress of honour,’ i.e. a kind of garment of tinsel and beads thrown over our necks. Then we drove through a garden sacred to monkeys, and Amyas would have enjoyed seeing the hundreds and thousands of them climbing about the trees, and sitting on the ground perfectly at home and tame. (Remembrances of Hunooman made Porus rather excited as he passed this spot.)

CALCUTTA, *November 13, 1874.*

Once again we have returned to our town house, with its ever-open windows, big rooms, noisy crows, etc. etc. It has all been painted and white-washed during our absence, and we look very green and white,

as there are an immense quantity of green wood jalousies to our wide verandah windows, etc. etc

The monkey reappeared soon after our arrival, and once more perched himself on Arthur's shoulder, but seemed to have forgotten Porus, whom he decidedly cut in the first instance, though now their friendship is as close and uproarious as ever. I regret to say monkeys can tell fibs, *et* this one, if he wants Porus's society, utters a shriek of terror, the same that he uses at the approach of a swooping kite, and thus induces Porus to rush and see what is the matter, for the dauntless Porus considers it his duty to chase away all invading crows and kites, and would scarcely be frightened by a *roc*, should that Eastern bird appear one day.

We have a new pet—a lovely white Persian cat—given to me yesterday, with a bushy tail and silken coat, and most meek apparently, though its only diet is raw meat, and it is not to touch cooked meat, milk or anything else, I am told, on penalty of losing its lovely coat, which makes Porus's fleece seem quite harsh and horse-hairy in comparison. Its *name* is the present subject of interest. I want to ascertain the name of the princess who was turned into a white cat, but doubt if it is recorded. Arthur thinks of Chosroe (the Persian form of Cyrus), this cat being Persian, and Cyrus itself bearing too close a resemblance to Porus. If he has his way, our character for erudition and eccentricity will be increased, as I should think still fewer Anglo-Indian ladies have heard of

Chrosœ than of Porus. Another evil trait in the monkey is that he has bitten no native servant during our absence, but directly we return he has ranged himself on our side, and bites all our fresh servants

Arthur will have no time for writing to-day. He has returned to much work here, and I am sorry to say Government have carried off one of his assistants, Mr Fitzpatrick, to investigate and get up the prosecution of the so-called Nana. They want it well done, and it is a compliment to Mr. F., but a sacrifice on Arthur's part. This 'Nana' was in Cawnpore the day that we were there—seventeen years ago. How little I thought we might ever be so near one another, and in that place, of which I always had a horror. I could not make up my mind to go and see the well, with its ornamental enclosure and angel figures above, which Arthur and Smith visited. All is now converted into a very pretty garden, into which no natives, except the gardeners, are ever allowed to enter.

There are great doubts as to the identity of this individual, and a discussion as to hair, scars, etc., which brings Tichborne again to mind.

November 27, 1874

I tell Arthur that we have had so much of one another here, that we must part for six months when we go home, that we may acquire a little variety of ideas respectively, in order to start comfortably again. Really, it has been *everything* to be able to be together here, and I have not had one line from him except

Send luncheon to office, or some such interesting communication, since we came to India. He has again been ailing, or rather continuing to ail, with sciatica. It has continued rather obstinately through the last ten days but is, I hope, mending now, under the influence of galvanism, which he can administer to himself through a battery lent him by the doctor. I also think he is somewhat relieved by getting through Tuesday's council when he had some six or seven bills on hand to introduce or report on. One, on Civil Appeals, touches the interests of the barristers and pleaders (as its tendency is to diminish litigation), and consequently it meets with a good deal of hostility from a race who can and do express themselves freely both by tongue and pen.

We do not talk much about the Nana Sahib, but I think there is a general impression that he is the wrong man. One picturesque story is that the Nana performed his own funeral ceremonies, over one of his fingers, which he cut off for the purpose in Nepaul, and then escaped, hoping thus to throw his enemies off the scent. Did I tell you how the very same man who forced Sir Henry Durand to escape from Indore, and who murdered thirty Europeans left in the place was conducted to execution about two months ago by Sir Henry Durand's son, who happened to be deputy-commander in Indore just now—after a lapse of seventeen years?

The country is looking beautiful now—so green, and the tanks full of water. In some of the shallow

ones there grows a kind of water convolvulus, with edible roots, which the natives collect in large quantities. They are black, and taste rather like cold potatoes or flavourless chestnuts. In Cashmere it forms a staple food to the inhabitants of the marshy valleys, and here it is a regular article of consumption.

Christmas Day, 1874.

We are making so hard to believe it is real Christmas, having turkey and plum-pudding and mince-pies for dinner, and, if we can possibly bear it, a wood and coke fire. The last few evenings it has been quite cold enough to enjoy a fire (but it is warm again to-day), and I have had a table and lamp by it, and read my *Times* there in the faint and vague hope I might thereby transport myself home; and it does seem to me so odd the newspapers should be full of the *fares* on English railways, and suchlike small deer, while we have Beluchistan, Baroda, Khelat, etc., on our hands, and the questions whether we shall annex a few millions of people or establish a few monarchs. ‘Oh dear, I wish I was back again among the small deer!’ said Lord Northbrook, when I remarked this to him the other day, and truly he has an Atlas-like position here.

I do wonder what you are *doing*, but know you will be thinking of the living and the dead and the half-dead, *i.e.* ourselves, for it seems sometimes as if the waters had gone over one’s soul, and one had awoke to life in another country among other folk.

Tuesday we dined at Government House, and on Wednesday attended the great gathering of natives and Europeans there.

One rajah has a magnificent diamond, value £6000 given to his ancestor by Clive out of Surajah Dowlah's treasury at Moorahedabad and his family have now had it for five generations. He told us how it had dropped out of its setting on his wedding-day, and how afraid he had been that his father would beat him for its loss, however, luckily it was found, and the happy (?) bridegroom escaped the rod.

I have such a dear little pet, a tiny monkey from Singapore, given to me by Mr Apear. It is much smaller and quieter than Arthur's, about the size of a baby rabbit, and it lies in the palm of my hand and sleeps there, and makes little nibbly noises of satisfaction. Arthur thought of calling it Weenie in honour of Amyas, but, finding in it a strong personal likeness to Mr Beales of Hyde Park railings notoriety has altered its name to Beales, which, being monosyllabic, is very convenient.

Arthur is quite glad to escape the Barrackpore visit, as it would have consumed time.

December 31, 1874

Sir D Forsyth has brought his younger daughter here, a fair, merry girl but not as pretty as her engaged sister Jessie, and we made him tell us mutiny stories last night one, how (he was living as deputy commander at Umballa, quite alone and six miles

from the military station) a set of villagers, living some thirty miles off, offered to come and protect his house and compound from all stray mutineers, marauders, etc., and how comfortably he went to sleep each night under their very efficient protection, for he never lost anything nor was in the least molested, *but* how, when Delhi was taken, and the correspondence of the king fell into English hands, there was found among it a letter from this very headman, saying he had completely surrounded and had in his power the deputy-commissioner of Umballa, and would send his head to the king whenever the king might so desire

Another story he told was, how there was a regiment, commanded by a certain de Kantzow, which mutinied and broke up. An order had been sent out that all stray soldiers from mutinous regiments should be killed wherever caught. One of this particular regiment was caught at Umballa. Mr Forsyth immediately ordered his execution, but as he was mounting the ladder a bystander called out, 'O Sahib, you are hanging a good, true man this time,' and he said this in such a tone of conviction that the officer superintending the execution stopped its proceedings and reported to Mr Forsyth, who at the moment was much annoyed, but they delayed the execution till he could hear from Captain de Kantzow, who wrote, 'I am particularly glad you have done so, as *this* was the man who saved *my* life when the regiment mutinied.'

1875

CALCUTTA, *January* 8, 1875

I ATTENDED a picnic last Saturday The Markbys gave it, and all our party, save the busy Artbur, went. It took place at Hooghly, about twenty miles hence, in the house of a motwallah or moonshee the head of a large Mahometan college which we visited. The college is founded and endowed in memory of Hossein or of Ali, I really forget which though a model of his tomb stands within its precincts The walls are covered with Arabic characters (verses from the Koran), a clock with Arabic figures marks the hours, a tank in the middle of the courtyard is full of goldfish and has fountains playing in it. The river-terrace commands a lovely reach of the river so that altogether the pious founder showed good taste in his selection of a spot wherein to consecrate and perpetuate the memory of the pious Imaums, who perished for their faith's sake. The head of the college lent us his pretty house by the river bank, and contributed to our repast a roast kid with a lemon in its mouth and some loaves of *shemal* a kind of solid bread, which was rather nice though heavy Afterwards he had much Persian talk with Sir D Forsyth, and it turned out that he had accompanied Captain Conolly

to Cabul, and assured us none of the misfortunes there would have happened had *his* advice been taken. Now he is an old man of eighty-one. Afterwards we visited the church at Bandel, said to be the oldest Christian church in India, built by the Portuguese; but there is nothing remarkable in it save, perhaps, the smallness of the congregation, as only six Roman Catholic families, black or white, live in the neighbourhood. We've had many strange visitors to Calcutta during the past week, Sir Salar Jung, the clever prime minister of the Nizam of the Deccan, the Rajah of Joudpore, one of the blue blood of India, for he traces an unbroken descent far beyond the Christian era, and is one of the solar race sacred in Hindu eyes, a wild-looking short man with brothers who greatly enjoy badminton. Then we have four Burmese, envoys, got up in white satin coats and striped silk petticoats with wisps of muslin round their heads; they *eat everything*, but they may not *kill*, so they heartily enjoy a flesh-dinner when they can get it, and Lord Northbrook induced them to take kirschwasser by the assurance that it is a peculiar kind of water. Then a very old man appears, the head cad, and who remembers all the governor-generals since Lord Will. Bentinck's time, and there are Javdoos and Mahometans of all kinds and sorts and of one degree of Anglicisation.

January 22, 1875.

Porus sends thanks, by anticipation, for his present from Amyas's Christmas-tree, his and Chosroes'

intercourse has subsided into utter indifference. Neither takes the slightest notice of the other, except that Porus always watches Chosroes meals and, if the smallest bit is left uneaten, finishes it, but he always waits till Chosroes has done. Chosroes is like Pope's Chloe, and chiefly distinguished for want of heart, she has displayed no affection or interest in anything save her meals. Beales, on the other hand, is troublesomely affectionate, and insists on being nursed in a way that would be very inconvenient, and gifted with the power of clinging on, which would be very convenient to a human baby. It is quite difficult to disengage him from one's arm. I have never heard Arthur laugh so heartily in India as he did last night when, having dislodged Beales before dressing, the little creature (the size of a small rat) sat on the floor, scolding, squealing and squalling just like an enraged baby, and would not be comforted till he took it up. Honeymoon is devoted to it and cuddles it whenever he can get a chance of so doing, sleeping with it in his arms in such a curiously human fashion.

I have another pet, but only interesting from its history. This is a partridge or chicken brought all the way from Yarkand. Captain Chapman gave it me, thinking, I suppose, that I have an open heart for pets. It is fat and lame, most like a dove in plumage, and with red beak and legs. All the others died save this one, who has travelled I don't know how many thousand miles, and crossed passes 18,000 feet high. One fancies if it could talk it would be *interesting*, but

perhaps this is a delusion, as other bipeds who have done the like and *can* talk are not always so. Have I not grown old-maidish with all my pets and all my twaddle about them? Truly, Beales is a great social help, as he climbs on to every visitor in hopes of getting a warm corner, and people laugh, and I am surprised, and find something else to talk of than weather and weddings.

A son of Mr Gladstone and friend of Henry Hobhouse is here, but I have not seen him yet. He is in a house of business.

February 5, 1875

We have a distinguished visitor here now, Holkar, one of the Mahratta princes, an independent sovereign. He was at Government House on Tuesday, and many people were introduced to him. He duly inquired their rank, and if it was a councillor he rose, saying, 'Councillor Sahib,' and embraced the presentee by placing his head on each shoulder in turn, all his attendants rising with a jump as he did this. If the presentee was of a lesser rank he remained sitting and salaamed, but when the Foreign Secretary appeared, 'Ah, we are old friends, friends of the stomach!' (meaning it is supposed bosom friends) and gave him the councillor's salute. His emeralds and diamonds were magnificent, and Miss Baring's handsome ornaments looked nothing beside them, but he had rather a brutal, coarse face.

I have had two native entertainments this week ;

one on Friday last, when I entertained some twenty or thirty Bengalee ladies, two children, and a few English ditto. I need not say that the ladies were all of the Brahma-Somaj or else of the Christian persuasion, as no orthodox Hindu lady will venture out among male folk. They played badminton (rather badly) with the Forsyths, Arthur, and Miss Baring, etc., then had cake and fruit on the lawn and then came in to the magic lantern which all seemed to enjoy as well as the amusement afforded by our menagerie of animals and they especially appreciated the fairy tales and the magic lantern, as they have read 'Red Riding Hood, etc. Arthur told them the story of 'Jack and the Beanstalk' they understand English but are too shy to speak it. On Saturday there was a large picnic given by the editor of the *Pioneer*, but we (i.e. Arthur) were too busy to go.

Monday, we entertained the Yarkand envoy at dinner, he is really a well bred man and can make quite pretty speeches, though, of course, in Persian. I showed him a photo-album after dinner, pointing out portraits of Lord Salisbury and Disraeli, etc., that I thought might interest him. Presently he asked through his interpreter, if there was a portrait of the mem sahib herself in the book. I answered, No. 'Then, said he closing the book, 'I do not care to look at anything further in it. This, for a man from Central Tartary, and who has never seen ladies' society, is pretty neat, I think. He gave a large framed photo of himself to Miss Baring, and she returned a small

one of herself with some apology for so doing 'The smaller it is, the more constantly can it be my companion,' quoth he We had another Mussulman and *your* two nawabs at dinner, the bishop and Miss Milman, etc The nawabs regretted England and its society and the partners they used to have. (Here no lady would *dream* of dancing with a native, and one of the faults I have heard of in Lady Mayo, was her going through a quadrille with the rajah of Vizianagram, a most anglicised and well-bred individual) Tuesday, we dined with Lord Northbrook, and I saw his Assam sketches, very pretty, slight, tasteful drawings One of the dinner guests was old Judge Kemp, who has been forty-four years in India without going home When he left England there was not a railway in the country, and his father was building the first house in Belgrave Square His grandfather sold the land on which the pavilion was built to George IV, and Kemptown will eventually belong to his son, a half-caste Meanwhile this old judge is going to England to get some money from the reversion of this valuable property, which is all out on ninety-nine years' grass-lease His brown wife stays here

VICEROY'S CAMP, DELHI,

March 28, 1875

I must write you some account of the durbar that has taken place this morning, and which is the largest the present Viceroy has yet held Many and great were the preparations (even the chairs from our tents

were all requisitioned yesterday), and when we went to dinner we found the two great reception and dining tents thrown into one, and seats provided for some seven hundred or so guests, a very broad avenue up the centre led to the chair of state, a work of silver and gold, before which was laid an oval crimson carpet with the Royal Arms in the centre. These arms are useful as well as ornamental for the centre of the carpet marks the exact spot to which the Viceroy advances to meet the biggest of the presented rajahs, *i.e.* Puttiala. On one side of the carpet are some eight or ten chairs for the biggest of the native visitors the Foreign Secretary, etc etc on the other are an equal number for the Lieutenant-Governor, members of council (of whom Arthur is the only representative here), secretaries, judges etc

At 5 A.M. one loud gun woke us and all the camp, and our protecting regiment *i.e.* 15th Hussars, native cavalry, English infantry, etc all began to be alert and on the move. At 7 the first and least dignified of the native visitors began to gather and went on coming in detachments till 8 A.M.

Shortly after 8 we ladies entered, sneaking in by a side door at 8.30. The band struck up God save the Queen, and the Viceroy came, through the main entrance, preceded by his staff. Then each individual of the three or four hundred natives was introduced and presented his nuzzer or present. They used to give gold mohurs, but now, I think present nothing but a pocket handkerchief in their uplifted hands. (A

memorandum of the present each man is entitled to offer, *i.e.* its money value, which varies from £3000 to one gold mohūr, according to the rank and status of the individual presented, is sent to the F O., and the value made out in goods beforehand, and thus returned to them.) The Viceroy touches the present, and the presentee withdraws. The backing over the carpet was some matter of difficulty to the old and infirm, and to the very juvenile rajahs. There were some not more than four years old, a few of these being direct heirs, whose fathers are very anxious to present them, and thus get their position recognised by the English Government. The first presented, the Puttiala Maharajah, was a gorgeous figure—half a dozen strings of diamonds roped up around his turban, and emeralds, pearls, and diamonds in abundance round and over his dress. He wore the Star of India clasp, and had a short petticoat and silk stockings, which approximated his further to that of an English Court dress.

Next to him sits a Mahometan potentate, the Nawab of Bhaugulpore, a bright-eyed lad of fourteen, a capital player at polo and at badminton, but who yet could sit through the durbār with greater repose and quietude than the Viceroy himself, so easily does a certain quiet dignity come to Orientals. He wore a white satin dress and trousers, with white boots, and a plume of feathers in his hāt (said to be more valuable than precious stones, so rare are they and so long have they been in his family).

In the next chair, but below these two (who were the only ones the Viceroy rose to greet), came the old Rajah of Jheend, with a long beard and a helmet covered with jewels, that might have come out of a mediæval picture or a pantomime. Malik Kotia (whose territory was the scene of the Kooka outbreak) is a slim lad of eighteen, clad in blue satin, and said to be a nice boy, as, indeed, most of these lads are reported to be when under our tutelage, though, alas! most turn out badly when our guardianship is removed and they act for themselves.

Gradually the presentees declined in rank. Sundry old priests, pundits, and soldiers who had done good service in the Mutiny appeared, as well as bankers and merchants—(I like to see the soldiers present their swords to be touched by the Viceroy), and after an hour and a half this ceremony was over and the presents brought in. Trays of divers articles, sometimes to the number of twenty or thirty, were laid on the floor and removed again. Dresses of honour, *i.e.* a little chain of pearls put round the necks of the most distinguished of the presentees, generally by the hands of the Under Secretary of the Foreign Office Department. Then the Viceroy made a little speech, speaking of the prosperity of the Punjaub, the Baroda business, the Burmah business (in the papers concerning which, I am sorry to say, Arthur, spite of thermometer and promised holiday, is now plunged), and the Prince of Wales's visit. When he had finished, Mr Aitchison translated the speech in Hindustanee, and

we tried to detect a spark of interest in the news announced in the faces of any one present, but failed to do so, though one spectator declared the mention of Baroda did evoke an expression on the face of one old rajah present.

The end of all things was a distribution of attar and pan to every one present, so that the tent smelt like the inside of an attar of rose bottle. Then the Viceroy departed, and Miss Baring followed, and the Puttiala rajah and we ladies sneaked off by a side door, and gladly sat down to breakfast at 11.30 o'clock.

March 24, 1875.

We have another interesting morning to-day, having fought the siege of Delhi over again in Colonel Greathed's company. He was one of the engineer officers connected with the siege, and wounded in the last attack. He showed us everything—the roads by which the troops approached; the rivers and canal which bounded our position and supplied us with water, then the posts taken up on the ridge, and the various positions of the batteries as they advanced to the Cashmere gate of Delhi, even the hole poked through a wall by an officer's bayonet, with a view to shooting the gunners of a neighbouring battery, is still there. He told us, too, how four men were shot down when attempting to cross the beams which were the only part left of the bridge approaching the gate of the city, and when a fifth came, one of the dying men said, 'At any rate, let me *light* the match.' It

was a very interesting morning, but somehow seems to weigh on one's spirits, perhaps because it makes one realise how slight our hold is here, and how many there must be still living who remember our victory then with wrath and hatred.

Spite of heat and discomfort I must say I enjoy these glimpses of oriental life. Simla and Calcutta are both so anglicised in social matters and the former so English in climate, that it is only on these occasions that one feels quite in the East. Camels and elephants bring all supplies into camp, and yesterday we passed quantities of gardens thick with orange trees, guavas, and a kind of plum like apple.

UNIBALLA, *April 1, 1875*

When I last wrote we were in camp at Delhi, and just starting with the Viceregal party for an expedition to the Kootub twelve miles from Delhi, one of the old ruined 'Delhis, of which there are three distinct cities besides the present one. We all left in a char-a-banc about 7 A.M., and drove down to an empty house, or rather a tomb converted into a house, among the ruins. Furniture was sent out to us—not a very ample supply—but these natives are never at a loss and improvised a wash hand basin for Arthur by knocking off the top of one of the ordinary water chatties.

Next morning the rest of the party mounted the Kootub Minar, said to be the tallest single column in the world (though Arthur says it is not nearly so high

as some of the great factory chimneys), in order to have a good view over the Campagna of Delhi and its ruins I walked in the garden(?) or enclosure below, to find a sketching spot, and was startled by Porus's finding a wild boar, which ran out of a thicket in front, and crossed the road just before me, pursued by Porus, and by mine and the chuprassee's anxious cries after the latter. However, nothing further happened, and I should have believed I had only seen a black pig, with bristly mane and arched back, but for the evidence of the chuprassee and of a gentleman, who said wild boars were very common in this particular spot.

In the evening of the day we had a picnic tea at Toghlukabad. Toghluk was an ancient Pathan king, who flourished about A D 1300, and whose son put him out of the way by inducing him to ride an elephant over a road, and into a pavilion, so arranged that the whole building came down when trodden on, and killed Toghluk, who had previously built himself a magnificent tomb of white marble and red sandstone, and erected a great fortified city, now completely ruined and desolate, the tomb alone remaining, and the huge walls and bastions of the citadel, around and about which we climbed and sketched, and at the foot of which we had tea.

Sunday was Easter Sunday, and we got to church in the evening, and on Monday started in the special train, which conveyed the Viceroy and divers of his guests to pay a visit to the Maharajah of Puttiala,

about thirty miles from this place. It is rather nice travelling in this regal fashion scarcely halting anywhere, and when we did having a carpeted and flower-decorated station, with a grand luncheon set out in it, and ample time wherein to eat it. When we reached our destination, we were told off into carriages to drive over eighteen miles of road to our camp near Puttiala. Four miles from Puttiala the rajah appeared and took Lord Northbrook into his carriage. Just outside the city gates was gathered a concourse of people and elephants, and we got out of our carriage and mounted on elephants, and proceeded immediately after the Viceroy, to parade in procession through the streets of Puttiala—a poor town, but made gay by crowds of people covering roofs and verandahs of houses, by flags, and by paper flowers containing the oil saucers, with which an illumination was intended.

In the evening we went to a big dinner of some one hundred and twenty, all Europeans, gathered together and invited to Puttiala for the occasion. The evening was concluded by a very vulgar, objectionable English play—at least the play was not so bad, but the actors were—and I felt quite sorry to think the Hindus should think we admire and enjoy such a real music hall kind of performance, and for which the rajah was to pay £400!

Next day was furiously hot, and I was glad to spend the whole of it in a very pretty garden pavilion, got up and furnished for Miss Baring, with

a tank and fountain immediately outside the windows, and tatties, punkahs, etc., which kept us comfortably cool; while Arthur preferred remaining in his tent, where the temperature rose to 97 during the day, and when I asked about it, said, 'Oh, the heat is too *dry* to be oppressive!'—at Calcutta he always said, 'Oh, the heat here is too damp to be oppressive!'—the real fact being that he scarcely does mind heat at all, and does not, I think, suffer from it either in feelings or in health. When evening came, I drove with Miss Baring to see some wild animals belonging to the maharajah, among them some fine tigers, which he keeps, like caged foxes, with a view to having a tiger hunt, when they are turned out. Then in the evening we went to his palace and saw a native durbar, in a large hall, lighted with some fifty or so of immense glass chandeliers, looking more like Osler's glass shop than anything else. (He has just paid £2000 for a combined fountain and chandeliers.) The native durbar was just like the English—swords and gold mohurs presented to Lord Northbrook. Then we all adjourned to a verandah to see fireworks, which were good, only, as the wind blew the wrong way (for *us*, I mean), our verandah grew unbearably full of smoke, and we retreated to another great hall, full of chandeliers, where dinner was set out for one hundred and twenty guests. The rajah absented himself for the first course, but came in afterwards and proposed the Queen and Lord Northbrook's health, and the latter made a neat answer, and praised the

rajah as a loyal subject, and a hospitable host and neighbour to the English. Directly after dinner (and Lord Northbrook and I each dined on soup and one tough leg of chicken, so difficult was it to secure anything in the struggle and confusion, and so busy were the viceregal servants in looking after fireworks instead of after their masters) we took leave of the rajah, and followed Lord Northbrook home, where we also took leave of him as his party broke up that night—and heartily glad is he that all is over, and well over.

RAVENSWOOD, SIMLA,

April 7, 1875

We have come to anchor again in our mountain home, having safely accomplished the last journey we shall take for the next six months and constantly I said to myself, ‘This is the last but one of these long up-country journeys which are certainly the most trying ones as by the time we go down the weather is cool enough to make the travelling very tolerable. I was much interested to see all that we saw in the Viceroy’s company, and liked our companions, though I thought he would be rather tired of me as his unvarying breakfast and dinner neighbour for ten days. Indian etiquette allotted me this place and no one else *would* ever take it. I will send you a *Pioneer* giving an account of our Puttiala visit and also of the Baroda business, which we see, per telegraph, the papers are taking up in a very hostile

way to this Government. Somehow or other rich Indian magnates do get their causes advocated in the English press, though, of course, bribery is quite, quite out of date. However, it does not much matter what the papers say, if the authorities suspend judgment till the whole case is before them. The Indian papers have been gradually singing smaller and smaller about the Goorkhas' wrongs, and Sergeant Ballantine's merits. I believe that Colonel Phayre is hot-headed and injudicious, and quite lost his temper when undergoing a cross-examination which he thought insulting. The secretary of the Commission, Mr Jardine, arrived here yesterday, with all the papers connected with it, as there was fear they would be tampered with or destroyed if allowed to come by any ordinary means of communication. My jhampan mate has just come in to know whether I shall object to him and his men (my jhampannies and bearers) shaving their heads and beards. The rajah of this country is dead, and this is their court mourning. But some ladies object to the appearances of shaved men, however, I do not, as I think it secures cleanliness. I have got high caste men — Rajpoots (do not be like Mr Forbes of the *Daily News*, and confound high caste with delicate nurture), as my jhampan coolies this year, because it is part of their religion to wash before eating, and this secures a daily ablution of some kind or other. Water is very scarce here now, and we have still two months to wait for the rainy season. I hope we shall not have to send

away our horses, as has been done in some dry seasons here

April 15, 1875

We have your letter of March 16, enclosing one from Agnes to her father, the last she will write from foreign parts, I expect. Sometimes I feel quite jealous that we did not see Rome together, and that she will be in the proud position of informing us what is worth seeing when we go there. I hope Lucy's court dress will turn out quite satisfactory and I should like to see the pair of daughters-in-law, though still better to see my own dear sister in her smart attire. Black with white lace is remarkably useful, as I find here, for it looks smart and the black train gets the most of our dusty floors and crushing modes of conveyance. Sometimes, I think I will go altogether into black, but then come weddings and one or two other suchlike events, for which one wants light colours. I shall try to get another Hindu woman's dress and shall be very grateful if you will let Miss Sicklemore see yours and make it accordingly for Humphrey has always so much talent in adapting things, and a black petticoat is highly useful both in Simla and Calcutta. 'How much more about petticoats! I fancy Stafford saying as he looks down my letter so I will try to tell you of other things, only all our politics are as tedious as twenty times-told tales ere they can reach you. We are, of course (though not in speech for people don't talk politics here) in

thought full of this Gaikwar business, and very desirous of Lord Salisbury's opinion on *that* of the Viceroy-in-Council here, which opinion was despatched to him yesterday by telegram *We*, as you will know, wish to depose the Gaikwar, and let the widows of the former ruler adopt, and we especially wish to receive nothing for ourselves, either money or territory It is said there is a great feeling throughout India in favour of the Gaikwar, but even its existence, or at any rate the manifestation of its existence, shows that we have given these people a slightly greater notion of independence and of freedom of expression than they have had ; but none of our people see how they *could* restore a man whom three of our judges have found guilty of the attempt to *poison* I suppose time alone will show whether the Commission was a wise proceeding , but some of those who hailed its formation, and thought it a most excellent warning to native rulers, are now so disappointed at the disagreement in the verdict, and fearful of the result, that they are inclined to think the whole thing a mistake. Time will show, I suppose, and nothing else , but there have been so many occasions in India which have been called and thought so critical, and out of which we have emerged all right, that I am hopeful, and we certainly hope to come out of this business with clean hands, as far as any profit in money or power to our own nation is concerned Poison has been common in Baroda—one Resident, I am told, died there *probably* from it, and that Sir James Outram thought he never recovered

from the effects of something given to him when there. This man, the Gaikwar, is fully believed to have poisoned his brother, whose body he burnt, before the investigation demanded by the resident could take place. Arthur has been very busy over this affair, as his legal experience is useful. He thinks Sergeant Ballantine amusing and clever, but however stupid and wrong-headed Colonel Phayre might be proved to be, it does not alter the fact of the attempt to poison, and the question as to who made it, which were the two things the commissioner had to inquire into. Well, I will finish about Baroda, whose destiny will be settled long ere this can reach you but have nothing else to tell you. We are in an uninteresting state of good health, while most of our neighbours are suffering from fevers and colds, consequent on the change of temperature on coming up here. Mr Clive Bayley, now with us, has a dreadful sore throat and cold, and is occupied in cataloguing jams and pickles, etc. (his own stores that are to be sold ere a new tenant occupies his house), whenever not engaged about Baroda. Such are the consequences of being here without any womenkind, for there is no one to do those useful little businesses here, and every one makes their own inventories and price-lists for themselves. You will probably see Mr C. Bayley, who will join his wife and daughters (of whom he has eight) in London.

He is a mine of knowledge, but somehow it is like the 'entertaining knowledge' books of our youth, more of the latter than of the former.

The Maharajah of Kashmere arrived yesterday with a little suite of six hundred people, who are all encamped on the hill next to ours. I do hope they won't drink all the supply of water, which is very short this year. Many people have to send one and a half miles for it, and our bheesties have to go far down a precipitous khud for ours. We've just heard that our new member of council is to be Sir Colin Arbuthnot, from Madras, and people seem to approve the selection, but Arthur thinks our council is becoming like Solomon's, too full of old men (only, after all, Rehoboam's old advisers seem to have been wiser than the young ones). All are fifty upwards, except Lord Northbrook himself, who is forty-nine. How dreadfully Indian I grow! It seems useless commenting on home news, though we read it with great interest.

I am glad Mt. is amusing herself with balls and French ambassadors and the like. We heard in our last letter that poor Henry Hobhouse had a mournful coming of age, being quite ill with a bad cough, and sent to his aunts at Bournemouth for change of air.

29th April 1875

There are so many new people here—eight young officers, all strangers, called on Monday, when I was 'not at home'; then there are five strange majors and their wives all in one hotel, etc. etc.

The Maharajah of Kashmere has called with a little suite of thirty horsemen. He made pretty speeches

tn Arthur, who remarked he should like to visit his (Maharajah's) country. 'It's not my country! It's the Queen's!' quoth the rajah, 'and therefore, of course, you can come when you will, and besides, are you not my brother, and will I not therefore do everything to make you or any friend of yours comfortable?'

May 7, 1875

Of course we are still full of Baroda, and rather indignant at the various comments of the English Press, which unite in abusing the Viceroy, however different their opinions may be. The *Spectator* says, whether innocent or guilty, we must restore the Gaikwar to show our magnanimity and the *Pall Mall*, that whether innocent or guilty, we must depose him, to show our courage. The whole Indian Press resent, but chiefly in the way of saying we ought to have been high handed and depose the Gaikwar (and now many of them add, annex his dominions)

I have no Simla news. Arthur goes on with his daily badminton, and I, with some sketching, chiefly of flowers.

June 21, 1875

I am so glad that you were interested in Arthur's resolution in the Baroda business, and of course you all know, long ere this, that the inconsistency between it and the proclamation was caused by Lord Salisbury's peremptory interference with this Government. He was unwilling to allow the deposition and only con-

sented with the condition that the finding of the commissioners should not appear as a reason for so doing. I believe all the councillors saw the weakness and illogicality of this proceeding (I heard Lord Napier deeply regret it), but the Viceroy could not disobey, especially as Lord Salisbury had unwillingly conceded the permission to depose, to the earnest (telegraphic) representations of this Government. I fancy Lord Northbrook enjoys the ill-will of the Press, both here and at home, because he discourages any official connection with it, and the Press, however they quarrel among themselves, unite, like husband and wife, against any one who disregards them, at any rate until *any one* has become quite a leading figure in the world.

July 6, 1875.

We have *the* rains now, quite a different thing from rain, for it pours for hours and leaves one wrapt in white mist at other times; however, the doctors will rejoice, for they said Simla was becoming very unhealthy with the mixture of warm sun and soft showers we've had lately. Cholera has broken out among the natives. My neighbour, Lady Clarke, went out to dinner on Monday last, carried as usual by six jhampan-men. The next morning she sent to order her jhampan, and found two men had died in the night of cholera, poor wretches! One cannot wonder when one sees the pounds of green apricots and plums they consume, and the wretched single rag that covers them when not in uniform.

One or two of the places near Simla (whence the cholera is supposed to come) have been put into quarantine. There is a strong idea, theory or superstition, that cholera breaks out strongly every third year (it was rather bad in 1872), and it has been bad in Oudh this year. We are far too crowded at Simla to be healthy, for, through each family living in huts around us, the Bazaar is a real ant hill.

We have, I hope, settled the Burmese question *without* war and the sticklers for ceremony hope, with Sir J. D. Forsyth's shoes *on* his feet.

July 19, 1875

Simla is rather gloomy just now, owing to the continuance of cholera here, very few Europeans have died of it, and those mostly young children, only two grown up men, I believe but the poor natives fall victims in numbers. Five servants of Sir A. Clarke's have died of it, and so suddenly that yesterday one of the jhampannies sent out by a gentleman to get wood, was *found* dead in the jungle.

We have escaped as yet from any cases on our premises. A bottle of chloral and spoon is kept ready and accessible at any hour of the day or night for our people. I have lime-sprinkled wherever there are foul smells, and the khansamah goes into every servant's house each day to see that it is clean. Our fruit trees have been stripped bare, and you might have smiled and perhaps sighed to see a little rough tank half-filled with apricots, of which there are a prodigious number.

this year, and which we consider to be unwholesome for the natives under the present circumstances, and of which we have already made an ample stock of jam and syrup

Evening parties or suchlike gatherings are put an end to for the present, as it seems unavoidable to collect crowds of jhampannies where there is no shelter for them, and they are horribly afraid themselves of this illness. I offered to mine to leave me, if they liked, as I can get on with the pony, but they prefer staying, and so we go on and hope for some long rainy days, which will probably be more efficacious than anything else in cleansing and driving away this plague

There is a man here with more objectionable pets than Weenie's rats. He keeps a pet scorpion (also large spiders three and a half inches in breadth), and seemed quite mournful that he could not rear a family of youthful scorpions, 'They were beautiful,' he remarked pathetically, 'as white as ivory.' His Hindu bearer suggested milk as a suitable diet, but everything failed.

August 9, 1875.

We have had eighteen inches of rain from Sunday to Sunday, and the average in London is about twenty for the whole year, so I think we shall hardly recognise English rain as such when we go home, the banks and roads, and roofs of the servants' houses (made of mud), melt like sugar under these influences, and Simla

was unapproachable for a day or two, owing to the destruction of both our roads. The rivers all over the world seem to have been taking to breaking bounds. The Ganges has risen eighteen inches over previous flood marks, and melted down a great portion of Allahabad, the Garonne, the river at Buda, the Wye, and now I see that the Mississippi, have all been breaking bounds. Well, the rain has, I hope, washed away our cholera, and I can look over my garden wall without seeing, or fearing to see, a corpse, or a poor wretch likely soon to become one, carried past, the road to hospital and graveyard lies immediately under our house, and the beds (*charpoyas* we call them here) of these poor creatures form their biers, and the one sheet that wraps them round when alive covers them when dead. The hospital and graveyard themselves are far away on a different spur of the hill, and away from any houses. I believe some pains will be taken to make Simla healthier next year. It has grown up of itself like Topsy, and never been properly trained or drained, therefore we have a great foul-smelling Bazaar in the middle of the station, and all sorts of sanitary arrangements, disgusting by their presence, but much more disgusting by their absence, are wanting. Hitherto people have trusted to steep slopes (our rubbish heap is merely to throw things down the khud, *i.e.* over our garden fence, and they go down two or three hundred feet at once) and heavy rains.

I have just ordered another cat to be procured, not

as a pet, but because I don't like a rat running across my back hair, as happened in bed the other night I am glad to say that he eventually (a rat and probably this one) was caught and killed, when emerging from under the chest of drawers, by Porus

Arthur is again becoming a victim to boils, and I have been rather headachy the last day or two, which I rather attribute to my sketching ardour having induced me to take the portrait of two horrid poisonous weeds, which abound in the woods just now, and make them very rank. I send you a rough pen and ink representation of my enemies (one of whom has a snake's skin and the other a snake's tongue), and if you look at the back, you will see what pleasant surprises await us, in the state of our sketching-paper after it has gone through a rainy season of Calcutta. However, we did leave Simla on the 29th October and slept at Jutogh, going on next day to Erki

MANDI, *November 4, 1875*

I must write to you of our travels, and with a fresh date and a crest which belongeth not to us, but to our host, Bigar Sen, Rajah of Mandi. We are lodged in his palace, or rather in one he keeps for his English guests, and have a large drawing-room with ottomans, desks, writing things, loads of flowers, real and artificial, an ante-chamber all mirrors and tinfoil, in which you might see yourself reflected *ad infinitum*; a large verandah where we eat, and a suite of sleeping-rooms, etc, upstairs, all very comfortably furnished

with carpets and white muslin curtains I feel quite flat and small, wandering about them in a gray riding habit I am interrupted by the arrival of a large *dallee* You know not what a *dallee* is, but it is the tribute presented by each rajah about two dozen pots of sweetmeats, vegetables, sugar cane, nuts of all kinds, three goats and two sheep have figured in this one, also a beautiful Minal pheasant (we call them Impeyan at home) which I mean to keep for my very own use It is really a very entertaining journey (though Arthur thinks it a great bore), *i.e.* the being entertained by rajahs, and I ought to begin at the beginning, *i.e.* when we left Simla, but oh! when was that? for I am losing count of days, and dates, and time in our travels (the rajah's people come to us to know the time of day), and all our watches have taken to eccentric courses

The old rajah had a salute fired as we entered, and sent a message to Arthur to say he was too ill to call, but not too ill to be called upon, but as points of etiquette are often involved in these calls, Arthur declined to go, and the old man presently appeared wrapped up in a red wadded quilt, paid his call in a small courtyard, which he had enclosed and covered in for us, and sent an elephant for Arthur's return call Arthur and Mr Fitzpatrick mounted the elephant, who had nothing but a large quilt on him, and sat there as best they might, holding on by cords, so they mounted a steep lane leading to the rajah's gate, and were received by the old man who showed

them over his palace, a very picturesque-looking building hanging on the side of the mountain like one of the forts of the Apennines. In the evening we started on our further march, to be carried on in doohies or palankeens, beds enclosed and carried on the shoulders of eight men. The bottom is of string, and you put mattresses and bedding inside, and they are really not uncomfortable, only the men talk so, and the mused, who runs on ahead with a torch, perfumes the air strongly with rancid oil. The torch is pine wood, and carried simultaneously is a little kettle of oil, to pour on continually and thus keep it blazing. Arthur's men came to an end of their supply of oil, and he and Mr F. were put down in the road to wait, while more was fetched. I went on, hearing the men splashing through the mountain streams, and alternately my head and feet uppermost, in a very unpleasant fashion, and I can assure any one, from

bordered with gold and red, carried by a footman. The rajah and Mr Forsyth followed, under another umbrella, then a number of horsemen. When they came to the little plain on the banks of the Sutlej, the rajah's army (about two hundred men I should say) were drawn up to receive Arthur, and to play 'God save the Queen' in his honour, followed by the British Grenadiers etc etc. Thus we reached the tents and bungalow provided for us overhanging the Sutlej which ran immediately below us with the peculiar blue green water of a glacier stream. We walked about the rajah's gardens chiefly planted with shaddock and orange trees, and tried to make Porus drink of the stream to which he owes his name. Arthur paid a return visit. We slept in our windowless bungalow, but as there were shutters, it was warmer than the tents provided for us and started next morning for Suket. Agnes would have laughed to see me galloping along on my nice little pony who has a touch of Arab blood in him, and does not like to be outdone by horses of meaner race, when fairly with them, though nothing can be lazier than his conduct on the Simla Mall.

Do you find this paper smelling strongly of musk? Arthur has had a present of three musk-bags at three different places. These musk-bags are taken from some part of the goat and are highly prized, costing here about sixteen rupees each. I have had an Impeyan pheasant, and with difficulty escaped having a pearl necklace presented to me. I accepted instead a red

and gold *chuddar* or wrapper, the poor little rajah was so keen that I should take something. I have not told you what a brilliant reception he gave us, illuminating his town and having a display of fireworks directly after our arrival, which attracted a crowd of all Mandi to see it, while we four, Arthur, myself, Smith, and Mr. Fitzpatrick, were the sole occupants of the palace and the window whence we surveyed the scene. Next morning we had another *dallee* or present, five little horned sheep and three goats, and vegetables and sweetmeats without end; honey among them, which the vizier convinced us of by inserting his fingers into the pot and thus taking out some to show us. The rajah had provided everything in the palace, even hair-brush and tooth-brush for each of our rooms, and he sent a mounted escort with us for our subsequent four-days' travel, and a grand horse for Arthur's entry into Palumpore, legs and tail dyed red after the fashion of this country, but Arthur preferred his own steady, sluggish 'Grey Dolphin.'

Altogether we visited four rajahs in succession, and travelled for two or three days through the territory of the last, a country, may be, about as big as Devonshire and Somersetshire put together, and a family dating from the twelfth century in possession of it; but the present rajah seems a weak, timid, unhappy little man, whose civilities gave one little pleasure, as they seemed dictated by fear and servility. Our own servants told us that the poor wretches who carried our baggage (we require about seventy) had been shut

up, in order to be kept for our service, by the rajah some day or two previously, and not provided with any food. Here we have reached comfortable quarters, with Sir Douglas Forsyth, in a pretty clean town, by name Palumpore, with a church and a fair, and some eight or ten English tea-planters living in the neighbourhood.

PATHANKOT, *November 14, 1875*

We have had a very successful time on the whole. Since Palumpore we have been in custody of Sir Douglas Forsyth who has made all arrangements for us sending on tents, etc etc, and lodging us in divers houses at Kangra in the mission house, which I *hope* was not built with shillings and half crowns collected from the working population at home, as it is a most spacious and handsome house with large flower-gardens and quite in the best situation of Kangra. We have had no more to do with rajahs since Palumpore as there we entered into British territory, except that the rajah of Mandi sent on a gun, there being no such article at Palumpore, in order to give Arthur his salute of fifteen guns. We were thrifty enough to make the one salute also do duty for the Prince of Wales's arrival, as a salute had been ordered at every fort throughout India on the day he landed. Really, however, we do not yet know whether he has arrived or not, as no tidings of the outer world have reached us during the last fortnight. Palumpore is the chief village of a tea planting district.

which tea-planting business is in a very prosperous state just now ; our host, Sir Douglas Forsyth, has an interest (pecuniary) in one plantation, which yielded sixteen per cent. interest on its capital this year We went to the plantation to see tea made (I don't mean out of an urn). The plants look like gooseberry-bushes in size and box in colour, grown in straight rows, each little bush by itself. There are no varieties, but the best and worst teas all come from the same bush ; the difference being in the age of the shoot and its careful separation from the older, coarser leaves The first process is the kneading out the juice, all done by hand, the fresh leaves being rubbed about on boards and rolled into balls, afterwards dried in the sun (that most useful servant of all works in India), and then carefully picked over and sorted by boys and girls who thus earn three rupees a month The Indians are now beginning to grow tea for their own consumption ; and the brother of the Mandi vizier, who escorted us throughout our journey, brought us a present of tea grown on his property. Some dozen or rather more years ago Sir Douglas Forsyth and Dr Jamieson brought the first tea-seed to Palum-pore, called a meeting of zamindars, etc., and gave away a quantity of tea-seed in order that the experiment of cultivating it might be tried, but the people were so afraid that this was only some device for extorting an increase of taxation, that they quietly deposited all the seed in the river-bed on their way home Now they try to grow it, and agree that it

has given a greatly-increased value to their property and country. The rajah of Mandi told us he always drank tea twice a day himself, and it is a real blessing and stimulant to this water-drinking population.

Arthur held a durbar with Sir Douglas Forsyth, a pretty sight, as it was a party in the open air and in the evening we had fireworks and an illumination.

I don't think I told you how we crossed the Sutlej on mussucks. Mussucks are the whole skin of the ox or buffalo and the ordinary vessel for carrying water here. Well, when used for navigation they are filled with air, and a man swims or floats with one under him. For us however, four were provided, and a small charpoy put on the top of them, on this Arthur and I sat, and the four men, paddling with a small paddle and their feet, pushed us across the river, which is there swift and deep and full of rocks and eddies. The horses came over more prosaically in a ferry boat.

We passed an ant hill yesterday exactly like those one sees depicted as raised by the termites or white ants in America. It was about six feet high, and a solid heavy mass of sandy clay or clay like sand. Fields of sugar-cane and ginger make the country still look green though all the rice and grain has been gathered in.

UMRITSUR, *November 16, 1875*

We have just been to see the gold temple of Umrtsur, all the upper part of it covered with gold leaf, and standing in the middle of a very large tank

The sacred book of the Sikhs is kept in it, but our host would not allow us to go inside the temple, as we should have been obliged to change our shoes, a proceeding he evidently considered *infra dig.* I would willingly have sacrificed dignity to curiosity, but *noblesse oblige*, and we are not treated as, nor have the liberty of, mere tourists in this country.

November 26, 1875.

My last letter was written just after our arrival here, and now a week has passed and we seem to be nearly settled in, and as if we had never left, our Calcutta home. It looks very pretty in its green winter dress, the garden and turf both flourishing. Our young men tenants have left all in good order and tidy, although they, like ourselves, possessed two monkeys. Mr. Apar has sent me another in place of Beales (we think of calling it Potter), but it is not affectionate and arrogant like its predecessor, and consequently not half so engaging.

Calcutta is just going to set up a Zoological Garden, and has swept away a whole village in preparation for it; the bananas and canes that stood among the village huts form a very good beginning of a garden. I mean to endow it with my Yarkand partridge, and a wild dog from Burmah has been sent here to our guest, Mr. Ashley Eden, as another contribution. (This dog is so very like a jackal, which is a very rare animal in Burmah, though as common as a cat here, that we really think it is one, and laugh at Mr. Eden about it.)

Weenie would like the animals here. A pretty little mongoose came several mornings out of a hole close to our dining room window to be fed, but the stupid servants first put a trap and caught it and then let it escape. So now it is too frightened to come any more

December 11, 1875

We had an unpleasant incident this week in the disappearance of my watch and chain one morning. The servants suspected the sweeper and his wife, and with an unfeeling disregard both of the laws of nature and evidence, quietly promised some pice to his infant of four if she would say what pretty things her father had lately brought home. She described my watch and chain. I sent for the police (Arthur was out). Presently the sweeper said he would go and sweep my room which he did with a train of five or six servants, all anxious to identify the thief for their own sakes. Suddenly the watch was produced and given to Smith the servants let the man escape, which they would not do till he had restored the property, and there was no more to be done when the police came. It is their way to restore stolen property when a hue and cry is made early enough to make detection probable.

The Prince of Wales is to be the first D.C.L. of the Calcutta University, and Arthur, as Vice-chancellor is busy devising a robe for him! It is to be violet silk with gold binding, and made like a Doctor of Divinity's. do you approve? The Prince is to have

a degree conferred on him in the University, Lord Northbrook, as Chancellor, presiding.

CALCUTTA, *December 17*

To-morrow is mail day, but I shall begin my letter this evening, having just returned from a badminton at Sir R. Temple's, sitting out on the grass till it grew dusk, with no shawl, only the gold embroidered tunic in which I appear as your *twin*. 'Tis strange to think of, on December 17¹ and I should have stayed later but for the mosquitoes, who began to torment about dark. In our own house we have few, and they have got tired of us, and fly to food fresher from England, also I have no furniture in my big bedroom save one sofa, tables, and a book-case. All clothes are kept in *almirahs* (wardrobes) in my dressing-room.

We are busy just now, and I am worried over party lists, having four big dinners on hand. This is because they have asked us at Government House to invite some of their guests to dinner, and so leave them some vacant places. They have twenty-two of the Prince's party and nine of their own at daily dinner, and this leaves so little space for the numerous guests they desire to entertain. We will do our best, but I at present know none of the Prince's party save Sir Bartle Frere and an A-D-C., Captain FitzGeorge, who, though willing to do anything for his guests, might consider it intrusive; however, we are to dine the day after they arrive at Government House, and make acquaintance, and then invite. Meanwhile LIZZIE

Bradford was confined yesterday in Edward's absence and I went in to look after her and write notes etc, for her, and to-morrow I have promised to go in and write English letters for her. I want two heads. *Why* did you not have another daughter or two, whom you could have spared to India? If you had had twin Agneses or Margarets I am sure we should not have grudged the twin to an Indian husband, and she would have been so useful to me.

Your pleasant young friend, Mr Clifford, turned up this week, and is coming to stay with us on the 27th. He seems comfortable where he is, with some people I do not happen to know, and while we are alone, we are not very good companions for a young man, as Arthur works all day and reads all evening and I can't make myself less than fifty! also we shall be very full the beginning of next week. We can help Mr Clifford with introductions for up country, I know.

Arthur has been very sorry about Sir James Hill's death, he really liked him and liked working with him. I keep thinking Arthur would have had that post had he remained at home, and feel tantalised, but perhaps he would *not* under the present Government, and he always says he does not regret coming out, but I feel as if I had learned nothing and forgotten everything, and have spoilt myself for home life, while not enjoying this one.

I wonder whether little Mr Burrowes and his wife will go to Upton Pyne. They will be good people or

much experience; she used to look a pattern clergyman's wife, homely and dowdy, but refined, and had nice spirity boys, but that was a long time ago.

Probably the Louis Malets will be staying with us presently. He also is related to Lord Northbrook, I fancy, and to Stafford. Captain Edward Fremantle and his ship, the *Doris*, are in the river, and I hope to see him. The *Seiapis* will not come up, for which I am a little sorry, as I should like to have seen its smart fittings; however, there will be so much to do the next fortnight that perhaps it is as well to have nothing extra to look at.

What an alarm you must have had with the stables, and also with the purchase of the Suez Canal shares, for I suppose it was just a chance how *other people* might take this latter proceeding, but every one here is so glad we have got them, and I am so pleased that it is neither by force nor fraud but by *paying*. Lord Northbrook has a very bad cold and sore-throat, and our useful Foreign Secretary, Mr Aitchison, is quite laid up with fever. Lady Temple had a baby a fortnight ago, which died, so we are not in the most flourishing state for receiving the Prince. Two rajahs have settled themselves in the two houses on each side of ours, and one has twenty-seven horses tethered in the garden, all with red saddle-cloths. I saw the Rajah of Punnah yesterday, who possesses the diamond mines in India. He has some beauties, and wears a pink turban about a foot high, as do his followers. Your little friend, Asghar Ali, married the

other day, and is giving a party (at which I fear he won't let Madame A A appear) on Monday. He has invited me verbally, and by card, but even this is not civil enough, and he insists on calling on Saturday next, to give the invitation. I have divers photos of Abinger for which to thank J H. Effie leaning over the balustrade gave it a very homelike look, also the well known portrait of Uncle William in the drawing-room. I wonder whom you have fixed on to portray Stafford for Disraeli. We have seen here one picture by Augustus Lumley, which I thought good and rich in colour, but hard. A dealer (Brookes) has brought out a lot of pictures in hopes of selling them during the Prince's visit. It is pleasant to see pictures with any merit, but these are poor specimens of good masters—I fear he won't sell many, the merchants are not rich enough to buy and the rajahs prefer copies of Eve, Damae, and suchlike undressy females or portraits of European sovereigns. Lord Lawrence's statue has been put up and unveiled this week, opposite Government House, and we are to have Lord Mayo's put up before or during the Prince's visit. The committee about its site were so long and lazy in deciding that the port authorities advertised the statue would be sold by auction unless removed from the shore or custom-house, and this roused them to action, and they have decided to put it temporarily in a place ultimately allotted to Lord Canning's, which has been some ten or twelve years in the English sculptor's hands. The treatment of Lord Mayo's statue will

give you an idea how quickly personal interest passes away in India. The other day a very nice well-connected, accomplished, young A.-D.-C. to the Viceroy, Major Hunter, shot himself apparently without rhyme or reason, and after forty-eight hours not a soul mentioned him, and really forgot all about him, I think. We are just *compagnons de voyage* and no more.

We are getting up a great ball for the Prince on the 31st. The men, the acting committee, were stupid at first, and issued their notice in the name of the Society of Calcutta, and said they reserved the right of excluding any one. Loud and deep were the murmurs that any half-dozen should so call themselves, and arrogate the right of judging their neighbours, and no one would take tickets, however, the matter is improved now (I said they wanted some ladies instead of busy men on this committee), but Arthur and some others have all guaranteed £100 towards expenses, tiresome, but better than being troubled about it. We dine at Government House to meet the Prince on the 24th, and at present have been invited to nothing else, save to be in the Stand for his party at the races, which we declined. Well, I hope to be able to tell you more in my next letter than prospective doings only.

2 MIDDLETON STREET, CALCUTTA,

December 23, 1875

I wrote to you in such a confusion of mind and notes. The Prince is to arrive to-day, and we are to

meet him at the landing and afterwards at Government House carry off some guests, and leave the advent of others in uncertainty, and altogether we feel perfectly unhinged—then we have guests staying in the house—Lady Norman, Mr Courtney, a lawyer who occasionally writes in the *Times*, and is recommended to Arthur by Mr Rohy Mr and Mrs Lyall, the former I like particularly so that is all right—he is my favourite Anglo-Indian as far as talk is concerned Captain Fremantle is here commanding the *Doris*, and I have seen him several times Poor man! it has been a sad cruise for him, he put into Bombay and learned there the death of his mother and in Calcutta that of his youngest child He brought me its portrait yesterday and seems well pleased to talk over all his family that I know It seems, and is, such a pleasure to us exiles I asked Colonel Keatinge (with whose wife I made considerable friends, she has died since) after his in detail yesterday as she had talked so much to me about them that I know something of their respective positions and he said, 'No one has asked me about my children for more than a year, it is so pleasant to talk again of them He is a Chief Commissioner of Assam, a very sparsely peopled country, and chiefly by those who have brown connections for themselves there, and know little or nothing of English concerns, and he seems so refreshed by coming again into Calcutta, and partially English life

We are inundated with rajahs, salutes firing from

morning to night, and scarlet outriders and postillions everywhere. There were many troops, and several vessels of war in the river. I fancy Calcutta must have nearly doubled its population in the last week, and almost dread the crowds there will be to-morrow for illuminations and fireworks.

How nice it would be if you were here, then the bustle would be more fun.

There was a great dinner of all the heads of departments at Government House last night, and at dessert the Prince lighted his cigarette, and then started off for the theatre, leaving all this formal and representative party to amuse themselves. To-night we dine there. Yesterday we went to Government House to meet him. Miss Baring in a pretty matelasse dress (made like a bib, and fastened at the shoulders) stood on the top of the great flight of steps at Government House to receive him, supported by Lady Temple. The Viceroy brought him down the marble hall, presented him first to the Begum of Bhopal, a queer little bundle of gold kincob, with a ribbon and star of India slung across her, very loose stockings and shiny galoshes, closely veiled. The Prince exchanged a few good-natured words with her, then greeted and shook hands with Lady Norman, Miss Milman, and myself, and the other membresses of the Council, as we were presented to him by the Viceroy, made a bow to the group of daughters, etc., who stood a little apart, then a general bow to the company, and went off with the Viceroy to his own rooms, which were furnished

with pretty water-coloured drawings and plenty of packs of cards.

Arthur and all the members of Council went to the Ghaut to receive him, each had a rajah given in charge, and great were the struggles, and heart-burnings, and agitations, mental and bodily, as to who he would speak to first Scindia and Holkar, the two great Mahratta chiefs were specially insubordinate, Arthur tucked his (he of Travancore) under his arm, and so kept him back Puttiala wore a string of diamonds that had belonged to the Empress Eugenie, and cost £100,000—let us hope they will not bring him her luck To Cashmere the precedence was given and he went under Lord Napier's charge. Just now the guns are going without intermission, as each of these great rajahs are calling at Government House and visiting him

After all the proceedings were over yesterday, I stayed and took a drive with Miss Baring We had some difficulty in getting through the dense, but very quiet, crowd outside Government House. She is always nice and girl like, but in a dreadful fuss yesterday and very repentant over having missed one curtsy When the Prince left the room, I dare say we others did not do exactly right, but we elder ladies can take it serenely, the only one the Prince spoke to was the one with a pretty face, Lady Clarke, to whom he said, 'I hope you are well She had come by me, because, she said 'You seem like a mother to me, and I always write to mamma at home, and say I consult Mrs. Hobhouse

as if she were my mother.' It is nice to have any young thing that likes one, but really she is much more at home with the present group of fashionables than I am, and has a pretty becoming air of a Governor's wife, mingled with a great deal of frankness and simplicity, and modern ease, *not* antique refinement or dignity.

CALCUTTA, *December 30, 1875*

Not yet will you get that tidy, coherent, graphic letter, which I have been going to write to you ever since April 1872. My head is in a whirl, and I have a Prince reigning in it, which does not suit me at all, it is overwhelming to our usual quiet humdrum Calcutta life, and his presence brings with it such a host of others of all kinds, soldiers, sailors (several regiments and five men-of-war are here), and officials of all kinds

We dined at Government House to meet him last Friday. He looked well, and was very pleasant and gracious in his looks and demeanour, talking very sympathetically of one sick member of the staff, Mr. Grey, and chatting often to Miss Baring. He does not follow the usual Indian fashion of leaving the dining-room with the ladies, but stays behind for coffee and cigarettes. I went in to dinner with the Viceroy, walking down the one side of the room, while he walked down the other, exactly parallel. The Prince inherits the virtue of punctuality, and was ready and waiting before Miss Baring was, and we dined precisely to the moment. He looked well and dignified when he

came upstairs after dinner, scarcely advancing to the half of the room, and letting each native chief be brought up in succession. Holkar and Scindia had a struggle, each for the right hand of the double couch they sat on, *that is* better than struggling with guns and armies.

Christmas Day I spent in perfect quiet, sending out Arthur and our guests to dinner, but staying at home myself and reading all the home-letters over again that we had received that morning.

Monday night we went to a great ball at Government House, and I danced a quadrille with the Viceroy to open the ball vis-a-vis to H R H and Miss Baring—in the same way sat opposite to them at supper, Lord Napier at my right hand. Tuesday was a large levee, and we went to see polo played on the Maidan by some wild Assamese, who have been brought down for the purpose from the Naga Hills. They have tiny ponies and play in a most animated way. In the evening we had a large dinner party. Yesterday we spent partly on board of Captain Fremantle's ship to which I took a party of some twenty. He gave us tea in charming airy cabins, which quite would reconcile one to a seafaring life, if only one could *begin* by being a captain. They showed us gun drill and fired off torpedoes, and I have invited all the young midshipmen to luncheon and badminton on Saturday.

For yester-evening also, we had an invite to meet H R H at Lady Clarke's. He had asked her to ask him, and mentioned the people he should like to be

asked one or two fast and painted young women, but quite respectable, with husbands in the service, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews (the actors), ourselves, and Lord and Lady Ulick Browne, she being a very pretty woman. Only twelve were to come. Sir A. Clarke declined inviting the two first named, and the Prince then asked Lady Clarke to invite the Mathewses after dinner, which she did. Well, we went to dinner, where all was as usual, and His Royal Highness cheerful and pleasant, as indeed he always seems. This is to do him justice, for I by no means approve the sequel of the evening, which was as follows. He came up after smoking cigars downstairs, talked a few minutes to one of the ladies and his hostess, then sat down and asked for cigars again, which he proceeded to light in our company. About 10 30 o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Mathews came, he drew a chair into the middle of the room and talked to her continually for an hour, and then adjourned on to the verandah with her there, and stayed *tête-à-tête* till the clock struck *1 a m*, our host and Charles Mathews smoking in the drawing-room meantime, the rest of the company yawning and grumbling, and I becoming a red-hot republican.

He thanked Sir A. Clarke at last for the 'delightful rest' he had had, which sounded extra satirical to our weary ears, for we had only been kept there for three hours to act padding to his gossip with Mrs. C. Mathews, a tawdry, plain-featured, outré-dressed, actress-mannered woman — Charles Mathews was quiet and gentlemanlike enough.

1876

CALCUTTA, *January 8, 1876*

WE have been playing at dignitaries during the past week. I felt quite pleased when told to open the ball with H R H on the 31st, not for its own sake (for I suspect here any tiny distinction makes people jealous, not of the individual, but of the social difference between Bengal officials, and those of the Supreme Government, matters which it would be useless and hopeless to explain to you), but because I thought it would be something to tell you. Really, I was doubtless chosen, like the mayoress of a county town because I was the wife of the most dignified official on the Ball Committee. His Royal Highness figured away opposite the Viceroy and Lady Ulick Browne. Our conversation turned chiefly on the good looks of the various ladies present, and was not at all interesting. He was good-natured in one respect. Arthur would come in full dress, as Admiral MacDonald had told us that such was the Prince's order, and I saw the regal eyes wandering towards Arthur's nether garments (the only stockings visible in the room) while making some comment on some other dress, so I told him what Admiral MacDonald had said, Oh! no no, quoth the Prince, 'full dress of course for naval and

military men, and, of course, not for civilians ' I did not see the ' of courses ' myself, but said, ' Well, Mr. Hobhouse thought he had the highest authority, and did it with the best intentions ' ' Oh yes,' said the Prince, ' and as a member of the Reception Committee he was quite right, quite right ' ' I am very much obliged to you for saying so,' said I, and so he understood that I understood his intention. He attaches the most absurd importance to dress, and has criticised severely a lady here for wearing a foreign order round her neck as a trinket I should like to send you Arthur's little speech when H R H was made a D C L It was neat, I think, though he omitted all eulogies as being ' needless ' in the case of so important a personage The gown which Arthur and I have chosen with much care was quite satisfactory, and he remarked, while contemplating himself in the glass, ' Well, really I look very well in this,' and begged Arthur to tell me he approved my taste It was a deep maroon violet silk with crimson and bright silk hood, bordered with gold and made like a D D 's at Oxford He asked to carry off the gown with him He has had quantities of splendid presents from the natives here, each rivalling the other in giving beautiful things These Orientals do the thing in a magnificent way too, for being afraid their presents may be considered too valuable, they put down the cost at a fourth part of what it really is One little enamel cup the Maharajah of Jeypore put down as costing a thousand rupees, and the jeweller told us

that it cost four thousand The Rajah of Rewah has given him a shield of gold, enamelled with precious stones and diamond bosses, saying he wished to give the Prince his own most valued possession, and this article has been in his family for hundreds of years. He gives in return, but the nation pays for those presents. I saw only the Begum of Bhopal's, a book, a bracelet with his likeness, a locket with the Princess's, and a coloured portrait of the Queen, all well enough, but not costing as much as the carpets and chairs she had put down for his reception. I am sure—crimson satin with gold embroidery, and chairs one mass of gold and white. He gave Miss Baring trinkets and a poor lithograph of himself and Princess to us and to other Members of Council. This has been an exciting week altogether. For the day after the Prince went came the news of Lord Northbrook's resignation a great blow to us. Arthur has liked him so much in business, and I socially, that he is quite a loss, and it is such a bore to begin again with a new man. Arthur and he have perfectly understood one another, both care for real work and detailed work, and little for 'prestige' and the outside world, perhaps too little. The secret has been well kept here, though Sir Louis Malet tells me it was known to four people in England since November last, *i.e.* the Queen, Lord Salisbury, Disraeli, and himself. Here even Miss Foulkes (Miss Barings companion) did not know it. She came in with Miss Baring on the morning when it was communicated to the Council, and was quite

thunderstruck when I spoke of it to Miss Baring, who said, 'Well, I did not know *when* to tell you, so I did not tell you at all' Lord Northbrook wishes every one to understand he retires on private, not public grounds, and we all begin to say 'Son or daughter—which?'

I have not seen Lord N. since we were friendly at the Town Hall ball, where, however, he would not allow me to wish him a 'Happy New Year,' as he said, 'Most years brought more trouble than joy.' He was, however, very cheerful, 'for the Prince was off his hands, and he was not host on that occasion' 'I don't even know whom I shall take in to supper, but I wish it may be you,' quoth he as he promenaded the room, however, H R H at the last moment upset all arrangements by leaving Miss Baring and taking in another lady, and we went in higgledy-piggledy, I falling on my feet in having a delightful General Probyn, who occupied himself in lauding Edward Bradford to the skies as the bravest, best, and most upright of men. All the staff seem to like Edward very much, and all seem so anxious to make the best of the Prince that one feels that personal loyalty still exists. Sir Louis Malet dined here last night, and we discoursed over his mission, which as far as I can make out is to promote the good understanding between the Secretary of State and the Government here This has always existed hitherto, but Lord Salisbury has interfered more arbitrarily than other Secretaries of State, being, says Sir Louis Malet, extremely afraid of parliamentary comments and interference.

CALCUTTA, *January* 12, 1876

We finished off with our Prince satisfactorily last Monday week, and I think most people (save dancing young ladies) were glad to see the last of him, his tomashas, disturbances, flirtations, etc. He vanishes from our sight and leaves, I fully believe, no influence behind except that some of the young ladies may wear lower dresses and more pearl powder than before (these fashions being stamped with princely approbation) and that some rajahs may wish that Viceroys could look and perform the royal part as pleasantly and with as much dignity as he does. Well, the visit that is much more interesting to us and really to India, than his whirlwind of fetes and excitement, is the still small voice of the languid, hatchet-faced Sir L. Malet, and for why? Because we have a sort of notion that on him and his mission turns the question whether India is to be governed here or in England. He said to me that the great fear of the India Office at home is that the Government of India will draw down on India parliamentary interference and we in return think that to be governed by the fear of a thing is worse than being governed by the thing itself. And that if this Government is to study Manchester interests and politics in the regulation of affairs here, it may nearly as well let them be expressed openly from home. I don't know what the upshot will be (what will you say if a P O steamer brings half or more of the Indian Councillors) but I think there are several here who would rather

lose their posts than see what they consider the true policy for India altered.

January 20.

Well, now all the world wants to see and know the Lyttons. Report declares her to be charming I wish we might at last have got our poet, for I have always longed for a poet and a painter here who would see and show to other unperceiving minds the sentiment and poetry of our situation, but I am afraid poor Lord Lytton will have all sentiment smothered by office boxes and despatches

Sir Louis Malet has gone off to the Sandheads, *i.e.* to sea, to recruit his health, poor man! He has had an uncomfortable time here physically and morally, but Arthur thinks it well he has come here and has learnt something of the feeling of Anglo-Indian officials about the treatment they have received lately from the India Office 'God Almighty talking to the black beetles,' quotes Mr Eden *à propos* of Lord Salisbury's correspondence to the Government here. If things were to come to a pass, and Arthur resigned or was recalled, I feel I should be neither to bless nor to curse altogether the author of such a deed, I am so envious of home-going people, and yet should not like Arthur's time here to end in a storm, and though I don't own much public spirit, have just enough to make me wish for whatever is best for India for one year more at any rate, after which I look to growing quite English again, in residence and in sentiment

February 11, 1876

I meant to write divers letters and answers, and now that the mail-day has come, fear they will be few, for Arthur's monkey, in a fit of spite yesterday, bit my finger when I was feeding it, and it is just *that* forefinger which is useful in writing. He has taken a great aversion to me, which is tiresome, as he is such a pet of Arthur's and really so much attached to him but to-day he again got loose and flew at me at once. Lizzie Bradford's terrier flew at him and pinned him to the ground, and it took eight or ten people to separate the two. However, the monkey is not much the worse, neither am I, only it will make me nervous as to going near him. He lives now in the garden entirely, except for the half hour before dinner when he comes and lies on Arthur's lap or sits on his shoulder. He has also developed a taste for bathing, and dives under the water in a very queer way and emerges dripping, my monkey is most careful in washing all the fruit we put near him ere eating it, which Arthur calls rudimental cookery, perhaps he might not object to use fire as well as water in time. The little monkey, Potter, is devoted to my eye-glass and prefers it to food or drink, and looks through it with the greatest interest, he has a tail longer than his body, and enjoys playing with it like a kitten.

CALCUTTA, March 30, 1876

We are still grumbling over Lord Salisbury but I don't know if anything, or what, will come of it. We

suggest to Lord Northbrook to drag up the cable on his homeward voyage and so make things pleasant for his successor. You will hear something when Lord Northbrook goes home, I expect, though some think he is too incurably gentle to fight or to give pain, even to Tory adversaries. I took two ladies to the Legislative Council on Tuesday, where we and two gentlemen of the Press represented the Strangers' Gallery; they declared themselves interested, and I of course thought Arthur's speech lucid, and not dry, though it was on a dull enough subject, Bombay Revenue Courts. He took the opportunity of defining what were the duties of judges and what of legislators, as the judges here get rather cocky and sometimes want to make law, as well as to administer it. Sir Salar Jung is going to England, I fancy to push his points in the I O at home, for I believe he feels no respect for the Government here, after witnessing the snubs they have received, and he expresses this pretty openly; perhaps, however, he won't succeed in all his wishes and will come back a humbler man; but he has got Lord Salisbury to consent to something the Indian Government had refused, and means to try it on again with him on other points.

CALCUTTA, *April 14, 1876*

We have had a bustling week, socially, politically, and domestically. To begin with the domestic portion, we have had a great loss in the death of poor Porus, he succumbed to the heat and liver com-

plaint, and died almost in my arms on Monday night, trying to the very last to keep up all the old and odd ways that had endeared him to us. Smith was perfectly miserable, never left him the last two or three days, and poured soup down his throat every two hours, but we only kept life in him and could not reanimate, now he lies under a bougonvilliers in the garden, and you will never see or know that little hero of so much of our Indian life. It was a curious circumstance that the very first day that he was ill enough to be doctored, the neighbouring crows came into our drawing room, which they have not done for years, and continued to do so every morning while he lived. We all miss him dreadfully, and there has been much general lamentation over him, as his talents and oddities made him a well known character. The very day of his death Lord Northbrook sent me a successor in the shape of a remarkably pretty Maltese puppy, but, as I have told him, 'new puppy dogs and new Governor-Generals can't immediately take the place of old ones, and also unfortunately this pretty little dog fell ill at once, so I have transferred it to a veterinary surgeon's hands feeling unwilling to undertake nursing a stranger, and also uncertain as to the result, after our misfortune with poor Porus.

Socially we are engaged in the uncheerful business of good byes. On Monday we went to Miss Baring's farewell garden party. On Wednesday we went to Government House to meet the new Viceroy at dinner, and I also paid a farewell formal call to

Miss Baring On Thursday we again went to dinner, this time at Lord Lytton's invitation, 'to meet Lord Northbrook' This afternoon, Good Friday, he, no longer Viceroy, comes here to bid us good-bye, and at 6 30 to-morrow morning we are bound to the Ghaut for a last good-bye ere he embarks on the steamer which takes him down the river I consider this a damnable (or whatever is the ladylike substitute of that word) iteration of good-byes, and our thoughts are so fixed on the receding Viceroy that we seem hardly to have had time or opportunity to notice the in-coming one. Lord Northbrook was my companion at dinner on both days, for I am almost at the head of all the Burra mem sahibs. Arthur is now second in seniority in Council, and oh! they looked so old (all the councillors I mean) compared to their new chief. I have been thinking of Rehoboam and his father's council of old men ever since I saw the slight figure and youthful colouring of Lord Lytton amid the grey, worn-looking men who compose his council He has a rather foreign air, and quite a foreign bow, but he has made a very good impression by his first public utterances I expect he will be more lively socially, than Lord Northbrook, and all here feel well disposed towards him, although General Norman declares the installation of a new Viceroy (he has served under nine during his stay in India) to be the most depressing of ceremonies He says they all come buoyant and young in mind at any rate, full of hope and ambition, and they leave full of disappointment and

weariness, baffled, thwarted, and sick at heart from the numerous intricate and insoluble problems which attend the Government of this country, he says 'My heart sinks within me when I see a fresh man mounting those steps of Government House. He also tells me that no Viceroy has ever been nearly so well-liked by the natives of the country as Lord Northbrook, he has tried to understand them and their wishes, he has governed them quietly and without too many novel ideas, and has been uniformly kind and considerate in manner. The Rajah of Vizianagram says, 'Ah my heart cries at his going he is so good and kind I

April 20, 1876

Lord Northbrook paid his farewell visit to us on Friday (the first visit he had ever paid in Calcutta), he never paid one before, except to see Arthur when he was ill and unable to go to him for work.

Lord Lytton has begun quite differently coming to call on all the Members of Council, writing informal invitations to them himself, and telling them to accept or not as convenient. To-morrow he dines with the Lieutenant-Governor, a thing Lord Northbrook never did. We laughed to think what Colonel Earle would think (who was Lord Northbrook's conscience-keeper on these points) or would say could he know these proceedings. And I fully expect to meet his Shade in full dress Grenadiers uniform at one of these *sans façon* (as Lord Lytton himself styles them) dinners. We went to bid the departing party good bye.

at 7 A.M. on Saturday last. Councillors, rajahs, and many ladies were gathered at Prinsep's Ghaut Lord Northbrook came through shaking hands with all and finding time for many a farewell word; the suite hastened on with very short good-byes, I standing by a pretty girl whose adieux to a handsome young A-D-C evidently produced feeling on both sides

Then the Viceroys, old and new, walked together down a long jetty on to a floating stand, whence Lord Northbrook stepped into the barge, rowed by dusky men in white dresses and red turbans, which was to convey him to the steamer lying in the river. They said he was rather overcome at the very last, and certainly no man could carry away more universal respect. He has been so single-minded, unself-seeking, and hard-working. He told me the last evening we met 'that he felt like the man who put his head into the basin of water and went through so many events ere taking it out again, the whole seemed so dreamlike to him, and now,' he said, 'for the bastinado'

SIMLA, *June 5, 1876.*

Last night Arthur gave a 4th of June dinner to such Etonians as were present in Simla, fourteen altogether, chiefly rather smart young officers. Lord William Beresford and Mr. Lascelles of the Ninth Lancers, Messrs Price and Studd (Hussars), Mr Dawson, son of Lord Dartrey, now travelling in

India, Captain Grant, A -D -C to the Commander-in-Chief besides these, two or three Government officials in the military department, and only two civilians besides Arthur

I had little photos of Dr Goodford and Floreat Etona pasted and printed on their dinner-cards, and a plentiful supply of light-blue ribbon, and they drank Floreat Etona with 'Three times three, and Mr Price sang a comic song All seemed to go off well duck and green peas was the only Eton dish I could think of, besides lots of strawberries

Our bearer shot a beautiful Impeyan pheasant (Minal) below our garden on Saturday I have sent its skin to be dressed It is one of those beautiful green and blue-crested birds, they are very rare in Simla now, and chiefly live near the snows This bearer goes out with a gun most days in hopes of shooting a leopard, and he has bought a dog in the hope of tempting the leopard, though he assures me that the dog's life shall not be sacrificed, he will only tie it up and watch for the leopard

June 19, 1876

Arthur is busy over his own work, a big Civil Procedure Code, being the *pièce de résistance* which he much hoped to launch into being next winter in Calcutta. In most departments there is a lull in the work, and Lord Lytton can and does take it easy He is very fanciful over eating and drinking, and smokes continually The officials here who have been used to

hard-headed, stiff, business-like men, are highly puzzled over Lord Lytton's ways, who walks up and down smoking, sipping sherry or tonics, while they unfold their work, which I gather he mostly leaves to them to decide on, a proceeding which of course is highly satisfactory to many of them.

I have no one to write about save ourselves that can interest you, and the household and scenery have lost the charm of novelty, though perhaps you might have been amused to hear the khansomah remark to-day, 'Master and missus drink too much wine,' meaning thereby that rather more wine than usual has been consumed in the month. 'Too' being used in the sense of for 'more,' and 'master and missus' representing everybody who comes 'to the house'

July 3, 1876

Don't imagine that we shall need a very ornamental or luxurious home when we return. Arthur's great longing, after seeing his friends, is for a loaf of household bread, mine is more varied, but I felt quite ashamed of the greediness with which I read the other day of a breakfast of muffins and broiled salmon. And Archdeacon Baly, a neighbour we often see, confesses that though perfectly happy in India; and not wishing to return to England, he would like to walk down Regent Street and have a tiny bit of broiled breakfast bacon. Perhaps when I do get home to all these corporeal comforts, I shall long again for the sunshine, the flowers, and airiness of our Indian

life where it is quite rarely and exceptionally that one shuts the window

I have been doing various shoppings lately, telling Arthur it is really cheaper to do all that we can in that line, now that our rupees are only worth 1s. 7d at home. Government are very low over this, as the continued fall of silver means more taxation, and they know not how to levy it. Well, 'it is an ill wind, and at any rate this difficulty settles conclusively that of the cotton duties for the present, and Lord Salisbury has written in a way which makes the council here think he wishes to let the matter drop, and that things may go on as before, and if so they are only too happy to drop the subject. They wish to tell the India Office everything and to consult it in every way, and all they claim is to be consulted in return ere positive orders come from home. I expect the new-made Earl, who is not a very fighting individual, will not be anxious to bring the subject forward, so there may be peace for the present, and the present is all I individually care about, for the whole controversy has been a harassing one to Arthur, whose personal knowledge of Maine and Malet has brought him into special contact and correspondence with those individuals, and besides, here, as you well know, if there is resistance to be made, Arthur's backbone is likely to be called on.

Lord Lytton is a very pleasant and amusing dinner neighbour, but one cannot look up to him physically

or morally as I did to his predecessor. He is full of good stories, and seems to have seen a great variety of life, and to be able to understand anything or anybody. She seems very amiable, but not as lively a companion as he is, and she is always looking after him in a way that is excellent as a wife, but not so good as a hostess.

July 30, 1876.

You have had the Minute of Lord Lytton in the Fuller case I last named; although much softened by Arthur, it has raised a howl of indignation in the Anglo-Indian press, who all look upon beating as the right and proper way of treating servants. One man writes this morning to say, 'I wish Lord Lytton would tell me what I am to do when my servants bring breakfast a quarter of an hour late.' We, Arthur and myself, always say 'what would you do if it was an English servant in fault?' but this is considered a ludicrous and inappropriate sentiment. I often think of the passage in Shylock, 'Hath not a Jew feeling?' and that the race feeling here is much such as was felt in the Middle Ages by Christians towards Jews. One newspaper correspondent wrote and said, 'How could the present Legal Member of Council have joined in Lord Lytton's Minute, as he had been seen to beat a jhampannie.' Arthur was indignant, as you may imagine, and the editor has promised to apologise handsomely for such a falsehood; but General Norman said to me yesterday, 'I felt rather

guilty when I saw the passage, as one day I beat the whole twelve of my daughter's jhampannies' People here always say you can't manage these people otherwise, however, we have found no particular difficulty, though I have had to fine sometimes, and to threaten fining very often Arthur, as you may imagine, is more patient, and would generally rather suffer inconvenience than take the trouble of *speaking*, much less beating I must give you another instance of Anglo-Indian behaviour to native races Two elderly, gentle, quiet gentlemen told me, as a capital joke, how one man had named his two dogs Buddha and Sakya Another had called his two dogs after two of the principal Sikh divinities I said I suppose the Sikhs do not look on their gods as reverentially as we do on ours' 'Oh, yes they do' responded my interlocutors, 'and it was such fun to see how the natives winced when they heard the Englishmen calling their dogs by these names (I have forgotten the name of the Sikh gods)' 'Well I responded, 'we should not like the Sikhs to call their dogs by our sacred names And they looked at me as if I had said something profane and improper so little can we put ourselves in the place of these poor slavish subjects around us

I won't write more about my neighbours many of whom are very pleasant to us, and almost touchingly anxious to make me say I have liked my stay in India, although they mostly hate it themselves, and I have got my answer always

ready, 'that there are people and things I shall be sorry to leave'

SIMLA, *September 11, 1876.*

Our most imperfect and unsatisfactory telegraph never told us of Stafford's becoming Leader of the House of Commons, though it tells us of the latest betting on the St. Leger, and the battles of the Servians and Turks at all sorts of unknown and unpronounceable places, generally inserted with a (?) after them, showing the ignorance of the clerks as to their spelling.

I must come and sit with you behind that grill in the House of Commons and *see* Stafford leading there; for generally I confess to myself that I have had a long time (I shall be fifty-two on Wednesday), and a good time down below, and ought to be ready to depart any moment

I always admired the ancient Romans, who said one ought not to want to drink the dregs of the cup of life, but now I feel very desirous to say my Nunc Dimittis in England. However, happily one has no choice in these matters, and at any rate there is pleasure in hearing of the prosperity of one's dear ones at home and looking forward to returning there.

The guns are firing and the band playing for the departure of our neighbours and friends the Davieses, she came in this morning before I was out of my bath to wish me good-bye, and we are sorry to lose her, she has ever been so bright and friendly. We shall

meet once more at the great Imperial Durbar at Delhi in the end of December, for we have quite decided to go there. Lord Lytton invites us and the other councillors as his guests, and wishes us to go

‘The Queen, they tell me, ‘takes great interest in the arrangements, and telegraphs continually about them

Lord Lytton came, and was *not* ill the next day, as he usually is after any outing. He is always amusing and pleasant. Also we had the Rajah of Jheend, a fine bearded warrior, who was present at the siege of Delhi as a boy of fourteen, as one of our allies. He speaks no English but brought his moonshee, to whom I tried to explain the story of Macbeth (the three siagers were all got up with *masks* like old hags, tow wigs and brown dresses). I told him how this was supposed to happen in Scotland long years ago, and presently he observed to me, ‘And so the people in that part of Scotland still have such long noses?’

September 28, 1876

The Fine Arts Exhibition has been opened this week, and I was made one of the judges, having declined to compete myself, so I, Colonel Maisey, and Mr Kipling (the president of the School of Art at Lahore) adjudged the prizes

‘ I went in for taste, Colonel Maisey for old favourites, and Mr Kipling for conscientious and detailed work, so all our judgments were the result of

compromises. Certainly the picture to which we adjudged the first prize was monstrously ugly and ill drawn, but I got my way in some things, and send you a copy of Arthur's speech, and Lord Lytton's polite sayings to him

Do you remember my sketching from Mary Vincent's room when Stafford was at the India Office ? that original pencil sketch is the one alluded to in Lord Lytton's speech

Lady Lytton was there and nice as usual ; she is growing very popular, and I think it was only the awkwardness of a *début* on both sides, that prevented her being so much liked at first. She seems very amiable and womanly, but, I suspect, thought dignity required some stiffness, and the 'train' business, whether right or wrong in itself, was badly managed

They dined here last night, and made themselves very agreeable, he full of social chat and stories, and at parting, bent over and raised my hand to his lips, quite *à la* John Clark 'Tis a pretty foreign habit, I think

She carried off one of my painted dinner-cards, and has promised photos of herself and Lord Lytton, and asked for French books for her tour. He is all things to all men, but partly, I believe, from the sympathetic temperament, which enters warmly into the feelings and views of those he is talking to, but I still think, he really values Arthur's hard, unselfish, and unshowy work, for Arthur is always content others should have the credit, if only the work itself is done.

Mr Stokes often tells me no legal member of council has ever worked nearly as hard as Arthur does but so it will be as long as his life lasts

October 11, 1876

I accompanied Arthur to council on Monday, being the last Legislative Council to be held in Simla. It took place in Lord Lytton's drawing-room a large low room, painted red and adorned with dingy oil pictures copies chiefly in rich and dingy frames. At a large table in the middle of the room sat the Viceroy and his five colleagues (Commander in Chief has left Simla) and about four members of the Legislative Council one being a rajah radiant in green and gold and jewels. Some ten talookdhars of Oudh sat at one end of the room, imposing figures also in gems and gold. Lady Lytton Lizzie Bradford, and I, sat at the other end (Lady L. working her crewels) and scattered about the room were a general public of some six or eight individuals, one of whom I was told was a Colonel Cartwright, Member for Northamptonshire but I hardly fancy this can be. Mr Inglis, the chief Commissioner of Oudh made a little technical speech (Arthur introduced the Bill) and Lord Lytton made one chiefly in refutation of an article of M. de Laveleye in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, which may be useful for a larger public, but I should doubt whether there should be two people in the room who had or could read M. de Laveleye. He told two good stories in his speech, and succeeded in making his grey-bearded

council of ancients smile, while we public laughed outright

After council, I went up to Lady Lytton's room with her, which combines bedroom and sitting-room, the drawing-room combined council- and reception-room, and the ante-room was occupied by a committee (these particulars will give you an idea of the splendour and convenience of the vice-regal residence !) Oh ! I should add that she said, 'Lunch will be late, because the dining-room is required for the reception of an address by Lord Lytton '

They have quite settled to come to Simla next year, there being no other hill station which has houses enough to roof the Governor, but I hope they will begin to build a new and good house this winter for the Viceroy

They do not expect that one of the typhoid fever patients can ever recover her senses, and there is a third now ill with the same complaint due to overcrowding

I gave my last tea-party last night to thirty-six orphans, who are in a school here, and are of all shades, white, brown, and black

AGRA, *November* 15, 1876

Arthur and I started off to Mahassoo, about two hours' ride from Simla, to have a last, and a very last, look at the Himalayas, and very beautiful they were (as much snow has fallen early this year), but very unkind, for both Arthur and I caught heavy colds in the empty, airy house, wherein we

lodged, and when I got back to Simla, my voice disappeared, and I was terribly afraid I should not be able to leave Simla on the day fixed. This fear, however, outweighed the cough, and I did start, and could not get up the smallest sentiment of regret, and nothing I feel sure will make me wish for Simla again, unless it be another April in Calcutta.

Arthur was more tender than I was and not so pleased to see the ugly blue church tower finally disappear as our dusty road wound down hill. I got so tired and feverish after my hot jolt down hill and stoppage in a hot and buggy hotel, that, for a few minutes we thought we should have to give up our proposed expedition, however, I revived when lying down in the dak gharry, slept a good bit, and felt equal to the start from Umballa at the convenient hour of 4 A M.

A railway carriage was drawn up and shunted ready to be attached to the train, and kind friends brought tea, and I got on very well afterwards, and have only now a tiresome cough, but nothing else and Arthur's has also mended, and he seems refreshed by even these few leisure days.

We went first to Muttra, travelling by a *light* railway for three hours of the journey, i.e. by a rail, which runs along the side of the road, has no stations, no porters, no lights, no cushions, but is composed of a series of omnibuses drawn by an engine.

At Muttra we were taken care of by a Hindu banker, Lakum Chund Seth, a millionaire, who lent

us carriages and horses and helped and fed us at his own expense, though not of course in his own house.

He has just built a new temple at great cost Muttra and its neighbourhood are very sacred, having been the scenes of Vishnu and Krishna's earliest exploits. The town is nearly as full of monkeys as of men, and the temples are very numerous and very richly decorated with carving, chiefly in sandstone, swarms of turtles in the river, which came to be fed, and allowed themselves to be caught and turned over for our amusement.

Next day we started in the Rajah of Bhurtpoore's carriage, stopped at Deeginone, one of his palaces, where he lodges and feeds any European who chooses to stay there, giving them champagne, etc , *ad libitum*.

CALCUTTA, November 26, 1876.

I am writing in quite an excited state of mind, for we expect the steamer with Henry Hobhouse in it in about an hour and a half's time, and are going to drive to the Ghaut, and see the first familiar face we shall have beheld for more than four long years. I keep wondering what he will think of us and we of him.

We have been to the Zoological Gardens here, to visit Arthur's old monkey, who certainly knew us, following us to any part of the cage where we went, but testifying otherwise no pleasure or emotion in the meeting. He has grown big and strong; he and Jinny were of the same breed, and seem to have developed the same savagery as they grew older.

We have a stone in the garden bearing the inscription of 'Poor Porus' and the date of his death, and a splendid bourgonvilliers full of lilac blossom is growing over it

We counted upwards of a hundred heads on a single poinsettia bush yesterday, and we have dozens of bushes in the garden, which the kitmugars rifle, for our daily dessert adornment. I shall miss the flowers when I go home, as we have always a fresh wreath from our own garden on the table each day. Wild flowers and roses at Simla, and what we should call 'greenhouse flowers' here

CALCUTTA, *December 6, 1876*

The weather is perfect, and I am quite well, save for this cough, and that it makes me feel languid. I am taking lots of tonic, iron and quinine though my doctor does not believe in tonics, calling them contemptuously, 'Pick-me ups'

I don't like a sceptical doctor, and think that scepticism in medicine or the expression of it should be left to the patient

The young lady who is to be married to Douglas Newington has just been brought here by him, a nice little Irish girl, about four feet eight inches in height, with bright blue eyes, red cheeks, and a wide, laughing mouth, I hope she is a 'Kathleen' or 'Nora', for she looks just like it.

I have not heard their plans yet, though she showed me the big box containing her wedding toggery. He

told me the other day he did not at all know how to get himself married, and when I proffered to assist him (for I don't want an indefinite visit from the lovers), declined, saying, 'Oh, I shall try to hunt up the clergyman who buried my poor brother, only I don't remember his name'

We have also Henry Hobhouse and his friend Mr Don, so are pretty full, and Arthur is busier than busy, comes in to meals looking very distraight, and going off to work again soon after dinner

I had two pretty little monkeys given to me on Sunday, and the bigger monkey, who has been here nearly a year, has instantly adopted them, and walks about now with the two always clinging to her. Our time here, however, is so short, that I feel less interest in taming them, and they are rather wild, though perfectly gentle. We have put them into an aviary in our garden, where they seem very happy

December 14, 1876.

D Newington was married from hence on Saturday, Arthur giving away his merry little Irish bride

They preferred a wedding *breakfast*, as at home, so it was rather a long business (usually four o'clock with a little wine and cake makes the wedding feast here) I had to borrow bridesmaids for her, and we had some queer people at the breakfast, not queer in manner, but some were connected with newspapers, and almost all these have *histories* belonging to them

I had cut out for you a piece of newspaper, giving

a Schedule of the Nawab Nazim's debts, and showing a few of the sums paid to newspaper editors but I have mislaid it—one was to *Vanity Fair* for the insertion of his portrait—under which the editor inscribed 'A monument of English greed and injustice'

CAMP, DELHI, *December 22, 1876*

Here we are on our last excursion away from Calcutta, sitting in a tent gazing out on a row of other tents, bright in the sunshine, with scarlet liveries, etc., in front, and a number of people starting out for a review, which takes place about two miles hence, but I shall see plenty of military sights, and prefer a quiet chat with you and the shelter of my tent from the bright midday sun. I cannot fancy you in Downing Street, I don't like you to be in a new shell which I cannot imagine, whereas I could call up Harley Street—its blue chintz, venetian windows, and comfortable low chairs (such as I have never seen or felt in India)—to memory at any moment. Well, it does not much matter about seeing the house if one can see its dear occupants once more, and when we return to Calcutta I shall feel as if we were in the last straight run home.

My cold has gone, cured, on homœopathic principles, by cold, for it is really bitter here at night in a tent, and I go to bed with rezais (*i.e.* wadded quilts), hot bottles, dressing-gown etc etc., and am not at all warm, the thermometer at 5 A.M. was 35, at 9 A.M. the same day 75. The worst cold is in one's feet at night, when the damp rises, and I go to

my evening outings in woollen stockings and thick boots and carried in my Simla dandy

The Viceroy comes to-morrow, and Arthur will have to meet him, and come in (two miles of procession) from station to this camp. We go up to a flagstaff tower close by (well known as the place where the surviving women and children of the Mutiny time took refuge after the massacre in the city) to look at it (*N B* — When our troops came to the siege of Delhi, they hoisted the English flag in this tower, and never took it down during the three months of the siege, though it was within a musket-shot of the enemy.) General Norman, who was here throughout that time, went over all the mutiny *sites* with us yesterday, and the stories of the time, told by an eye-witness, make one proud and sick.

Our people, of course, did incredible feats of valour and cruelty too. They killed every sick sepoy they found in the Delhi hospitals, and he said the poor wretches put their hands together and prayed to be shot instead of bayoneted, which our soldiers did when tired of firing, and he said it was perfect *heaven* to get out of the city and its sights and smells (with heaps of dead everywhere) after they had been in it for a week. The breach is left exactly as it was when our soldiers climbed it, except for some effects of the weather

I am constantly interrupted. A rajah has been to see Arthur, and as we have only one sitting-room in our tent (besides Arthur's out-of-the-way working room, which he has selected for quiet) I had to fly,

then comes a miniature painter, then half a dozen callers, and I don't like to say 'Not at home, as I am sitting at my front door, and so the morning and my wits wear away

Campbell of Islay is staying here, and was my neighbour at dinner last night, and a few other visitors are coming with the Lytton party. They are doing this business in the most liberal and hospitable manner, providing everything in the way of food, furniture, etc., for their visitors, and providing many articles that have not previously been provided, on the other hand other people are very selfish and carry off things so when we arrived we found only two bedsteads for four people, thus one has discomforts in spite of their good intentions

The whole of this week is spent by Lord Lytton in receiving and returning visits. Each occupies about five minutes, but another five minutes has to be allowed for galloping up our central avenue lined on either side with native cavalry, and another five minutes for returning down the same. It is pretty to see the cavalcades decorated as they are with every brilliant colour and any amount of gold, but unfortunately elephants and camels are not allowed in our streets, so we lose the most picturesque incidents of native life here.

Lord Lytton arrived on Saturday. We went to a flagstaff tower near here to see the procession come in. English troops, and native rajahs, and our own friends made it picturesque and interesting. Arthur

and General Norman shared an elephant, and the womanlike red robes of two Chief Justices on an adjoining elephant made me feel quite glad Arthur had something besides a legal costume, which is not well suited to a procession. The herald (the biggest man in India) was splendid with an English regal coat of arms embroidered on his back, and twelve English trumpeters, with silver trumpets, set up a blast as Lord Lytton rounded our tower and came in sight of his camp. Several native potentates followed him on all manner of coloured elephants, some cobalt, some pink, etc etc, but if I had all the gifts and all the epithets of all the specials at my disposal, I should fail in giving you an idea of the business and of the jumble of actors and spectators, splendour and shabbiness, and mixture of east and west. Just now a rajah all gold and jewels has driven past, with his native coachman got up *à l'Anglaise* with a white chimney-pot hat and black trousers.

Sunday morning I went to see Lady Lytton, who was pleasing and nice as always, but is rather uneasy over her baby boy, whom she is sending to Calcutta away from the changes of temperature in our tent life, where the thermometer varies thirty degrees in the twenty-four hours. She had enjoyed their tour, but said Lord Lytton had been rather knocked up by the heat of Bombay. In the evening he sent over one of his pretty little notes to say that Arthur was to be made a K C S I (the Nigger *Bath*, as it is termed here, where people value K.C B's much more) to be announced on January 1st, when all secrets as

regards promotions and appointments are to be made known

On Christmas day we dined with them, a cheerful party, as I had Lord Lytton, who is certainly the pleasantest dinner neighbour in India, even when discontented with his dinner, as he was on that occasion, wishing he was the Sultan of the Arabian Nights and could cut off a cook's head every night, until he got one whose dishes would save his life. He quoted Faust, and amused me by telling me that the worst moment of his life was that of meeting his Indian Council, and that he never was in such mortal dread of anything as of those peaceful grave old gentlemen

Yesterday Scindia and the Maharajah of Kashmere were made Major Generals of the British Army (by the Queen's express wish, I believe), rather to the surprise of officers who went through the Mutiny, one of them expressing his view of the matter by saying to me, 'It is a comfort, however, for now if they go wrong, we shall be able to blow them from guns'

We do not dine every day with the Lyttons, but have a separate mess tent, where all the party, about forty in number, meet at meal times, but I rarely go to breakfast or tiffin, generally to dinners only

I am sure the Commander-in-Chief desires a frontier war, I believe all the council, save Arthur, are Russophobists. I suppose Russia is an old Anglo-Indian bugbear

1877

CAMP, DELHI, *January 4, 1877.*

I SUPPOSE the newspapers will tell you something of our doings, though there are only two correspondents of the English press here (one for the *Graphic*), and the Indian newspaper people seem to think much more of amusing themselves than of writing anything worth reading. Lord Lytton spent last week in receiving and returning visits. I was present when some were paid, the Khan of Khelat among others, such a wild-looking potentate from the border, with black ringlets and the most rolling of eyes, looking, as Lord Lytton justly says, like a hunted wild beast, who would turn and rend you if he had a chance. He and his people were of course furnished with food, etc., and the implements wherewith to consume it, from the F O. They ate the food, and not a spoon or fork was forthcoming next morning. They appropriated all, as they meant to do the tents, carriages, etc., and Edward Bradford has had to go and scold them and put sentinels over everything. *N.B.*—They eat their soap, not knowing of any other use for it, and one A -D -C, who went early and was admitted to the khan's toilette, found him bathing his arms and hair in perfumed oil. They received a vast quantity of beautiful presents,

guns, silver English goods, clocks, knives, dresses embroidered with pearls, etc etc, fifty trays of presents for the khan, and ditto for his servants, and the Viceroy made them numbers of pretty speeches, as indeed he does to every one. He has no dignity of manner or bearing, but great *empressement* to please and readiness of wit, and, if fair words can ever butter parsnips (as I really believe they do sometimes) his will

We have been living a week of flare and blare and glare, literally and figuratively, illuminations silver trumpets, bugles, bands, and guns, and the brilliant Indian sun over all. All has gone off without a hitch, the great day itself very successfully and without many accidents, the crowd beautiful to look at in its gay colours, and so quiet and orderly, no chaff, no hustling, and no thieving and yet Esterhazy like coats were as plentiful as blackberries. The rajahs were magnificent, and all our dignitaries in uniform mixed up with them (Arthur and others have had to adopt a smart helmet, with gold band and peak for the occasion), but my British mind likes just as well to see the rows of medals on the uniforms of the generals and other officers

To-day a dinner is held of the twenty-eight officers now in camp who were present at the siege of Delhi. What a changed scene it must be to them, and to see so many of the potentates, who were suspected, watched, and disarmed then, receiving the G C S I s, etc etc, which have been freely given now. The army are, however rather discontented, there have been no

brevets and not an allusion to the siege of Delhi (save perhaps a hideous erection in sugar about six feet high of the Mutiny monument, which decorated the Viceroy's dinner-table). Perhaps there was some delicacy felt in alluding to the soldiers and guns which really keep India for us, but I think we might have assumed every one to be loyal on this occasion, and I must say I also missed (what happens in almost every solemnity at home) the slightest religious allusion of any kind—of course such allusion must have been very vague, but half a dozen words, even 'God save the Queen,' *sung* instead of only played, might have given a touch of solemnity, which, to my fancy, the whole pageant wanted, brilliant it certainly was, and so was the evening party given after it. The Gaikwar, a boy of eleven, seemed almost bent down under the weight of the jewels he wore, and Scindia told me that those he had on might be worth two or three hundred thousand pounds; he has collected them from all parts of the world, and has almost a cuirass of diamonds. Holker and Arthur had divers jokes in Hindustanee and English, and all seemed to enjoy the meeting.

I saw the Maharana of Oodypore, the Maharajah of Rewah, and the Maharajah of Benares, sitting on a three-cornered ottoman, conversing as pleasantly and comfortably as three English gentlemen could have done.

Yesterday we had fireworks at the Jumna Musjid, which was illuminated, as was the city, but they were

very slow and tedious, though pretty, and we did not get back to dinner till 9 30 o'clock. Lord Lytton is unlike royalty in punctuality, being always late, and keeping people waiting, either native or English, unmercifully. He himself told me Scindia was in an awful temper at being kept waiting for two hours, though of course he did not lay the blame on himself, but he talks away at all these receptions, and seems to forget how the time goes and the same before and at dinner.

January 12, 1877

Smith and I are busy concocting a train, for I feel obliged, after Lady Lytton's hospitality and friendship, to gratify her by appearing with three yards of silk on the ground, *but* with a low dress, I cannot or will not. Poor thing! She used to shiver in hers at Delhi, and one poor lady is now almost dying from the effects of wearing it on the Empress night, while suffering from dysentery. The train pattern arrived with me three days ago, having been in Calcutta since October 28th. I do not understand why it did not come in Miss Sicklemore's box, or by parcel post, but it came all to itself in the dignity of a tin case and thick wooden box, and for some reason or other, the Bengal Government, the Port Commander, the Custom House, the jetty officers and the naval storekeepers took to squabbling over it and making it a test case by which to detect some irregularities. I knew from King, our agent, that there was a box directed to me wandering

through the hands of these individuals, but, of course, never thought of the train pattern. At last it was opened at the Custom House, and then King informed me that it seemed to contain paper, on which I guessed the truth, and wrote to the Port Commissioner to say that unless delivered to-morrow, I desired it should be retained by them and made forfeit to the crown or corporation and never heard of again by me. I suppose they felt the business had a ridiculous side, for, although they wrote a solemn answer, the box came within a couple of hours, and so this mountain's mouse, which has cost me at least a dozen letters, is brought forth, and Smith, fired with noble ambition, determined to make the train, in order that notes and pattern might be utilised (I had arranged to go the very next day to the milliner with all my materials), and she is now composing a black train trimmed with white lace, over a cream damask petticoat trimmed with black, just the same lace that I wore when I last went to court with you in England, and much the same colouring altogether.

We, *i.e.* all the Lytton guests in camp, have been purchasing a diamond and emerald ornament of native manufacture, to give to her as a souvenir of us, and of our sense of their hospitality and wish to make things easy for us. It costs 4000 rupees, and is an ornament she wished to buy, but thought too expensive, so I hope she will like it. It is in my custody, as I knew the jeweller, and I have a *tea* this afternoon in order to exhibit it to the other donors, some fifteen or so

altogether It was General Norman's idea, but we all approved it. She is very nice, and many people wish she were the Governor-General—he is so exaggerated in manner and wanting in dignity—even I now am grown Anglo-Indian enough to disapprove of his salaaming to the natives, which he did before reading the Proclamation, and which he does ordinarily towards them. If he would imitate the Prince of Wales's smile and bow, it would be more graceful and becoming, in fact, the outside of H R H was all that could be desired, as a model for all Viceroys and Governors.

CALCUTTA, *January 19, 1877*

I have just begun my weekly dinners of twenty, and Sunday dinners of seven. There are so many men here who are glad to escape the Club on Sunday, that many householders have small parties on that day.

My poor little friend, Lady Clarke, is in dreadful trouble, she heard last week by telegram that her mother was dead, and continues to get cheerful letters from her, though full of anxiety about her only other sister. Curiously enough, when at Delhi, Lady Clarke dreamed her mother was dead, woke and told her husband, fell asleep again, and dreamed it a second time, and felt quite uncomfortable, and this is almost the first news that greets her in Calcutta.

What else shall I write to you? Shall I tell you how an old native Christian missionary, a man of good family sat with me yesterday and lamented long and much over the difficulties of getting his children

married Almost all the converts are from the low castes, and though, of course, converts abjure caste, yet this man, a Brahmin of good family originally, cannot bear his daughters to marry men of low birth and breeding, and was longing to get opinions as to whether it was expedient to allow one to marry a man who, though not baptized, is not a heathen, and to whom she has been attached for five years, and who would allow her children to be Christians. I tried to console him, and rather plead the cause of matrimony, to which he is not loth (he has four single daughters in his house altogether), so I expect Miss Sandals will have the young medico of her choice, when the father has received a little sympathy and encouragement from Christian friends Then came the khansomah to bring his family to make their salaam, but though he and his ancestors have been Christians for generations, they still shut up their women, and he begged permission to bring them by a back way to my dressing-room, where came grandmother, mother, girl of fifteen (to be married this month), and divers others

We are meaning to bring our Christian bearer to England, and I expect you will be amused by his ways, he is most anxious to go and see England, though not to live there Afterwards (I am telling you the story of a day) I visited Lady Lytton, and found her charmed with Calcutta, her house, etc, and full of her Drawing Room, the arrangements for which she thinks are great fun She promises to return with her own train, so as to practise the

A D C s in the handling thereof I said something mentioning the 'Empress,' and she said, 'Oh don't use that word, she can never be anything but Queen to us English I only mean to use the word "Empress" when talking to natives, and there I think lies the misfortune of the title We want to combine these people with us, and yet willingly adopt a different name by which they and *not* we, are to call our joint sovereign

The Lyttons are most pleasant, but I think they will be (*he* I mean) very glad when Arthur and General Norman are gone, and Lord Salisbury with Sir John Strachey can govern this country all to themselves, with Lord Lytton to make speeches and do the civil things to native and English I have no doubt that Lord Salisbury most conscientiously thinks the Bismarckian theory of government must be the best, and I dare say will be able to carry it out, for I believe the backbone of the Council will depart with the two I have named, and those left are made of softer and more coaxable stuff Some people think Lord Lytton will not stay, but this is conjecture, and his health, which was bad at Simla, did not suffer from the great fatigues at Delhi, though he is wonderfully self-indulgent for a public man Lady Lytton told me yesterday, that, when taken to see the fort at Agra, he would not get out of the carriage, but slept in it, of course, to the extreme surprise and vexation of the party, prepared to take him over one of the greatest of Indian lions, and when he arrived per train at

Benares at 8 A M and all the military and civil people were assembled on duty to meet him, he would not get out of his railway carriage bed till 11 A.M., of course, also to their deep aggravation, for they were in full view of his closed carriage till that time. He is a bad representative of Royalty in being *very* unpunctual on all occasions

Many thanks for *Fromont Jeune*, etc ; I read it last night with much interest. *Risler l'Aîné* is so good and so well-described you can realise the man altogether. It is very sad, though, almost too sad, the punishment falling altogether on the innocent. Perhaps it is true, though, for a little wretch like *Sidonie* cannot feel, though she can practise guilt

We presented the Delhi ornament to Lady Lytton, who wrote a pretty little note, to which Lord Lytton added a *PS* couched in such high-flown terms, that General Norman was unwilling to send it round to the subscribers until encouraged by us to do so, but it was very characteristic. I think that, now Sir John Strachey is here, Lord Lytton may find time for a poem on India, and hope he will, for it would be sure to entertain me

January 26, 1877

The Drawing Room takes place to-night. Arthur will not go, so I take another man, who is anxious to see it, as escort, though really I need none, as I know such numbers of people. I present there two Jewesses and a Christian, the Jewish ladies are, Mrs Sassoon

(very gorgeous, and wife of Sir Albert's eldest son) and Miss Isaac, a modest little person, living in a humble old street of Calcutta, and whose father and mother understand no English but always talk Hebrew, they come from Bagdad, but she used to go occasionally to Government House, so I suppose it is all right. My third presentee is a daughter of Sir E. C. Bayley's.

The crows here are becoming troublesome. Gee-Gee is on most friendly terms with them, and will let them pluck his tail, and they take advantage of this forbearing dog (Porus made them keep their distance) to come into the house, and the other day carried off into the garden three unopened letters addressed to H. Hobhouse, completely destroying the cover of one and tearing up another. I fancy they were attracted by the foreign postage stamps, for they have sharp eyes for any novelties in the room, and try them with their beaks.

The great excitement of Calcutta has been this week the escape of two fine tigers from the Zoo on the Levee night, and the sentries in that neighbourhood spent anything but a pleasant time, till the two beasts were shot next morning. We often visit our old monkey, who has now got a reputation for ill temper among the keepers, so I am glad he is here no longer. We have three gentle ones in a cage in the garden, but don't see much of them in the house, as they are inseparable and three is too large a number to have about.

CALCUTTA, *January 31, 1877.*

I have your congratulations on Arthur's and my extra dignity, and when yours and the other letters of last mail arrived, I realised for the first time that there was anything satisfactory in it. We had, of course, plenty of congratulations here, but some people seemed to think too much of it, and with others one would rather prefer not to have any extra mark of distinction, as they are already shy enough of a councillor. Also it came with all those stupid Empress medals, which are rather calculated to make the bearer blush than otherwise, when worn as they were among all the real medals given for good deeds of service, and this is really nothing but an anniversary medal, implying nothing at all save the bodily presence of the individual in a particular day on a particular spot. I know Arthur deserves his decoration for good work of various kinds. You know I am as proud of Arthur as if he blazed with stars like a stage duke, but I think I am almost prouder of his unseen work and of his willingness to let it remain unseen, than of what he does in public. Just now he has assisted the inauguration of Mr. Eden's reign by writing a minute on the subject of the execution of a prisoner, for whom very great efforts were made to get a pardon from the new Lieutenant-Governor, and this minute all the papers praise as most masterly and clear; and it has settled the point as to the execution of the law, even to

the satisfaction of the petitioners, but no one save I, and *you* now, dear, know that it is *his* doing

I must tell you of the Drawing Room where I presented six ladies altogether—Lady Temple Miss Temple, Miss Judge, Miss Annie Bayley, Mrs. Sassoon, and Miss Isaac Trains were very decidedly in the minority—about one in five, one in seven, and one in ten, were the proportions given to me by various counters, so the statistics were not very accurate

Many very nice people stayed away altogether—the smallest Drawing Room ever held here, they say, many came most shabbily attired, in scant old dresses. Lady Garth and others, who did not wish to wear trains, wore gowns four yards long, and the climax of absurdity was reached when little Lord William Beresford picked up one of these from the ground, and placed it over the arm of the horror-stricken lady Some wore tarlatan trains

I have just had the editor of the *Pioneer* calling here, and he says Lord Lytton bitterly complains that for the first time in his life he finds himself to be unpopular, and lays the blame on the stiff necked, pig-headed people here, but the fact is that persons here all care for work and business, and thus he does by fits and starts and *coups d'état*, finding discussion boring and obstructive, and in the same way he has inaugurated social changes without at all consulting the temper or circumstances of the people he has to do with

I have a ball in prospect next week, and after that mean to think chiefly of home and little more of India, its Viceroy, and its society; a few *friends* I hope to have made, of whom I may see something later on. Arthur, too, keeps saying, 'Ah well, it is not for long!' and perhaps others say 'It is not for long we shall have Hobhouse here' So the departure will suit us all here, and the arrival at home, if it ever does take place, will suit me still better We have had some more rain, and it is cool—only seventy-five to-day, the 1st February—but alas! the rain will not fall in Madras

February 7, 1877.

It was with very mingled feelings we received the news of your last letter It cost me a tear and a smile, but the smile predominates, for I should have been really permanently sorry if Agnes had never married—and if ever, why not now? A very good time in point of age, very suitable in point of family, and as regards the *fiancé*, I am sure he must be good and nice, or she would never have liked him, and as regards means, I should feel well satisfied that they had love to support them (and after all it is a great support, for a loveless *and* moneyless marriage would be a miserable business), and if you can't have both I would rather *much* have the former, so I hope dear Agnes may be very happy But alas! *that* Roman tour can never be, and we must be satisfied with joint drives and chats in dear old smoky rainy London

When shall we be there? I *hope* as soon as June 5 but no arrangement ought to depend on it, and we should be happier to think Agnes's wedding was fixed independently of our movements, for we may not be able to get home to a day, and you will be in a fearful bustle with this wedding in the middle of the London season. Sometimes I half dread the excitement of a London return for my own self, but we shall have a long and I *hope* a quiet time on board ship to prepare us for it. Certainly *you* must have had excitement enough and to spare at Christmas time with the balls, acting miscarriage, Agnes etc. Helen wrote to me as if she thoroughly enjoyed her visit, and seemed only to regret that so much of the burden fell on you. I think you are *younger* than I am for I get tired and fussed with comparatively little. In all my odd moments now I keep thinking *something* has happened, and then remember it is Agnes's engagement which is underlying the ordinary current of life and fills the background of my thoughts. We had had felonious designs of carrying her off for a long visit, and now you will have nobody to spare us, for Margaret will be too important at home, but we will find comfort in talking over dear Agnes, and living again our early married life in seeing her *menage*. Does it not sometimes seem so short a time since our youth? I felt quite amused to dance a quadrille with Arthur *à-vis-à-vis* last night here, it being a formal proceeding for the sake of Lord and Lady Lytton, who came to a ball we gave, our last contri-

bution to Calcutta festivities. I went to theirs on Monday, but could not induce Arthur to do so; however, they both came here with a large party of guests, Lady Downe, Lord Brooke, Sir William Gordon Cumming, etc etc. The night was unfortunately wet and stormy and blew out our lamps, but was delightfully cool for the dancers, such weather has *never* been known before at this time of year. Our thermometer at sixty, and no sun. I fear, however, that, although delightful as regards coolness, it is bad as regards crops, which are not used to rain at this time of year, and if the rain causes the failure of the up-country crops, it will be a serious addition to the calamity already prevailing in Madras and Bombay. Sir John Strachey said the other day that, had he known the state of things, he would not have been induced to come out as Finance Minister. They will have to impose new taxes to meet this famine expense, and new taxes are a great difficulty in India—not easy things anywhere, you will add. I wonder whether you are, on the whole, pleased or disappointed with the result or non-results of Lord Salisbury's mission; we cannot judge about it here. I am afraid we are getting into trouble with the Afghans, who are very loth to have anything to do with us, and the present Indian Government has been trying either to cajole or force them into friendly relations. Well, if the present Government at home enters into friendly or rather non-hostile relations with Russia, as regards Turkey, I suppose they will also cease from molesting the sulky

Ameer, as, of course, the only reason for wanting him to fear or to love us, is the dread of Russia on the other side. Lord Lytton was very cheerful at his own ball, and at ours told good stories and laughed over our half-lighted flirtation corners very merrily. They had had a council in the morning, and Arthur told me that after his (Arthur's) expounding a proposed Bill, Lord Lytton pushed a bit of paper across to him on which was written 'Your explanation is as clear as a rock-cut crystal of Benvenuto Cellini's. He is a queer creature, she is much admired. she looks, as she is, the queen of the parties, tall and fair, stately and gracious.

Arthur had the book quite safely and was very grateful for it, but you were an unprincipled, or rather an ignorant dear, to send it through the India Office. 'They paid the book postage there, and of course your bookseller might have done just the same, &c. paid the small extra postage that would have conveyed it to India instead of to the Foreign Office. It is too late now to scold you profitably, for I hope you will have no temptation to send us anything more.

We have got our *Murrays* and *Continental Bradshaws* and feel so like going home, and I am going now to send off some of our packages in advance of us—carpets, and loads of Indian things. When and where shall we unpack them? Not for some time, I expect. T H writes kindly to say there is ample room for us in Bryanston Square, but we must fulfil our engagement with dear Fred, if he is in London when we return,

and after that shall bother our relations long enough, I expect. I feel as if I wanted nothing but just to see you once more, just know you were there, even in the next room ; but I *shall* want a great deal more, endless chats, etc., when I do arrive, and what a dream India will seem and all its shadowy folk. I had such a pretty bouquet sent me for my ball last night ; all English flowers, pansies, sweetbriar, narcissus, etc. etc , all rare and difficult to grow here. They came from a very nice family of Apcars, to whom I flatter myself we may have been somewhat useful in proving that we could esteem and like the company of dark-skinned folk (they are Armenians), and other folk have now found out their merits, only always with the proviso, ' You know they are not *natives*.'

February 16, 1877.

We went to a Government House ball on Shrove Tuesday as being the last we could ever attend. It was very pretty, with a cotillion managed by Lady Downe

I again opened the ball with Lord Lytton, and felt sorry for him, he seemed so out of sorts altogether. He has been getting into trouble and discomfort by saying one thing at Bombay about famine policy, while telegraphing to his Council to support another. The Bombay Government most improperly published a despatch taunting him with this, and his Council here have been obliged to make him acknowledge distinctly the support he gave to them, the evil having

originated partly from his hasty wish to please everybody, partly from his itch for public speaking, and partly from his having been, when at Bombay altogether under Sir John Strachey's influence, who had just arrived, and probably did not know what exactly had been done here. Then also, I fancy poor Lord Lytton's favourite frontier policy has had a check since Lord Salisbury's visit to Constantinople. He told me on Thursday he had received a telegram to the effect that neither Russia nor Turkey would fight. Good news for a peace-loving woman, said I. 'Ah, you are one of those who prefer peace.' 'Yes,' said I. 'To honour?' added he, and spoke further against the Russians. Of course if we are to be friends with Russia there is no object in forcing an envoy on the unwilling Ameer of Cabul, and this is what Lord Lytton has been aiming at and chiefly interested in ever since he came out. I do think he ought to have a good berth found for him in Europe where his amusing social qualities would be valued instead of which they are a real disadvantage to him in this stiff world, and, as people cannot respect his business qualifications, they do not spare his social ones. I will give you an instance which has set Calcutta furious. There is a big pompous couple by name Birch—he is a judge here and brother to H.R.H.'s quondam tutor, she is a middle-aged commonplace person enough. Well, Lord Lytton being introduced, says as usual with *empressement* 'Delighted to make your acquaintance, and have been

wishing to do so.' 'Ah!' says she, 'I dare say you know some of my husband's family, the Birches.' 'Indeed I do, and but too well, and from my earliest years,' responds his lordship, '*then* I hated them, but *now* I should like to kiss the rod.' Mrs. Birch was furious with this rather clever fooling, as I think, and since then half Calcutta has asked, 'Did you hear what the Viceroy said to Mrs. Birch?' 'What was it?' I asked, ere I knew the exact tale. 'Punned on her husband's name and wanted to kiss her,' was the answer, and this Scotch-minded public opinion declares he ought to have been turned out of the room for so doing.

General Norman and Arthur are both counting the days till they go, though I fear General Norman's prospects are much less bright pecuniarily than ours, and I wish heartily he could have an appointment that would suit him. He is so clear-headed, hard-working, prudent, and straightforward.

2 MIDDLETON STREET,
March 9, 1877

Another post-day has come swiftly round, and to-morrow month should see us embark on board our French steamer in the river here. I went to look at it the other day and felt quite in charity with it, though it is small and dirty, being only a subsidiary steamer as far as Galle, where we are to be picked up by the French China steamer the *Pet Ho*, said to be a very fine and commodious vessel.

All here goes on smoothly, though not very satisfactorily, and I think Lord Lytton is as anxious for peace as Arthur, during the last few days of his and General Norman's time here.

Gee-Gee has gone! Smith and I took him to the steamer on Sunday morning last, to be a fellow-passenger of Lady Norman's. Poor little fellow! he went very unsuspectingly into the hencoop which is to be his prison during the voyage, but barked and howled furiously when he saw us leave the ship and drive away in the carriage. Poor little beast! hitherto his barks have always been attended to. General Norman went down the river with his party and reported that Gee Gee had twice been taken out of the coop and tied up but on one occasion had broken his chain, on the other, bitten through the rope and ran about the ship, doubtless looking for us, poor doggie! Arthur thought he would die, like Porus, if we kept him here till the hotter weather in which we shall start.

The Madras famine is dreadful, upwards of five hundred people died of cholera and smallpox last week, and the death-rate there was at the rate of sixteen per cent per annum last week on the average population—of course the population is largely increased by the famine immigrants from the neighbourhood, but still the death rate is appalling, and I am told the putrid rice on the beach (where there is a mile of piled up grain bags) is dreadful to smell and to see, for it is surrounded by a crowd of famished and diseased creatures picking up what they can

March 15, 1877

Arthur is getting so anxious to get through the next fortnight without breaking down, and glad shall I be when *that* steamer weighs anchor and the bustle of the next few weeks is over.

We are longing to hear when dear Agnes is to be married, and rather expect it to be in Easter week—probably we shall hear soon. I cannot yet realise that we shall be in London again, and it will be so strange during the sea voyage, cutting off so suddenly all the threads of our life here ere taking up the home ones again. I shall miss the political side of Arthur's life which is interesting, if worrying, and more comprehensible to the feminine intellect than law.

Lord Lytton asked who were our personal friends and whom we would like to meet at the farewell dinners he gives. I could answer truly that we had not an old friend in India, that all Arthur's colleagues and co-workers were his friends, and it would be invidious to make a selection, so we would only suggest that the secretaries in his own department and some of the lawyers should be asked. I think Arthur has one or two special lady friends, and there are plenty of men and women I like for various reasons, but I can't get beyond the *compagnon de voyage* feeling. I am to have a farewell party given to me at the house of a native lawyer, native ladies being the guests invited to meet me. Poor folk! they seem hugely grateful for a very tiny amount of sympathy and interest. One young woman has this

year passed the examination which qualifies *men* for admission to the Calcutta University and now divers others are going to try. They (the Hindu women) are very quick and fond of learning for the most part.

We have had divers excitements this week. Convocation on Saturday and the consecration of the bishops on Sunday.

Arthur, as Vice Chancellor of the Calcutta University made a speech on Saturday, and Lord Lytton a very long one. I will send you both when printed in pamphlet form. Arthur has now made over his purple cap and gown to Mr Markby, who succeeds to the post of Vice Chancellor. I sat with Lady Lytton on the front bench of the very handsome hall which serves for university proceedings, Baboos to the right of us (about to become *M A s*), Baboos to the left of us (about to become *B A s*), they all received parchment diplomas from Arthur's hands, who sat opposite with Lord Lytton and all the high officers of state. Lord L. had half a dozen cases of restoratives preceding him and put under and behind his chair. He wanted a good deal during his long speech, nearly one and a half hours long, and which he had learnt off by heart, for he had it printed ere delivering it, a wonderful effort of memory and a good speech but he wants condensation of thought and expression, as you might gather from his poetry, as well as from his prose. There is something very generous about him. Arthur had to remonstrate about some proceeding lately which

brought a hurt and angry letter from him, but Arthur was obliged to stick to his point (though in a very conciliatory fashion), and Lord Lytton took it in a very generous and amiable spirit. Oh ! if only he were strong enough for the place, morally and physically !

Friday, March 15, 1877.

Socially, we had our farewell party yester-even, some twenty at dinner, and about one hundred and twenty afterwards, with a little music. The Lyttons came and he was pleasant, though evidently worried, and hating India as cordially as ever I did, probably more cordially, considering the number and variety of his worries. He spent the evening in one corner of the verandah smoking with two male companions, but for this I do not blame him in the least, only Indian society is stiffer and more disagreeable according to the rank of the person dealing with it, *e g* he and Lady Lytton both sat in different parts of the verandah which is usually *the* favourite resort of all our guests, but just because these two Excellencies chanced to be there, scarce a soul ventured beyond peeping in ; people here are so shy and proud both ; she tried to keep me whenever I went near, but I had equally difficult people to find companions for, a group of wealthy, distinguished, and accomplished Bengalee rajahs, but to whom scarce any guest would address a word, though they are perfectly ready to talk, and in as good English as you or I can speak. Lady Lytton was quite nice and

interested in the one Hindu lady present and talked to her, so I dare say she as well as I are well criticised therefore.

Arthur is to have a farewell party from the Viceroy, and Captain Liddell is going to get up a little acting afterwards, also a dinner at the Town Hall from Calcutta society generally. A Baboo in white muslin, is taking an inventory of all the furniture in our house. This looks like going, and promises a speedy occupation of those quiet rooms in Downing Street, still there is a good deal to be done and endured ere then I have packed a box of dresses to go straight to your house so as to have something (however old fashioned) to wear on arrival—will you admit it?

2 MIDDLETON STREET, CALCUTTA,
March 22, 1877

I shall write to you a very stupid letter I know for my head is so full of India, Indian friends, Indian goods and last arrangements, that I can hardly find room even for the thoughts of home. India is taking its revenge for all my hard thoughts of it by making me like the climate, the life and the people here better than I have ever yet done. The climate is unusually cool for this time of year, the life, with Arthur's share in the political world, has been specially interesting, and the people are so friendly and fond of us just as we go that I am feeling quite sentimental over this departure. The principal topic of the week to us has been a farewell dinner given to Arthur by his Calcutta

friends It was quite a private one, though taking place in the Town Hall. I went after dinner and felt rather touched by the way our names were received, for mine was coupled with Arthur's as having shown unassuming, but unbounded hospitality, and Arthur in his reply gave me the credit of the social arrangements, which he has been too busy to make, and I sat in my gallery, hid by a high parapet, and concealed, well, not my blushes (for I am past blushing), but my emotions. Mr Eden spoke with great simplicity, but with great cordiality, and specially of Arthur's uprightness and modesty, and his own value thereof in a way that elicited much approval from the audience and nearly overcame Arthur, who had to make a considerable effort during the first few words of reply. I think I must be vain enough to tell you that I believe this is one of the first general dinners given by all sorts to a departing official. The Civil Service gave one to Mr Ellis, and the Bar generally give one to their chief justice, but the general Calcutta community gave an evening party to Sir Henry Norman and this dinner to Arthur—merchants, lawyers, and officials were all there, in fact the only distinctive appellation was that of 'friends' on both occasions. Arthur's speech was very feeling, and, as you may well believe, he rather alluded to what others had done for him, than to what he had done for them. It has usually been the fashion for the Bar here and the legal member to fight, but they have been very harmonious in Arthur's time, and he spoke of his own 'beloved profession' in a way

that elicited much applause from the many barristers present

March 30, Good Friday, 1877

It seems hardly credible that I shall only write one more letter to you from this place, but so it is, the five years since we left England are fairly over and Easter Sunday will bring the anniversary of our leaving Europe.

We have been hearing our own funeral orations and reading our own epitaphs during the past week, and I am going to send you a newspaper letter regarding Arthur's dinner, which, I instantly remarked, is quite in Cissy's style. Some of the young men who got up the dinner thought of inserting the menus with 'Arturus, flos legem' but wisely did not do it. Friday evening last, we had Lord Lytton's farewell banquet to us. He sent his poems to Arthur and to me in the afternoon, inscribed 'with his affectionate respects, etc.' When he came in to dinner he rushed up and kissed my hand, while Lady Lytton presented me with a bouquet of gardenias and roses. After dinner he spoke eloquently, as usual, in praise of Arthur's services, and of the culture and artistic taste with which Arthur treated and adorned the driest subjects. Arthur responded in very feeling terms, thanking the Viceroy and all others for their kindness, depreciating his own work, eulogising that of his two assistants, Messrs. Stokes and Fitzpatrick, and repeating and adorning a sentiment of mine, as from me,

i.e. 'that such kind words took off much of the pleasure of going home, and gave it almost a painful tinge' Arthur ended with a fervent declaration of good wishes for Lord L and his Government, and wound up by saying he hoped, whatever happened, that Lord Lytton would be able to say, 'Whatever an honest man can do, I have done.' Lord Lytton was quite affected, wept behind his hand, and we all felt quite low while moving out of the room to the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne.' Captain Liddell, one of the A-D-C's, had got up some acting, which revived our spirits, and we stayed to supper, and then Lord Lytton stayed on chatting with me till 1 A.M., telling me stories of his unhappy childhood, etc etc, until an A-D-C fetched him to bed, to the great joy of the assembled guests. Certainly our social intercourse had been very pleasant, and though I know his speeches are but phrases and 'happy thoughts,' yet still they give an ease and charm to life which is agreeable, and I shall always like and feel interest in him, though I don't think he has any of the qualities that I admire or respect in a public man, save and except ability.

Well then, Saturday I had *my* little doings—an address presented by the ladies connected with Chunder Sen's School, and I wrote them a reply, and got Mr Fitzpatrick to read it and to address them, as Arthur was too busy to accompany me; in fact he has been absorbed with work until yesterday, when he has got the great Civil Procedure Bill

past the Legal Council. He spoke on it on Wednesday, and Sir John Strachey said to me afterwards, 'I have heard many good speeches in this room, but never one to equal this.

'Sir Arthur has so much consideration for the sons of the soil, said one silver turbaned brown rajah, raising up such a different picture in one's mind from one's ordinary conception of 'a son of the soil

I am interrupted constantly by pleasant good-byes divers officials taking the opportunity of to-day's holiday for calling. Arthur is off to the dentist, having now sufficient leisure of mind to attend to his bodily troubles. He seems quite relieved, and has slept more soundly and looked more easy the last two days, for he has been so anxious to keep well till this last work was over. I am sure he would never do for a political man, he would get too worn by having to work to time, and it would take too much out of him. A little leisurely legal work will be the thing, and I don't want him to have *that* for ever so long, indeed, never to work for money any more—but I think I have told you all this before.

April 5, 1877

Is it possible that this is the last the very last letter I shall write you from hence! It seems too good to be true, and yet the mingled bustle and bareness around me remind me of it at all moments though the mental occupation of arrangements and

good-byes hardly allow me to enjoy it, or to take my thoughts for a moment from the engrossing topics of what is to be done with this, that, and the other, or the polite speeches which are given and required of us on the occasion. Arthur sums up the debit and credit side of the time here by saying he is glad that he came ; and so perforce must I be too, though I feel I have been losing a great deal at home, and that nothing, except, I suppose, the same reason, *i.e.* Arthur's wishes, could induce me to do the like again

Lord Lytton came here on Friday, to wish us good-bye, with Lady Lytton, and he spent a long time in the garden talking politics. Then we lunched with them on Monday to bid *them* good-bye, and all is over, well and peacefully over, and he has our good wishes. Then on Monday I had another farewell party of native ladies at the house of a Calcutta lawyer, and was presented with another address, and Arthur made a little speech in return, and that is over.

Yesterday we surveyed our steamer, and I felt almost sorry to come ashore again. It would have been so nice to escape more good-byes and the last of the packing.

Mr. Eden offers a 'parental house,' *i.e.* a large wire cage, to our three monkeys, whither they go to-morrow ; so our four-footed friends are disposed of. I expect our servants will howl and lament, as, in our ignorance, we began by giving higher wages than

any one else, and it is impossible ever to alter in a thing of that kind 'That is Missus's price, is always an unanswerable argument in their eyes

I was rather pleased with the words of a Bengalese song, as translated to me the other day—one of those sung at the evening party given to me 'Why does India sleep? were the words, 'all other nations are awake and moving on—only India sleeps!'

It seems like an impossibility I shall ever be having the old life in England, much as I have always looked forward to it Good-bye for the present, my best and dearest correspondent, who will now have a little holiday —Your loving sister, M. HOBHOUSE.

THE END

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